

## Circular

## Dismantled

It walks in circles all the time  
Different mind

It claws the walls with bound hands  
and tries to climb this shell that grew inside

It keeps correcting all its non-existent  
flaws while it pretends they're gone

It knows the mind that's keeping track  
of all mistakes that ever made its life

Sometimes I can almost reach the sun  
Yet, the distance  
Is blinding

It walks in circles all the time  
Different mind

It keeps repeating all its goals to make  
the purpose seem so worthwhile

It inputs air into the lungs just so they  
see that it pretends to breathe

It ran the circle one last time  
One last time

Abandoned all these faces  
living in the dreams  
that emptied out its cries

It climbed the wall on broken hands  
until the edges pulled apart  
Revealing all the same divides  
Mind is set on 'loop'