

Risk Of Disorder

Fact

My heart is deeply drowning in a heavy and thick haze
I go completely senseless
My hands and feet are paralyzed
I can't recognize what I am looking at

How can I ever know where to go under these
circumstances?
All my senses are obstructed
I am burned by desire

The more I struggle, the more I get confused

One voice could never reach over here
The voice inside is asking me
"Why are you staying here like this?"
Concern for myself prevails
Is the line on the ground a start?
Or is it a goal?
Never paid attention to the scenery while looking at
the ground

There is no hope to be found at your feet
So look straight
The night sky is a black canvas
Just start drawing some hope
Try tracing your dreams
You know there's no limitation

How can I ever know where to go under these
circumstances?
All my senses are obstructed
I am burned by desire

The more I struggle, the more I get confused

One voice could never reach over here
The voice inside is asking me
"Why are you staying here like this?"
Concern for myself prevails
Is the line on the ground a start?
Or is it a goal?
Never paid attention to the scenery while looking at
the ground