

The Storm

Fuck the Facts

White lies. It was the loss of youthful purity. They created their path, sought for insecurity and fed on the low self esteem. The problem in the solution. A black cycle made or relying on true fiction. Shades of truth lost in farfetched ridiculous stories. The mastery of language is the forfeit answer to stay in denial and stand by the storm. The entire walls were built with sand bricks. As everything piled up, the architect was left drained. All factors that bared upon him, always justified, always made of excuses. Refusal. All consequences removed and solutions refused. Eyes closed on the scale of it. This delusional world is euphoric, is in his hands. Master in procrastination with pernicious social skills, finding comfort in all of his beliefs. Walking on eggshells, underachieved, broken. This self-inflicted, hazed, deluded. Did you ever believe your own bullshit? Numerous were fooled with nice words and catch phrases, and the canvas finely created. Keep it spinning, before everything crashes. Almost invincible, you've touched the sky in a hurtful escape. Your vivid imagination glazed a pitiful existence. Sip slowly on your victory your reign is merely empty. The facade in pieces, you are exposed. Knife sharp facts broke their way to the top, deceiving everyone, with sadness and disgust. It was the loss of youthful purity. They created their path, sought for insecurity and fed on the low self esteem. I can forgive, I just won't forget. We can forgive, we jsut won't forget.