

# Identity

mind.in.a.box

there was this empty shell,  
and I called it my life.  
sometimes it felt like hell,  
but it was easy to survive.

time was like a drain,  
that didn't flush me down.  
there was no room for pain,  
and not one chance to drown.

I want to cut off all my ties,  
I need to break through all the ice.  
I want it to evaporate,  
and cease to be a surrogate.

I want to raise a thunderstorm.  
I want to bring down all the rain.  
I want to be the flood that cleans.  
I want to know what my life means.

I want to cut off all my ties,  
I need to break through all the ice.  
I want it to evaporate,  
and cease to be a surrogate.

I want to find the strength I need,  
to truly follow my own lead.  
I want to find my destiny,  
and know my own identity.

I got up every day,  
to do as I was told.  
I felt like a piece of clay,  
for someone else to mold.

my suit fit me just fine,  
and my shirt was always clean.  
my thoughts they were never mine,  
but there was no need to scream.

I looked left and right,  
and they were all the same.  
I lay awake at night,  
and tried to recall my name.

I got up the next day,  
and took a long last look.  
there was no time to stay,  
on the first page of this book.

[ref]

I want to know who I am.