

What Used to Be

mind.in.a.box

your dark eyes are staring wide,
but they are unable to see.
there used to be light inside,
now all lost in reverie.

there used to be something else,
but you already forgot.
you used to buy all that sells,
and go through with your own plot.

images are flashing by,
and your eyes, they stare right through.
no matter how hard you'd try,
look on is all you could do.

what used to be.

you feel the need to lie down,
to take a break from the break.
you feel as though you would drown,
at the bottom of a lake.

you are dreaming of what used to be,
and think you have taken the wrong turn.
you have to get over your fallacy,
and light the fire that made you burn.

you are still holding on to the past,
but you have to look up at the sky.
you know that life is moving too fast,
to have regrets before you die.

you are dreaming of what used to be,
but you have to start with a clean slate.
you will snap out of your reverie,
and you will know it is not too late.

you snap out of your reverie,
because you know it is not too late.