

Of Matter – Proxy

Tesseract

I'm a surrogate
I'm archetypal and itinerant
I'm your excuse to long
For a superior
I will undertake
I will overcome

Imperfection you will find
Look close enough
Tear off the mask I need
This endeavor is not mine
You subject me to the daggers you conceive
I'm stronger than I was before
Thus you reinforce these walls
I can't fight you anymore
Threatened by the open door
All the chances I ignore
I can't stand still anymore

The day is done
Nothing left to say
Resting head in hands
Wishing I had known my place
To take a stand
The errand of a fool
I'm not to reprimand
I'm here to help you through

Is nothing like it seems?
Living in this sequence, a dream
Is nothing like it seems?
Gather broken shards of self esteem