

Being me

Being me, is not who I want to be.

Being me is who I am

In the slum of life I dwell upon the earth,
and roam the streets of loneliness,
Illusions of piece is a mirage of my mind,
that only a crow can find.

Humanity grows out of control,
As I struggle to catch up to the footprints of the leader.
With only rain behind me I see darkness ahead,
And the echoes of my voice from the shadows.

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Being me is who I am