

I get this feeling that I'm standing still,
Running through the frame I don't fit in.

I drink milk with no coffee, I like it pure,
About chocolate and pancakes I'm not so sure.

I question my life, and the choices I make,
No regrets, it's just fantasy in waves.

Friendship as religion, curiosity my guide,
I'm searching for that girl that can hold me tight.

Too young to be told: too old to be young,
Thrilled to be alive, and scared to death.

The wonders of this world, and the genius of some,
I hope it will never cease to stop us being numb.

Everyone has opinions, me, I just love to fly,
So forgive me when I dream about the big eternal 'why'.

And should we ever cross, and I happen to smile at you,
It'd enlighten my soul to see that same joy in you!

These few lines just proove one fact,
My psyche is mad, and in love with that.

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