

## Autograph

### "The Storm"

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White lies. It was the loss of youthful purity. They  
Created their path, seeked for insecurity and fed on the  
the  
Low self esteem. The problem in the solution. A black  
Cycle made or relying on true fiction. Shades of truth  
Lost in farfetched ridiculous stories. The mastery of  
Language is the forfeit answer to stay in denial and  
Stand by the storm. The entire walls were built with  
sand  
Bricks. As everything piled up, the architect was left  
Drained. All factors that bared upon him, always  
Justified, always made of excuses. Refusal. All  
Consequences removed and solutions refused. Eyes  
closed  
On the scale of it. This delusional world is euphoric, is  
In his hands. Master in procrastination with pernicious  
Social skills, finding comfort in all of his beliefs.  
Walking on eggshells, underachieved, broken. This  
self-  
Inflicted, hazed, deluded. Did you ever believe your  
own  
Bullshit? Numerous were fooled with nice words and  
catch  
Phrases, and the canvas finely created. Keep it  
spinning,  
Before everything crashes. Almost invincible, you've  
Touched the sky in a hurtful escape. Your vivid  
Imagination glazed a pitiful existence. Sip slowly on  
Your victory your reign is merely empty. The facade in  
Pieces, you are exposed. Knife sharp facts broke their  
Way to the top, deceiving everyone, with sadness and  
Disgust. It was the loss of youthful purity. They created  
Their path, seeked for insecurity and fed on the low  
self  
Esteem. I can forgive, I just won't forget. We can  
Forgive, we jsut won't forget.

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