

Mistakes—they say they just happen,  
But I knew the current I was about to wade into.  
Still, I leapt, headfirst,  
Into the darkened waters, no lifeline.  
Emerging, not in triumph, but in the quiet depths of my mind,  
I felt invincible, if only for a fleeting second.

The scales tip—  
Where gain hides beneath the shadow of harm.  
The harm always finds a way to weigh more.  
And in the end, we'll all be boxed in wooden rooms,  
No escape, no prize to take.  
So what is this "gain" we chase?  
What is it, if not illusion?

We question why,  
But perhaps we're not meant to answer.  
Merely dust,  
Merely echoes in a hollow world.  
But dare to be more.  
Be the one who walks where cowards fear to tread,  
Who lives while others fold under fear.

The universe is twisted,  
And so are we.  
Don't cling to pretty lies just because they're easy.  
Rip the veil away,  
See the truth buried deep beneath your feet.  
Only then can you learn  
To live on less,  
To survive with nothing,  
And still find something within yourself.