

One Hundred Million Years Ago a Hero Crossed the Land

Crywank

I want to be a character in some fiction that I write
So I feel that I have authorship over my own life
Built myself into concept to have some control
But subconscious commands me and so does my soul
What is truly my nature? I try to resist
Hasty thoughts that I make up make me feel sick
Give my ego a premise and try to commit
Still can't run away from the fact I exist

Sure some times it is nice to be tangible and true
Self-recognition is hard to construe
To be content in yourself, well it's difficult to do
Sometimes you'd rather be me, somedays I'd rather be you

And maybe in some ways that's why it's hard to emphasize
You're nothing more than characters in someone else's life
To them you live as the fiction that you would like to be
But without the control over how you're perceived
You may feel minimized, or maybe misunderstood
Maybe idealized whilst undeserving of that love
So then discard the opinion 'cause they don't really know you
Just to face the fact that you don't know yourself too

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