

After all, a delusion is just a poor scenario

The story made by someone
A fool's imagination is, a carbon copy of me
I stand in front of the mirror, pretending to be calm
Then I pretend to be blind
I take a deep breath without a thought
I take a deep breath, remind myself
I ask again

What is the truth?
The truth in this world?
Find the truth in your heart

If I close my eyes, I would see it
Closing my eyes, I believe so deeply
Closing my eyes, memory is formed

Is my memory real?
Is my memory made by someone else?
Am I exploited by an invisible me

I will rise and take back myself again

I find again
I ask again
"Am I just myself?"
"I am just myself"