

Controllable

VOLA

He was never sure of the decisions made before he found a way to
take control of his head
He would run in circles just to past the easy hurdles and his
thoughts became the hurdle instead
He was often close of letting go of what he chose but the
simplicity built into a maze
He would stay inside for hours knowing that the slightest move
would get him interference for days

We are not controllable
You won't find us here
There will be no one
We are searching every cloud
Hoping to appear under the same sun

Now he has decided he will not be all divided by the sentiments
that bring him to his knees
He is getting tired of illusions undesired showing up and
pulling him out of piece
He has found a button that his mind has all forgotten and by
pushing it the monsters go away
Now his only worry is to make up in a hurry something else to
take the lead in his play

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Tell me how I clear this confusion of mine
After this
How do we go pretending we haven't changed?
After this
After this

We are not controllable
I am not controllable