




We are all dream chasers
Until the pencil meets eraser
We worshiped our childhood fantasy
With the dedication of Shakespeare to his sonnet
Now we treat our reality with the regard a queen has for her maid
Whoever said dreams are only fancy on days when we came home with bruised knees
And dress up dolls with pink and purple?
There is a method to this madness.
We had wings when we were kids
Why must we have to crawl now that we're grown?
We feel like stars falling with the weight
of too many wishes it cannot seemly fulfill
Refusing to feel our lives while we are in it.
There is a method to this madness.
What if we're free and too wild for this world
What if we die young as late as possible
With our ridiculous imaginations clutched tightly in our palms
Never letting age extinguish the fire of our inner child
Then we wouldn't spell 'impossible' like a fish in love with a bird
Wishing it could fly.
This is the method to this madness.

 This content has been Digiproved © 2019