

B.nice

Minor Project

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Mother I tried to be kind,
I tried to live boring in these numbers and plans.
Sorry but I wanna be rough,
I wanna be another reason why my sister goes mad.Father I swear I'm your son
even though I have my mother's heart,her cousins blue eyes.
Sorry but I wanna leave home
I keep tryin to prepare my stuff so just leave me, go.Pray for your son to be fine,
for your bro to be serious
for yourself to be done.
Waiting to see it's not true
when you know that every part of you
is dark ,white or blue.Music remind the way.
Studies show me that my life
is boring, simple and fake.
Sorry but I need to be fine.
I wanna be another kid
from those who sing in the night.Why should I pretend I was Ok
even if my voice kept sleeping in my PC world?
Why you have to believe me when I tell you
that your dream is mine too?Day was the summary of nights
and my head was just another place for those who had mind.
Give me a way to move on,
I won't just sit and stare you alone.Living my quixotic life
was the first part of the game you once had warned me to start.
Playing this part of the game
was the challenge that would leave me to the very next end.

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