Your Next Page

I Am Nation

The fantasy, i built up in my head, was so realistic
I always believed i could live happily
in my own world, i would never have to leave, but i was wrong
life found its way to grab a hold of mePRECHORUS
The pressure kept rising to my head
there was no escape, no more pretend
so i figured we would suffer till the endCHORUS
I remember every summer, I remember all its life
what was so bad? why are you sad?
yesterday was passed last night
Today rose this morning, contemplating change
its time to write youre next pageAll the places I search for do not seem real.
if indeed they are in fact theyll remain out of my reach
the dreams i live in always seem to satisfy, am i mistaken?
for living on a different planet? another dimension?

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