

For the being of a puppet

,
I just want to know that my pain was greater
The way I in hightened it,
The way I fed into it,
The way all this is meaning
So minding
So how far is the edge have i broken others am I stronger my meaning to oversee
so I conquered the concored but why pain,
but why not,
so only a thought to bend you beliving I am not
or to mending you, Tam greater than you are
overall all dipicitng powers is simply useless so useful
but I do some for my own self pity
is there any hope?
Only depicted a different time through a different thought
I only know so
And I only guess
Through what determind pain is a stimulant
Seeing my greatness in others is my one true love
Or is it only seeing it into one
I my mind I am everything, what ever I can be beacause a thought is of creation
Of as I beiveling is faith and faith is my mask
To my dreams and rowing in and along
If its I lie then I am a sear lier true and full
But opposmisticly I come to you with a thought and in anyway its your mind is at
contipaltion
I have won the meaning if this my dream
And sure the rest will follow
Manipulation is my game
But if it isn't, I'm surley manipulating myself
For I am certain and certain for knowing is being
And dreams and now light to justice is a sheare joke in the end
If im not any serenity insided inverting depictions but I presented you light
Deny away your being but remeber being is for certain as the ink I bleed.