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Alive (crystal);

Lifetime of misery traded for a wicked glory.

He laughs He cries but dreams of a beautiful night

His only escape so cruel yet so sublime,

Wrapped in a crystal of blue valued to a thousand dime.

Outside the pot the smoke flies

Witness his soul burn inside

Oblivious is his mind.

“I seek deliverance from this society”,

Reasons the clown among the pageant community.

Undervalued and whatnot,

Crystal so pure, he knows it’s worth.

Let goes of his sobriety, but alive he was.

Let goes of the light, unreal was his world.

~Owais (SHADES)