**Life for the Inquisitive**

Entered without choice, enslaved by demand

A fairytale you're told, by the elders at hand

Wisdom they lack, fault not of theirs

The world is as it seems, from the lenses they bear

Curiosity in the young, is abundant you see

The apathy that follows, simply wasn't meant to be

Stripped from their grasp, the *lucky* few hold on

They carry into adulthood, something now *wrong*

There is a confusion inside, felt by everyone

Some choose to mask it, others even run

Then there's us few, that refuse to let go

Trying to scale Everest, neck deep in snow

The summit we don't see, but believe to exist

This knowledge funds our journey, it helps us persist

Wisdom will come, as time keeps on passing

Hold tight my brothers, ***totality,***is everlasting.