As I flow in this stream of thought,

I fly high above the surreal realms.

As I ponder, over what I fought,

The futility of efforts, the aims I besought.

The higher I fly, the deeper I sink,

Knitting thoughts with fragile links.

But when dreams break,

 there is no sound, just a little pain.

Clouded mind sets to wonder,

Why my dreams are fleeting away,

Alas! Naivety and travesty,

Are all that I have got now,

As I crash, headfirst,

Into a state where I am

Awake!