

Who I Really Am

When I try to recognize myself I only seem to see
the inconsistent feelings that I know aren't really me.

The fears and insecurities that clutter up my head,
compulsions and ingrained desires by which I'm often lead.

But somewhere up above it all, or maybe deep inside
the real basic who I am does quietly reside.

And once I chop away the stone and resurrect the gem,
I'll understand the universe and who I really am.

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