

How did it get this far?  
Where did I go wrong?  
How long have I been living this lie?  
Where does the truth hide?  
Always inside.  
Do I have many friends?  
Why do I feel I know no one?  
Why can't anyone hear me?  
Why am I always alone?  
On the inside.  
What happened to my dream of film?  
And my ever present passion?  
To be someone.  
It's inside.  
Unfound inside.