

No one understands you  
No matter the verse  
That is your blessing  
That is your curse

Whether from pride  
Or a pretentious mind  
They call your delivery  
*Simply divine*

And you smile  
Tired,  
But free  
Your secret is safe  
It's clear only to thee

You sing with your soul,  
Shaken your bonds  
Loosen the demons  
And dream of beyond

They respond with praise,  
Yet their eyes are all glazed  
They're chanting your name  
But leave as they came

When you are home  
Alone, that night  
You gaze at the ceiling  
Stare at the light

And you realize  
None of them cared  
In the end  
The performance was theirs

*-the story of a misunderstood artist*