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### **The truth**

I need to find the truth  
before I lose my mind.  
I need to find my youth  
and leave it all behind.

The shadows find me sore,  
the darkness and the light.  
Let's close the childhood door,  
and end the fuss and fight.

And if you find me sad,  
then tell me it's alright,  
to feel a little mad,  
lost into darkest night.

So lay your troubles down,  
the weary and the torn.  
Leave the sad, sad clown,  
and find yourself reborn.

And so the fight is gone,  
your soul is calm and soothe.  
But it won't last for long,  
*if you couldn't find the truth.*

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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