

## You

Sometimes in a great city such as this one  
The stars disappear  
Masked and taken away by the city lights.  
Much like the way *you* conceal *your* thoughts and emotions  
The way *you* smile even when *you're* sad  
The way *you* say all the things *you* don't mean  
All to fit in with a group of mundane teenagers.  
Because in this age  
Insincerity has been glorified,  
Originality disapproved of,  
Because that's what we all want,  
To destroy ourselves to the point where all that is left is the empty night sky.  
But I still lie in bed and think of all the *what ifs*,  
I still keep the glowing stars on the ceiling of my bedroom,  
As it helps serve as a reminder of the beauty that had once existed,  
Something that is now merely a *has been*,  
Everything all taken away by the humans without the humanity.  
But even now as I look up upon the galaxy of darkness,  
I urge *you* to dream,  
To not allow *yourself* to be moulded into a game piece of another one of their games,  
I urge *you* to be fearless,  
To emerge as a winner,  
I urge *you* to believe,  
Because the stars are still there,  
Fading away slowly, perhaps,  
But there.