

## On identity

Who am I? I'm nothing special. Yet I asked myself to find me.

I can be brave, sensitive, confident, or shy and I keep thinking beyond these characters who am I?

I know somewhere inside there is so much power and grace  
but beg your pardon I need a break.

Who am I?

Am I an extrovert or an introvert, maybe someone in the middle?

Am I loud or am I quiet? Should I talk or keep silence?

Should I do that or not?

Which group do I belong?

Which believes do I wanna share?

What type of Person am I?

I don't understand why I feel the urge to label myself.

Why do I need to put myself in a group, somewhere to belong?

Why can't I just identify as me?

It seem so simplistic just to live and be.

Lost in a labyrinth of trying to understand me.

Who am I?

I am the dreamer who will never stop dreaming.

The one who wants everyone to feel fine and save and happy in their own place,  
facing their faith. So, I ask myself; should I lead, or should I follow?

I need water cause this life has been a tough pill to swallow.

We change within every day and someday even I know who I really am

But who I am today, is not who I will be tomorrow.