



# FOUR LINES

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## A NEW DAY

Another time.  
You open your eyes.  
Your brain works again,  
From hope to pain.

## SHOULD I TRY?

So many dreams to be true,  
So many barriers to go through,  
So many nights without sleep  
So many days tired of it.

## ANOTHER PATH

Sometimes it is not this way.  
All our dreams go away  
And not everything is here to stay,  
Not everything is fair and we need to pay.

## AS I DREAM

I wake up and I feel again.  
As I daydream I never remember.  
The old saying of no pain no gain,  
And I fantasy about what life should be.

## WORKING HOURS

I worked throughout those chunks of time.  
I found everywhere those unlimited fatigue packets.  
I was needed to not cross this line,  
But I had to choose to go through all the piles... of working hours.

## NEW WAY

Sometimes we forget how things could have been done.  
Other choices and other states of mind.  
Sometimes the time remember us what our brain does not,  
And we create expectations that will not cross the line to reality.

## EXPECTATIONS

What I wait for... away of those "who I am" not.  
A way of living from someone "who I may" be.  
Waiting to put the last "it is it" dot  
On this sentence called an "I Did" plan.

## SOMEONE

Someone that thinks a lot,  
On some occasion supposes that lots don't think,  
It is a lot of something that one must not part from,  
Since some and the one have some to think and to suppose and oppose.

## SOMETIME

From time to time there is not some,  
Waiting and wasting some that did never existed,  
All due to each choices and actions and lack of those,  
Those which the time would be better without.

## SOMETHING

It is other from what it was supposed to be,  
Is it? It is, and it is not. A dot,  
Some matter on the vast universe,  
A thing that no one understand but those who name it.

## HOPE

I dream again and again and again and again...  
I fail again and again and again and again...  
I suffer again and again and again and again...  
I dare to again and again and again and again and again...

## OUTSIDE

The craziest are those who dare to go outside,  
Since the inside is comfort and leaving is fear.  
Some people seems to don't have a clue, neither do you,  
But you still choose the foolish brave dream of breaking the frontier and the rules.

## BUBBLE

Where you 'are', where you 'were', where you 'should' be;  
To wonder what is out there, it pass what one should care,  
The popping is only an option to those who dare,  
Even it all being so fragile, it feels like an unbreakable prison.

## PEOPLE

Most time I don't understand,  
What those people stand for,  
What they dreams and cares...  
Do they care? Should I care?

## ROUTINE

I fall for it over and over and over and over and over again.  
It is all over my head and I cannot get out,  
I cannot be free, as free as I would like to be.  
I fell for it again over and over it breaks my dreams.

## INSIDE

What is inside no one can see,  
What is on the other side no one can hear.  
What despite the facts no one cares about,  
What is hidden is no one else faults.