Academy of Language Studies UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang









IPPETS

The resounding whispers echo, Unheard by those consumed in their own world, They selectively listen, crafting their own reality, When the whispers fade, just like ghosts, they disappear.

Your gaze, unyielding and intense, Questing for truth, seeking answers, Yet you, destined to never find solace, Until they deem you worthy, Before they can tell you, 'Welcome to the party'.

Bound by chains, solid and firm, For you to remain in their grasp, Patience is your sole recourse. You're nothing but puppets of their glow, Up and down on the seesaw, Before you can flip and own the show.

Behold how life is whimsically played, Tears are just water, Blood is just another ink of colour.

In this capricious masquerade, People happily stain to trade for their vicious gain.

