

Is there really a difference between normal and insanity? Is there a time when we can no longer distinguish between reality and imagination?

We all love living in our dreams, but reality is too powerful. We hide from it and forget it exists, but it never disappears. We all dream to pass the time. It's just another way to forget our problems. It's always fun to take a reality break, but it's like gravity. There is no getting away from the pull.



*WE ARE ALL...
ARTISTS, POETS
AND PHILOSOPHERS.
THE ONLY THING
THAT SEPARATES US
IS THAT SOME OF US
KNOW WHO WE ARE.*

Keith Bryan