

## Outcasts

Palisades

I tend to think about the worst of outcomes  
What you feel is fake what you feel is fake  
My mind makes up so many problems  
Just get over it  
You just don't get it cause my past is haunting  
And I'm obsessed with all kinds of ugly  
Looked down on by society  
Does anyone get me

To be heard is all that I want  
Like a message in a bottle  
Will I ever be caught?  
When is it enough

Whoa  
What's wrong with me?  
Am I over reacting?  
No-oh there has to be  
A consequence for me

It's a fact that I'm going crazy  
Searching for solitude just to getaway  
Do we deserve to live this way?  
Constantly ridiculed by those that say  
We are the outcasts

Cause we, we are the outcasts, yeah!

Whoa  
What's wrong with me?  
Am I over reacting?  
No-oh there has to be  
A consequence for me  
And I'm afraid that I just won't fit in  
It's a battle that I've always had within  
No-oh there has to be  
A consequence for me

Sometimes, I can't help feeling like I'm the one in the wrong  
So lost, I can't find my place in this crowded room  
But I, I know in the end I'm not alone  
And I, I know in the end I'll find my way back home.