

A Song for the Optimists

Atreyu

Blow the last candle out.
Let the wax harden.
I wish I could stop crying.
I wish that someone still loved me. (2x)

Just breathe and focus.
How can I when the air is so cold and empty,
that my lungs froze right in my chest?
I'll be honest
the silver linings are getting harder and harder to manufacture
,
and the smiles are so difficult to fake.
I'll be honest
the silver linings are getting harder and harder to manufacture
,
and the smiles are becoming so difficult for me to fake.

What do I have to do
or who do I have to kill,
to get what I want... what I need?
What do I have to do
or who do I have to kill,
to get what I want... what I need?

Happiness is an emotion
I was born to this world without.
Nothing pleases me.
I can never be satiated.
Through this toil I will breed my own distress
and destroy my best hopes;
fuck up the only things (that I love).

I watched my aspirations crash into the ground
on the backs of the angels that I've slain.
But I meant so well;
I tried so hard;
gave every bit of my soul;
to what end?
To what end!

Desolation, desire, exhale, pass away.
Desolation, desire, exhale, pass away.
Desolation, desire, exhale, pass on.