

Broken Silence

Better Luck Next Time

It's quarter past 3
and anxiety's got me
trapped between reality
and all my thoughts that consume me
And I can't scrape by;
it feels like my head's on a high
Will this ever pass me by?

So open up your eyes to your reality
You're just a victim in a life where you don't want to be
Open up your eyes, this is reality,
and you're just a victim in a life where you don't want to be
And why does it hurt to see you cry?
You're taking me back to what I know so don't leave me all alone

Another day goes by;
I'm sure I'll find the time
to make sense of all this pain
and how's it's driving me insane
Gazing out my window,
will I see the sun tomorrow,
or a pigment of a thousand pictures I can't understand?

So open up your eyes to your reality
You're just a victim in a life where you don't want to be
Open up your eyes, this is reality,
and you're just a victim in a life where you don't want to be
And why does it hurt to see you cry?
You're taking me back to what I know as you left me all alone