

Consumed Future

Dreamshade

Mama says I'm not good at anything
Keep my mouth shut, say nothing
Not venting my thoughts, just sit and waste
like a living ghost, cause I feel misplaced

I want my dream
but it feels so far away
I want to be on the cover of magazines
I want to be on MTV or have my own reality

I wish they would break down the walls to get to me
Isn't this so fucking insane?
The world behind the box is taking over my brain

Mama says I'm not good at anything
I stare at emptiness and say nothing
Don't open my mouth, just sit and waste
Like a living ghost, cause I feel misplaced

I hate seeing all this shit
but at the same time I want to be a part of it
"Suicide!" Repeats itself in my mind

I wish they would break down the walls to get to me
Isn't this so fucking insane?
The world behind the box is taking over my brain