I'm feeling this time
As bad as never before
A bleeding wag is fading away
Once you needed me
For spending delight
But below the funny mask
There's a crying face

The way that I smile is the way that I cry But you'll never realize My reputation is the one of a fool Now watch how poet dies Hear his cries

And I dedicate my roses to no one
Cause there is no mind to help me to see
The reason we need
A light for the lonesome
And no none to drink
The blood that I bleed

The poet inside - wasn't given a chance So he had to live apart And I realized - my best friend am I And not those parasites Who try to stare into my heart

The way that I feel is the way that I heal My body and soul and my life
And I know you just think I'm a fool
Now watch how a poet flies, see me rise

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