

The Torment of Existence Weighed Against the Horror of Nonbeing

Mayday Parade

You could call me a fiend
Say I'm unbalanced as I'll ever be
Wait around for the hook
All while you're desperately clinging to me
You could say that I'm lost
Searching around just to find my own soul
Digging under my own skin
Wearing the clothes just to know that I'm home

Now it's over and over and right back to me
What's the point if you've got one
Now I'm closer and closer to all that I need
Wait around and you'll see
Cause we all find love when we fall
And we say that it means the whole world
It means nothing at all

Me and all the lost boys
Spinning round in a circus we play
Hit me with it again
Once ain't enough now I should be okay

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