

# 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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