

I Have to Pretend

Raised Fist

Feel like I have the wrong outfit,
like people read my inner secrets on my back.
My fake smile is just looking for someone to please,
sunlight means struggle and I'm lost,
the only time I feel alive is when I fall asleep.

Look into my eyes I promise you'll find no lies.
But you act like I'm contagious, you make me feel so sad
inside.
I have to pretend, that I still have friends.
But they act like I'm contagious, I want to confide.
I just want to satisfy.

Passing through the lines, with different kinds of signs.
Every door in the corridor is a possible cave of hate
and I'm no hero to turn things around,
my backpacks have lots of things inside, definitely not
pride.
Looking at my feet, trying not to collide.

And I have to pretend that I still have lots of friends,
that are backing me up but they back me up against the
wall,
I guess the story tells it all.