

The Pessimist

Silent Screams

False hope for what, so we can keep our fingers crossed?
Forgive me for being the pessimist,
The truth here is a sinking ship
We're forced to swim to make it out alive
Please bite your tongue save building me up one more time
Yeah we followed the lines,
For them to break and crumble
These promises have left an ache in my shoulders
I can barely lift my feet off the ground
There comes a time when we all must learn to survive
So wash the fear from those eyes
I know it does get worse before it gets easier
I am the loved, I am the hated
The brave and broken, the unforgotten
You kick and you scream for the walls to come crashing to the floor
And then begins the real war
Overwhelmed but under appreciated pressure
You kick and you scream and can't breathe
The pressure makes you sick