

Hey

The Old Dead Tree

What a waste, I feel empty,
Shamefaced, I am sorry.

I hate myself for being here
Trying to forget a pain
Coming from myself.
Can't I wake up, get up, stand up?

What kind of man am I?
Give me time to gather my thoughts:
I want to collect myself!

But I think now, looking back,
That my life's always been dark.