

Arsonary "They Outnumber Us"

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All of these hands, they are holding me back
Pushing to the storms of regret
I tell them no, they won't let go
Still they plague my mind with this.
Leaving empty compromises I cannot complete
But now I leave this room feeling so freaking obsolete.

But they outnumber us, those with the false dreams
Never to be seen again after today.
Washes away with the tide every day
Every night a new breed
Trying to tear our lives apart
Sickening it is
From the start

Right is wrong with you
You don't see things through
Things said proved untrue
Give me one good reason why
I should listen
To
You

You don't have to listen to
Them!
Find a way to escape their
Glares!
Do not ever hurt yourself
Haunting!
Live life the way that you would
Want!

Who are you to tell me who to be?
Who are you to tell me anything?

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