

Crowned King

"Pathetic"

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What does the future hold?
I hear it's bad, I hear it's cold
And I'm growing old from being told about it
And I don't know why they try
It's better to deny, and with respect that we can buy
With business cards and phony lies, the music dies

It's a business, it takes time
But it seems like every time we get ahead we end up
back behind

And it's because of all the lines
"You won't make it"
And it gets harder every time
But maybe they're wrong and they'll hear our song

When will these lines come to an end
I'm tired of them, but you'll just bring them on again
But without an ear to lend
You're stuck without a fact to send
I've heard percentages, I've heard all the negatives
you say, to my dismay

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