

The Provenance

"Tearful, Bitter, Broken"

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So many things to say and not a soul to listen,
How can I get your attention if not with my own words?
You know, it's hard with thoughts eating away at you,
It's tough to take a stand when you're sad,
Messed up and tattered, feeling misunderstood.
Swallowed pills, the taste of sweet sedation,
The road ends with this, you know it will, but
You're just glad you never had to brake.

Looking back at people, places and events
That really meant something to this pale reality,
In which you now find yourself tearful, bitter, broken,
Must make you feel alone with the sorrows of man.

With empty eyes you lay there, ignored and forgotten.
The sun shines through just to burn your face.
A welcoming smile at this parody of misfortune;
What made you think that anyone deserves this hell?
I've been where you are now, that's no escape, I tell
you.
You must take control, fuck the sun and resurrect!
You've made yourself a victim, a self-burned man.
The only way's to take a stand and make yourself
heard!

Messed up and tattered, feeling misunderstood.
It's a common thing and you should know this;
No one will ever listen to a man of no words,
There's simply nothing there...

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