

## Undercast "Perspective"

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Kind enough to tell the right from wrong,  
It's never wrong unless you're right.  
She listens and obey and it portrays another story of  
her life.  
She's not alright, she's not alright.

A razor for every occasion never gets to tell the way  
you feel.  
It lays upon the dis-creation, this glass can never tell  
you what is real.  
You're temper mental, you need a break, how much am  
I supposed to take.  
You pull me down with everything. The ends defines  
the means and then there is me.  
And I'm not alright, I'm not alright.

Test your strength. If they could see what you stand  
for.  
You need the help.  
If you can grasp the thought and remake  
The damage, the distance, it withers with patience.

"you tear apart yourself again", she says.  
"What can I do to help"  
"The glass is half full", he says  
"but it's empty and it's not alright", he says  
It's not alright, it's not alright.  
It's just your perspective.

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