

## The Used "Peotic Tragedy"

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The cup is not half empty as pessimists say  
as far as he sees nothing's left in the cup  
A whole cup full of nothing for him to indulge  
since the voice of ambition has long since been shut up

A singer, a writer,  
he's not dreaming now of going no where  
he gave heed to nothing  
and all that he was is just a tragedy

So he voyages in circles succeeds getting nowhere  
and submits to the substance that first got him there,  
there, there, there

violent frustration  
he cries out to God or just no one  
is there a point to this madness  
and all that he was is just a tragedy

He feels alone

His heart in his hand  
He's alone  
He feels like  
I feel

Then on that last day he breaks  
and he stood tall  
then he yelled, then he yelled,  
and took his life  
(Why world? WHY WORLD?? Hate you! HATE YOU!!! BYE  
WORLD!!!!!!!)

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he cries out to God or just no one  
is there a point to this madness  
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