

Bracket, Pessimist

There is always some black cloud hanging over my head
Always feeling like I should not get out of my bed
Doubtful thoughts fill my head up, decisions I have made
Wondering if I should choose to go the other way

I set myself up for the worst so I don't have to be let down
Don't call me cynical because that is the way I always sound
Anyday, go away

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