

The Used, Poetic Tragedy

The cup is not half empty as pessimists say
As far as he's 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 nowhere
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

Then in 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 alone
I feel....

Then on that last day he breaks
And he stood tall
And he yelled... and he takes his life