

Abney Park, Downtrodden

Once I was complete,
The earth, firm, under my feet,
My back was strong, my body fleet,
Now I ache all over.

I learned each virtue I was told
I worked hard to avoid the mold
But as I saw my life unfold
There was no place for me.

It was hard when I begun,
Each day harder it has become.
My only future was undone,
And nothing has replaced it.

There is nothing left to gain,
All that's left is to maintain.
Just to stand is too much strain,
But there is nothing else

I once believed in everything,
I once had faith in my ring,
Of my own world I was the king,
And now I am a beggar

I'm tired guilt, I'm tired of crying.
I'm tired of work, and finished trying.
I'm tired of living, and scared of dying.
But there is nothing else

I've been beat, I've been broken
I asked for a place, the world has spoken
I was asleep, but now that I've woken,
I preferred my dream.

It will take great strength to pull me through,
This challenge unseen, which I must do.
To make a "me" I never knew,
But I'm already spent.