

Atreyu, A Song For The Optimists

Blow the last candle out. Let the wax harden
I wish I could stop crying. And I wish that someone still loved me [x2]
Just breathe and focus. How can I when the air is so cold and empty,
That my lungs froze right in my chest.
I'll be honest the silver linings are getting harder and harder to manufacture
And the smiles are so difficult to fake.[x2]
What do I have to do, or who do I have to kill, to get what I want. What I need[x2]
Happiness is an emotion I was born to this world without,
nothing pleases me. And i can never be satiated.
Through this toil I will breed my own distress and destroy my best hopes,
fuck up the only things that I love.
I watched my aspirations crashing to the ground, on the backs of the angels that I've slain.
But I meant so well, I tried so hard, gave everyting in my soul, to what end, to what end
Desolation, desire, exhale, pass away.[x3]