

Dead To Fall, The Balance Theory

Looking in as an outsider
I have seen you slip
Are you really happy,
or just trying to forget
Every joyful moment is reciprocated
by a desperate and lonely thought
Force it out of your mind,
shove it all inside
If we all changed to the lifestyle
You're suggesting, what would be the end result
Would we be perfect,
Plastic hiding our grief in a shell of a
conscience until it bursts at the seams
or would we be able to deny our frustration
entrance and live a perfect existence
Chemical cage, created around ourselves
There is a balance, negativity needs
to exist, pain needs to persist
otherwise the moments of joy
We experience would lose their relevance
The creation is just a veil covering your
self-destruction
Everything you know is a lie