

Faded Grey, Blind To Blue Skies

I just don't understand
how life could be that bad
that you would give up on yourself
and waste what little time we have.
Your pseudo misery
lies in your inability
to just get out of bed and face the day.
You hate yourself
but if you'd listen
I'd tell you different.
Look to me as your mirror
the next time you're feeling down.
It's easy to complain
and search for sympathy,
but if you're feeling sorry for yourself
you might as well be dead.
Because I've seen you at your best.
You held the world in your fist,
but now you're just a nameless face who just won't try.
You hate yourself
but if you'd listen
I'd tell you different.
Look to me as your mirror
the next time you're feeling down
so down
You're blind to blue skies.
Wasting what precious time we have.
You're blind to blue skies.
Why don't you just get off your ass.