

Something With Numbers, We Can Succeed

I am floating on the reason why we get up everyday,
is it just so i can torture myself.
Should I be responsible for my mistaken peace of mind,
This is the only place I am happy.

I can jump up & down, but who will listen to me?
There it is, I can hear that subtle sound,
The waves crashing in the distance.

We can succeed,
If theres a will then theres a way.
All that we need is riding in our wake.
As the sun rises, and i look into the sky, what i see is lacking,
I look away for the reason that i hurt my eyes, punctuation lacking.

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