

# Thrice, Under Par

It's my life!  
you set the bar too high  
your expectations have become my failure  
a shell you see so shallow but deep inside (deep inside)  
my heart beats just the same as yours  
the same blood through these clean veins  
can't you see that I'm in pain  
it seems my life is always under par

what can I say to change your mind about what I am  
others can see what was hidden from your sight  
a kid with courage and heart and his eyes open wide  
an inner beauty and a bright light

my focus is not yours  
I set my sights on new horizons and let my soul have scope  
can't you see that I have my own dreams (my own dreams)  
and though they're not the same as yours  
they hold value to me, tell me why can't you see  
I'm not the means to mend your past regrets

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judged for how I look, not for the good that I have done  
I try the best I can, but it seems that I'm not the perfect son  
shaped by God, and my volition  
and the seeds that you have sown  
but I ask you once again  
when does my life become my own?

I have my own!...  
Let's go!  
My own...

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