

Zevia, why do i exist?

Pale lips
Bags under my eyes
Alone after midnight
Too numb to cry

No friends
At least I can pretend
That everyone loves me
Except that's a lie
What happens when I die
Will people take their time
Shedding their tears
Or did I waste all my years
What happens if I stay
No promise I'll be okay
'Cause life can get hard
And it tears me apart
Bruises
Wounds behind my back
From people who stabbed me
With hate in their eyes
I'm over
Because I'm a loner
My pain is my closure
Why do I exist?