

The cup is not half empty as pessimists say  
As far as he's sees, nothing's left in the cup  
A whole cup full of nothing for him to indulge  
Since the voice of ambition has long since been shut up  
A singer, a writer, he's not dreaming now of going nowhere  
He gave heed to nothing, and all that he was....  
Is just a tragedy  
So he voyages in circles  
Succeeds getting nowhere  
And submits to the substance  
That first got him there,  
there, THERE!  
violent, frustration, he cries out to God or just no one  
Is there a point to this madness? and all that he was....  
Is just a trAGETRY!(Screams at the last half)  
He feels alone  
His heart in his hand  
He's alone  
He feels alone  
I feel....  
Then on that last day he breaks  
he stood tall  
And he yelled, and he yelled...  
WHY?!(violent frustration)  
WORLD?!(he cries out to God or just no one)  
WHY WORLD?!  
HATE!(There a pioont ot this madness?)  
YOU!  
HATE YOU!  
BYE WORLD!(Cause all that he was)  
is just a tragedy