

Knockout Theory, Year One

Im sick of always being the underdog when I try so hard and
I wake up wondering what the answers are

Well, I I guess Ill put it this way:

Dear Journal, this marks year one of writing you

Im growing tired of all the world has put me through

And I cant live like this

Everythings a blur and Im counting the hours until itll end

Well could it be

That we are not so different, them and me

We all have but one purpose and someday theyll see that they cant live without it

They might just die without it

I hope the latter comes before they come for me

You know this is just blowing steam

But maybe this time its worse than it seems

In a city by the sea

We would lie there, them and me

We would dance all night til the sun goes down by the hands of the powers that be

And you know this much is true

That were living in a dream

But the day will come when we all look back on the disaster that weve seen

Dear Journal, this is the last Im writing you

The pressures high, Im going insane, how bout you

And I cant live like this

All the worlds a stage

And heres one actor who will not conform to scripted days

You know this is just blowing steam

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Bordered by the ideals we encounter everyday

Oh, I tell myself, theres got to be another way

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