

# The Pursuit of Happiness

Aborym

Your mind is playin' tricks on you  
That's cold beneath your feet  
Burn the infected wounds  
and all the crap left incomplete

Wear the abnegation  
erase the pictures in your mind  
Claim the cult of hesitation  
leave the pieces left behind

Fear and panic feel so sweet  
you've been used with deceit  
it's time for you to haunt the dreams  
of those who stole your breath

Still the thought of happiness  
haunts you like a ghost  
One day it will catch you and give  
you the skill to breathe  
You cry and pray the best you can  
while going down on your knees  
Choking down your voices as you hit  
the wall of concrete

Still the thought of happiness  
haunts you like a ghost  
One day it will catch you and give  
you the skill to breathe  
...but not now...