

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...