

# The Raging Sea

Broadside

Who am I? The fear is sinking in  
Your hands are getting colder as my talents wearing thin  
All I ever wanted was the space to put my head  
You took my need to be loved and you hung me from a bridge  
I'm your poster, I'm your trend  
I am your lover, am I your friend?

36 minutes of your time  
Please just let me just change your mind  
If I sang the right words would you decide  
To stay, please stay

Can I make it out?  
Will I make it out?  
Is there any point?  
What's the fucking point?

All my days are wasted dreams  
I know that's not the type of thing you wanna hear from me  
I'll cut my words in pieces if it's what'll help you sleep  
I'm not drowning and I'm happy  
Hidden in the shadows of someone else's money  
Stacked so tall it blocks the show  
The boy who's on a string  
Hoping that the crowd will never know

But who am I? What's my purpose?  
Dry your eyes, pull the curtains  
We're selling sadness, well aren't you worthless?  
Don't you trust me? Don't you want this?

Can I make it out?  
Will I make it out?  
Is there any point?  
What's the fucking point?

Can I make it out?  
Will I make it out?  
Is there any point?  
What's the fucking point?  
(What's the fucking point?)

Can I make it out?  
Will I make it out?  
Is there any point?  
What's the fucking point?  
What's the fucking... point?