

Pessimist

Coldworker

Passion lost
Empty life
Wasting my time
Battered sense of direction
Scars run deeper by the day
Brace myself
Carry on
Know deep inside
Every effort is useless
I will drag you down with me

Behold the pessimist
Master of scepticism
Pitch black perception of reality
Cynic philosopher
Turns hope into despair
Always expect the worst
Patience about to burst

Painted up
The same routine
Dysphoria burns
As I go through the motions
My face won't betray my thoughts
Soon fed up
Sick and tired
This is my lot
It will never get better
Every day another grind

Always cogitating
Dissecting every circumstance
Worst-case scenarist
The troops of misery advance
Negative fixation
Constantly assailed by strife
Perfectly content with losing
Failure is a way of life

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Manic
You say I'm hopeless
So anti-social
Cannot perceive the real me

No gratification
Mock me cause I lack ambition
There is no way of changing
Eaten up by indecision

Waning inspiration
Hopelessness invades my soul
Weary from the chore
Life as a loser takes its toll