

I want to create
To Maybe find those who relate
But my struggles feel inadequate
And all I make just simulates
What I can't explain
And It feels like I feign
These difficulties, opportunistically
To capitalise off my pain

To make art from something difficult
I know it can be healing
But how much do I rely
On self-destructive feelings
Will I better myself if the fuel for the fire
Is demoralizing patterns
Is it really constructive
To wait for the next bad thing to happen

Is it inspiration
Is it a way of confronting?
Am I stagnating?
Or am I overcoming?
I feel like sharing this
Is so unbecoming
And though I want to vent
And pay the rent
Perhaps it's better to do nothing

How much do I undermine
My own and others trauma
When I quickly re-purpose it
As sellable melodrama?
Sometimes I doubt my self so much
Are my Tragedies authentic
Or just a creative writing tool
For me to make a buck quick?

Well If someone I love dies
Will I find I start to write
An entire concept album
About how they're no longer alive?
And will it really be needed
To profit from the process?
Does it come from a need to make art to survive
Or just dramatic excess?
If there's a fire
And I think I'm gonna die
The more I repeat it
The more it feels like a lie
Well it's not that bad
Well at least at least at least
At least I didn't die
So this song could be released