

Deep Down I'm Really Mark Smith

Crywank

Some lines oh why did I write I have to repeat them night after night
Yes you can tell me I control my life but I feel humbled and I feel obliged
I miss not caring if what I make is good
And I miss the unproductive bullshit I love
And I miss my friends even more
And I get scared we aren't friends anymore

Congrats to me for coming so far
Me rushing round Britain with a guitar making love to myself
How could I call it anything else?
I ruminate on the cognitive space where all contemplation is going it waste
Revolve through a cycle a figure of eight
I think about thinking about me
I know I am trying too hard
Always publicly trying too hard
I want to be cool and effortless
But every little thing is so much effort
I wonder what you think
The royal you
The chosen few
I wonder how I cause these stinks
To act natural is to be vulnerable

And so what's the real goal
Is it just to be worshiped
As a way to like myself
Well I won't think I deserve it
What I posit as a cure
It becomes evidence thereof
Of my fakery and flaws
And as the layers are torn off
And I return to my own space
With time alone inside my head
I'm still faced with who I am
And all I keep unsaid

What are you gonna do
What are you trying to do
What are your goals
Are you goal oriented?

So what's the real goal
With any influence comes cowardess
The power projected on me
In the end makes me feel powerless
I'm paranoid, and yet perpetually interacting
With realms to build persona despite how it's impacting
My ego and my friendships and my mental health
I hope I can transcend it but it's my whole sense of self
So what the real is it to touch people with experiences which I've weaves in
to fiction
To share my thoughts and beliefs of which I hold no real conviction
Become constructive contradiction so that you can learn from me
From the safety of my pedestals built from fallacies
I know I'm the fickle fucker
I know I am the selfish lover
I know I sad and undeserving

I know am privileged and I am also hurting

I keep being told the importance of self love
Some days I think I don't hate myself enough

And if you relate does that make you bad?
And for making you relate does that make me bad?
And do I glorify what it is to be sad?
Should you just turn off?