

# The Pessimist

## Silent Screams

False hope for what, so we can keep our fingers crossed?  
Forgive me for being the pessimist,  
The truth here is a sinking ship  
We're forced to swim to make it out alive  
Please bite your tongue save building me up one more time  
Yeah we followed the lines,  
For them to break and crumble  
These promises have left an ache in my shoulders  
I can barely lift my feet off the ground  
There comes a time when we all must learn to survive  
So wash the fear from those eyes  
I know it does get worse before it gets easier  
I am the loved, I am the hated  
The brave and broken, the unforgotten  
You kick and you scream for the walls to come crashing to the floor  
And then begins the real war  
Overwhelmed but under appreciated pressure  
You kick and you scream and can't breathe  
The pressure makes you sick