

# Glass Half Empty

VOILÀ

All my life  
Been waging war in my mind  
Been waiting for something right  
Been praying for sun to shine

Apathy a friend and my enemy  
Another blind, visionary  
I never cry, but I bleed

Tell me what does it feel like  
To feel anything again  
I know that it takes time  
But this never ends  
And I'm starting to realize  
The glass half empty has been  
Just a way to be baptized  
In the taste of your own medicine

Don't tell mom  
Tell her it's just this song  
And tell her I'm holding on  
I'm sorry I missed her call  
What if this wasn't what I wanted  
Can I return the life I've started  
26 years and I'm exhausted  
I guess we're calling this an artist

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And I call it a cry for help  
But you call it a chorus  
But as long as these records sell  
I guess we just ignore it  
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