Poetic Tragedy

[unknown]

The cup is not half empty as pessimists say
As far as he sees nothing's left in the cup
A whole cup full of nothing for him to indulge
Since the voice of ambition has long since been shut upA singer, a writer
He's not dreaming of now of going nowhere
He gave heed to nothing
And all that he was is just a tragedySo he voyages in circles
Succeeds getting nowhere
And submits to the substance
First got him there, there, there, thereThen in violent frustration
He cries out to God or just no one
Is there a point to this madness
And all that he was is just a tragedyHe feels alone
His heart in his hand
He's alone
He feels alone
I feelThen on that last day he breaks
And he stood tall
Then he yelled, then he yelledThen in violent frustration
He cries out to God or just no one
Is there a point to this madness
And all that he was is just a tragedy

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