

# 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 up  
A 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 tragedy  
So he voyages in circles  
Succeeds getting nowhere  
And submits to the substance  
First got him there, there, there, there  
Then 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  
He feels alone  
His heart in his hand  
He's alone  
He feels alone  
I feel  
Then on that last day he breaks  
And he stood tall  
Then he yelled, then he yelled  
Then 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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