For The World

New Found Glory

Poured myself out:
I am the empty cup
My hope has died away
And my tolerance faded.
How can I keep Stability
On such shaky ground?
Prayers that a smile will flag me down.
Sadly I've learned there's no truth in comfort;
Well-being stems not from love.
Anguish proves to be my only means of solace,
Yet I want to be held by anyone,

With any arms
I spend another morn alone
In a world that rejects me.
A public unkind, laced with apathy.
This one's for the world: I hate you.
Life could get no colder;
I'm living out a dying cell,
But I can pull through.

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