

I've turned everything down to mute
And why not?
I can barely hear myself
Can't even make out the truth

I want to believe there's something that I cannot see
But everywhere I look just feels so familiar
I wish I believed in something beyond me
But hope isn't reality and these eyes can't look that far

I feel like I'm halfway through my life
I don't like where I've been or where I'm traveling
I feel the pressure of purpose hovering over me
But that pressure of purpose just seems so beyond me

Letting go seems like the thing to do
It's just a cliché I don't know how to make true
I want to know when
I want to know why
I've sulked upon every answer
I've run from every chance
I've had to write about misgivings
Only in my head have I been singing

Yet I'm angry the world cannot hear me
And I'm angry 'cause it's easier than lonely

I'd ask for help, but I'd have to speak
And then I'd hate myself for feeling weak
So when you can't hear anyone
And no one can hear you
You turn everything down to mute
And just listen to yourself
Maybe you'll hear everything you've been screaming
Or just whimpering and crying
But at least you'll see the truth