

## Consumed Future

Dreamshade

Mama says I'm not good at anything  
Keep my mouth shut, say nothing  
Not venting my thoughts, just sit and waste  
like a living ghost, cause I feel misplaced

I want my dream  
but it feels so far away  
I want to be on the cover of magazines  
I want to be on MTV or have my own reality

I wish they would break down the walls to get to me  
Isn't this so fucking insane?  
The world behind the box is taking over my brain

Mama says I'm not good at anything  
I stare at emptiness and say nothing  
Don't open my mouth, just sit and waste  
Like a living ghost, cause I feel misplaced

I hate seeing all this shit  
but at the same time I want to be a part of it  
"Suicide!" Repeats itself in my mind

I wish they would break down the walls to get to me  
Isn't this so fucking insane?  
The world behind the box is taking over my brain