

Out of the Sunlight

I'm so damn Goth I hurt in the sun,
makes me try to run
out of the sunlight.

I can't stand you, I can't stand me.
People make me flee
out of the sunlight.

I read in the dark by my blue light.
I'm losing eyesight
out of the sunlight.

I think about death. All of the time.
All of the time.
All by the moonlight.

I'd rather have my predicament.
Then the lifetime I see for the other side of it.
Working for someone else's prosperity.
While living out your life in obscurity.

I will not wear anything but black.
Losing water weight,
out in the sunlight.

I paint my face to go to club.
Resist the urge to rub,
my eyeliner highlights.

We go to graveyards, to just chill.
What a morbid thrill,
out in the moonlight.

I am an artist. I write plays.
Always in a daze.
I crave the spotlight.

I'd rather wear black in 90 degree weather
than follow some trend set by some other famous actor.
I can tell you that I really do know myself.
Republicans exist cause people follow someone else.

Really, truly accepting your own death,
 has brought me total rest,
 it's brought me to the light.
Living in the present, in the now,
 I know the way out,
 I have that insight.
No need to stress, no need to fret.
 I am so set,
 no need for hindsight.
Being so glum ain't so bad.
 It's actually really rad,
 my future's so bright.