

# Red Letter Day, 20

I can't stand the pressure.  
I don't like where this is going.  
I need to find a way out.  
I'm sick of this lifestyle.  
Cracks will soon be showing.

My time's been spent.  
I must relent and move on.  
Time will show,  
I know what I know.  
It meant something but that was years ago.

Happy birthday, no one cares.  
As long as I'm still breathing,  
No one notices. Inside,  
I'm breaking, I'm falling,  
My dreams are colliding with reality.

Things won't be the way they were.