

## **Prosper**

I ran into the wind, not away from silver hills  
Toward what was true, toward new ways to prosper  
How do I feel? Like nothing is real  
He left for the mountains, the sadness mounting

There's nothing like thriving, we feel so alive and  
We're all dead inside but it's not hard to hide  
You treat me like you're whore  
I won't take it anymore

We're just playing poker- poker with our lives  
Why don't you poke her, see if she survives  
Your touch a virus, tell me what I missed?  
I feed off of sadness, we're all made of madness

I'm alone with myself and I've never felt worse  
Shove my wisdom down your throat, just to feel like I'm not broken  
You treat me like you're whore  
I can't take it anymore

Marshall in the doctor, we all need to talk to her  
We've all got addiction, some mental affliction  
Tear out your heart once you're satisfied  
You've struck bloody gold but there's nowhere left to hide

There's nowhere left for you  
You're in a hole, there's no way through  
There's nowhere left for you  
And there is nothing left to do