

## Stereotypical sixteen

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Living the pain,  
I am the rage.  
What once was lost is now insane...  
The burden of the world on me,  
Caution: contents under pressure.  
I long to be free...  
My mind is gonna snap like a toothpick.  
Everything pushing down on me,  
Breaking in half, I'm already sick...

Escaping into everything digital,  
I'm sixteen,  
I just want this all to be fictional.  
Spread just too thin,  
I'm too jaded to cry,  
Let the self-mental-molestation begin.

I'm not afraid to die,  
Living is the ultimate sin,  
Instead I take a puff; I'd rather fly.

I'm living the teenage stereotype,  
Born into a risqué cliché,  
Now you can see all "teenage rebellion" hype.  
You think you can see me clearer?  
Don't judge me...  
Until you look in the mirror.  
You've seen this hackneyed image played out a million times  
In those middle-America-rebellious-teen-in-suburbia-John Hughes-movies  
Yet have a conviction, but I lack a crime.

Shall you fear me now?  
Or dismiss this as a phase,  
Or perhaps the new teenie-bopper pop culture craze?  
All I can tell you is: I don't want to deal with life.  
All I can ask is that you help me out,  
Or pass the knife...