

## Misfits

We are the misfits hiding in the shadows  
of the shadows of ourselves  
Crouching in cracks in the rafters  
Crying out for laughter;  
Cut from the act of happy ever after  
We are the outsiders, spiders  
Caught in the webs of our own thoughts  
Tried in our own courts;  
Getting rough justice  
We're tough judges.

We're the idealists  
Tricked by deceivers  
Misled followers  
Fooled by leaders  
Peaceful people  
Dying to be equal  
Knackered from the battles  
Of good versus evil  
Drained by Dementors:  
They threaten to diminish us -  
'Til our worst fears  
Are the spears that finish us...  
Hungry fiends and a big black hound  
Loom in the gloom of a hunting ground  
Doom consumes to the tuneless sound  
Of white noise looping, round and round.

Bombed by monotone: heartless, spiritless  
Dogged by a drone that's giving us tinnitus  
Purging our pains in grains of medicine.  
Numbing our brains til we can't feel anything.

Pain, blame, fear, grief:  
*Treating our symptoms*  
*Not what's underneath*

All we need is illumination  
Rays of hope and a flash of inspiration  
Faith in a future; it's gonna be all right -  
Plus a little bit of magic to ping on the light.