

Aftershock, Fulfillment

And so...it's come to this, wrought with the anguish. Consumed by spite, morphing towards what I
And yet, things continue on, construe my spite to suit me. I see the world through hardened eyes, s
(for) tomorrow never dies. And so, I reach towards hope once more and yesterday fades away, and
Fall down, rise again. Cast shame, shed this skin. Enlighten me with the power to succeed, help m
that shame me. True strength comes from the empowerment of self fulfillment, and self fulfillment is
those who shed bear shame.