

A.F.I., Soap Box Derby

I'm not angry,
I'm just amused at your quest for attention
through your self abuse.
The only response that you get for your pleas is sorely
less than sympathy.
What reason is there to be alive?
When the word is against you how can you survive?
All your friends are apathetic at best,
and your entire life is a total mess.
Give it a fuckin' rest.
You can't feel me, feel,
I'm scarred so deep.
No one needs me.
Could you please leave me alone?
I'm sorry to hear that your world's sinking fast
and you've lost your stable ground
and I'm sorry to add to your disappointment,
but I won't be brought down.
I'm not angry,
I'm just amused at all the dramatics you love to use,
but one thing I have noticed that is strange to me is
that you're not content until you're brought down,
and you're always so alone because you can't be found.
Your soul is black and you're filled with hate.
How much more can you possibly take?
Give me a fuckin' break.