

# American Nightmare, Sore-Throat Syndrome

When we were young, we thought the days would get better.

Today I talked myself out of ending this.

I've been out chasing silhouettes, losing frozen smiles to a thousand regrets.

And all the way home, I could see your breath though we looked dead.

"I'm so far from here..."

We laughed.

"Our time is running thin."

But I always knew how the end would end.

I never said I'd stay to the end.

Fuck you, fuck all of you.

You'll never know what I wanted to say.

Those words are as dead as the air I breathe.

Life is just a big second guess, a broken staircase of mistook steps...

You can trust me, it's not okay...