

Andralls, Hate

Alone, running with hate
Searching the choices
Sick, desperate
Depression is yours
Alone, running the world
Escaping from lies
The story is old
Is the true hard?
Look at your face
It makes me sick
Words from your mouth
Makes me want to puke
die, die, die, die
Lie, pain, towards you
Alive in vain, deny the proof