As Friends Rust, We on Some Next Level Shit

What we've got is an amalgam of spent ideals, an incomprehensible mismatch of spent ideals. Self-congratulatory edicts spit from gold-plated mouths, that will never understand what it means to miss a meal. Don't tell me what I need until you've needed anything. Private-school anarchists with bought trains of thought, donned in T-shirts screaming slogans of wars never fought. And I'm supposed to hide my change? For who and for what?

To appease the piss-ants pretending their haves are have-nots? I know what you came out here for.