

Crustation, Falling

I'm falling in hate
With this place
Days trickle by
Like a stream
I need to go off
Like a bomb
Before I explode
I need to go

I'll feel no remorse
When I quit this place
Too long I've wasted in this
Melancholy space
It's always winter here
Like a splinter
A vice in your eyes

The constant sarcasm
Cuts me like a blade
The scars have hardened
And they will never fade
Tearation eyes are jaded joke
A joke and some
Prize but I despise them

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