

Dystopia, Stress Builds Character

lives been swell now i want to die
my body it hurts me sigh after sign
i call it torture you call it life
a slave to money and everything i despise
like everyone in general
fuck eat sleep destroy i am a disposable being
who will fuck all life
i multiply and the air gets thinner and dirty
i take up space
i smell
i consume
but i produce nothing
i abuse
i have no reason to exist
the toilets clogged in this world o shit
i breathe filth everyday
living fucks up my brian
why? why must i wake up today
my eys are heavy
why? why must i see your face
your life is ugly
why? why did i buy into these things
i dont want them
tension. tension
frustraton. alone
tension. despair. tension
all these pressures on my life