

Quantice Never Crashed, William Shatners Power

Now you can feel free to hate me for this. Your type of beauty is born to fade, one of lust and of shame. My empathy has bred in my contempt, but this pain will be lived through with all my temperance. For this revelation and the fall to match it, what's left is consequence. I accept no truth- only outlook, so I restore my faith in nothing...but the beat of my heart, and the beat of our hearts...and the blood on my hands for reaching. You gave it away with your eyes- you've been f**king yourself with your own cold hands again. You gave it away with your eyes. Don't you ever reach out for my hands again. I can never be safe from myself. If it sounds bitter, its because it is- I will live forever alone with this. If I sound bitter, its because I am but make no mistake- I'm screaming love through the hate. I will love through the hate