

Year of Desolation, All In Vain

Your being makes my skin crawl.
The friendship we once had fell apart like the empire, you've lost everything.
Integrity is a luxury you no longer possess.
How many more times do I have to hear these random confessions of self loathing acts?
It's a very weak attempt at trying to be me.
Are you so fucking naive to everything around you?
When you look in the mirror do you see me staring back?
Or is it just a figment of your lust?
Can you tell I'm not amused?
I have no sympathy for the weak, if the weak can't help themselves: quit your fucking antidotes.
Believe in the golden rule, the rule you've turned to lead.
Sick of the same old story, suck it up and be a man.
Nothing revolves around you, who the fuck do ya think you are?
This fake bullshit has caught you off your guard and it's showing more than ever now.
The hate built up inside you is ripping you apart.
Everyone that surrounds you is wiser than you thought.
There must be a separation for I've grown tired.
I've tried everything I possibly can.
I wanted to help you, but you don't want my help.