

I'm devastated but the last example you should use to feed it.
And this war of words only keeps a good place in my worst headaches.
Please forget me.
Relieved and happy, you can dig a deep grave and drag me along my pride.
And I'd better grit my teeth.
I'm wrong, I know.
One more lesson learned.
Bastard, fucking bastard.
And in the back of my head
I'm killing all the judges like you,
for the glory of assuming my crime.
I'm burning the ignorance of you.
My silence equals my rancor but I'm fine.
And for one time in your life, you owe me an explanation:
Why are you putting me down when you had tons of better solutions?
A rope, a razor, a gun, a cancer, the poison, the fire, the fall.
One more conversation, one more wound, one more war.
A war for every mistake made and for the comfort of all you'll be the genius.