

The Disconnect

Counterparts

All of our lives we've been told what to believe.
"Nothing is perfect" so what's the point of purpose?
The line that separates the weak from us who truly care,
is one I don't intend to cross.

The heart of man beats but only in greedy hands,
and it seems that most are still content.
Where most are comfortable accepting insignificance,
we strive to find the effort within.
If you open up your eyes,
and open up your mind
you we be exposed
to a world as cold as those
who are left to populate it.
Two decades spent swallowing lie after lie
has sparked a fire in my heart,
and the time has come to spread the flame.
We can't continue wasting time,
day after day trying to find a new means of escape.
We do this day after day.

And I can't face the disconnect.
I'll shed the dead weight and rise.
I never thought that I would need to justify
a reason to continue in this life I lead.

I fucking hate the world,
I fucking hate myself.
I fucking swore
I'd never feel like this.