

## Everything Is Getting Very Snake 2

Crywank

Sometimes I'm scared that I'll offend half of my friends  
The other half consider me easily offended  
Don't even speak up as much as I'd like on things we consider wrong or right  
I dream of long unfiltered nights filled with babbling rambling  
babbling rambling  
Critically I can see why what was said was worse than worst thought  
Personally I do not think we are as bad as we thought  
Identity is not infallible, we are not defined by our worst moments  
We've all done things we're not proud of, lived through things we would not have chosen  
Each of us is judgemental and fake  
And sticky and sweaty and smelly  
And each of us is plagued by horrible horrible horrible horrible horrible thoughts  
By horrible horrible horrible horrible horrible thoughts nearly every day  
I'm not saying that we're the same  
Just that we're the same in many ways  
Much less than six degrees of separation  
We all woke this same day