

# Stigma

Disembodied

I remember back in the day  
I remember it well  
When everything made so much f\*cking sense  
Now only time will tell  
I can feel this building up inside me  
The strain must be unleashed  
Upon the ones who made me  
A slave to myself  
To myself

I will not break your crown of thorns upon me  
I won't be your scapegoat  
I'll find my own divinity

I live for myself and no one else  
If you don't like it, then f\*ck it  
I'll find someone else to be my friend

I know it's hard to see the truth sometimes  
But goddammit i know what's in my heart is true

I won't be a victim of consequence  
I can't be forsaken  
Now it makes so much sense  
So much sense

A new breed of love  
A new breed of hate  
A new kind of blood  
A new kind of rage  
A new type of passion  
A new type of pain  
I will not bow down  
I will not change  
For you  
For anyone  
No  
f\*ck you