

Stress Builds Character

Dystopia

I am so tired,
Sometimes I feel so tired,
I can't eat I can't sleep.
So tired.
The pressure builds and builds.
Seems like theres no release.
The things I see go unnoticed by some.
Fills my eyes and heart.
Anger and guilt and frustration,
and depression makes waking up every day harder and harder.
Where's my fitness to the world with my chance to survive.
I got to get money so I can have a home.
So I can breathe, eat and live in this society.
I don't even like money,
And I got to work everyday just to feed myself.
God it makes me sick.
I just wanna curl up into a hole and die in this.
This isn't worth it.
I need a raise man!
I can't survive on this faith anymore.
I can't live on this,
I'm hungry,
And I've had service,
And I can't eat daddy.
God I am the creator of hell.
And I have seen all hell,
And I have seen no arms, no limbs no brains.
You don't care, you don't love me!
I only love myself.
No one will love me like I love me.

Life's been swell now I want to die
My body it hurts me sigh after sigh
I call it torture you call it life
A slave to money and everything I despise
Like everyone in general
Fuck eat sleep destroyi am a disposable being
Who will fuck all life
I multiply and the air gets thinner and dirty
I take up space
I smell
I consume
But I produce nothing
I abuse
I have no reason to exist
The toilets clogged in this world o shit
I breathe filth everyday
Living fucks up my brian
Why? Why must I wake up today?
My eys are heavy
Why? Why must I see your face?
Your life is ugly
Why? Why did I buy into these things?
I don't want them
Tension. Tension
Frustraton. Alone
Tension. Despair. Tension

All these pressures on my life