

Welcome Inferno

Endwell

Wrathful and suffer.
Lamenting everything.
Conclusions.
One by one antipathy.
Inner tension.
Turned outward hostility.
Did you let them in?
Did you let them inside of your fucked up head?
Plagued by things you'll never have again; all that could have
been.
Oh to hell with it.
Chosen path that you must walk alone.
Grow thicker skin.
Faith is so far gone.
I let the world crash down on me.
I've felt so many things in who I used to be.
Me... I have no room for wings,
just compassion and sympathy
for those who still, hold on
to everything they've lost.
Life just takes away.
It all gets washed away