

No Real Hate

Frown

Don't bother if they spit under your feet
You search for love once known in misunderstanding
Have you reached what you had dreamt of?
No understanding is for your ideas now
In deepness of your soul you ask yourself
You find your thoughts at the same point
Are you gonna reach your destination?
And you collide with cruel difference
Don't bother...
Open your palm
Open your mind
Live as so far
A few fucking hours you have for yourself
A few fucking days you feel mistaken