

The Wrecking

Fuck the Facts

How can you find yourself. Betrayed. For this single target. Perfection has made it worth while?

Trying. Stand when all else falls. Away. Wrong ideals. An abolishing curse. Sickness has become a goal. Engage. In combat with yourself. I want to know. What you ache for. I want to know. Have you touched the center of your own sorrow?

Your chosen lifestyle drives you to. Pursue the achievement of what they see. Survive the devastation that they wreak. Why can't you see what's beauty?

Stand when all else falls away. You can disappoint another. To be true to yourself. The new culture of death. Pain. An addiction. Pain. Why can't you see? Pain.

An abolishing curse. Sickness has become a goal. How can you find yourself. Betrayed.

Perfection. What makes it worth? Beauty, even when it's not pretty. You have been opened by life's betrayals. In your fear. Freezing cold. All for your dreams your heart just stopped. Your heart just stopped.

Your chosen lifestyle drove you to. Pursue the achievement of what they see. Survive the devastation that they wreak. You lived in the eyes of the others. Enslaved by their social standards. Why couldn't you see who you were?