

every breath i take recalls the wretch i once was. the wretch i remain. fueled by hatred, by greed. the inability to love a world that lets me down. my misanthropy eats me alive. my face in the dirt. my head staring down. a miserable existence, a life fueled by hate. now my face to the world, steadfast. my life once miserable is now immeasurable. what can i do with a heart full of hate besides dig places to rest for those i love. besides make beds in the depths for those given up. my tattered soul needs mending and i'm done searching. no greater Love than this. no greater Love. no other Love.