institutionalised opposition, defining myself through antis not pros

how can one boy be so full of hate when he was never beaten in his $f^{**}king$ face

why can't i accept - my opinion is no law - there are others wo rth as much as mine

so alone, so alone, caught alone by walls i built myself

a mirror - a smiling face - but even this - smile is a lie no one here - to drag down - just a fake smile - and a fake boy and in the end it's all about being a good friend and not alone i know i cheated you more than once, treated you like shit, for give me, forgive me

relief!

i realized i chained myself

in a net of self righteous morality, the judge and the jury in one damn hand

political correctness can be a drug if you don't take care, loo $k\ \text{at}\ \text{my}\ f^{**}k\text{ing veins}$

if revolution means — aiming with guns at friends — then go ahe ad but i drop out right here

hearts broken, blood went black, stolen eyes and i'm unable to move

let me take back all the shit i've done to you to drag you down let me take back all the lies i told to make me look so cool an d

please give me another chance, i know i don't deserve it but he lp me please

radical change - radically change myself