why can't i help. my opinion dig it's way out. my opinion and i, we are separate entities these days. no one sets me on fir e like you. nothing punctures completely through. i've taken all that i can take. i'm sick of lying to myself. one more day of this and i'll crack. i can't keep on pretending it's okay. it's time to work my way out of this self-sprung trap. it's a matter of will. it's an internal dilemma. now i've got an evil twin, and time is wearing thin.