

it is what it is

nothing,nowhere.

Of how many a man may it not be said that hope made a fool of him until he danced into the arms of death, then again, how insatiable a creature is man? Every satisfaction he attains lays the seeds of some new desire so that there is no end to the wishes of each individual will. And why is this? The real reason is simply that, taken in itself, Will is the lord of all worlds: everything belongs to it, and therefore no one single thing can ever give it satisfaction, but only the whole, which is endless.

Even though you used to call my name
I turned a cheek, I looked the other way
My hands are weak, my soul is laced with shame
'Cause I'm the only one whose left to blame

Parked car and I said it with a hard "r"
Got wounds like a scar from a hard spar
No wind and I'm stuck on the sandbar
You say you're the man, sports bars and a charred heart
On some slick rick shit,
Eye patch, chain, black shirt - misfits
Throw a bitch fit
Man I don't really gotta
I'd rather just cry
Original don dada
Original Kinsella
Yeah, that's better
Shed mad tears in a Thursday sweater
Can't keep telling me it gets better
I've read too much Nietzsche for your speech to impeach
Man I don't need company
Tattoos, black heart see they run from me
So I lurk in my dark and I stay
Comfortably.

Man I got these demons
Man I've been engaged to the road
Used to be skating with friends now there's nothing to show
Pretending I'm pensive
I know that you know that I know
'Cause death is a bitch and you better enjoy before you go
I got so many damn thoughts in my mind
And I can't find the time to replace all the space

Even though you used to call my name
I turned a cheek, I looked the other way
My hands are weak, my soul is laced with shame
'Cause I'm the only one whose left to blame

You don't know where I've been
So don't expect me to come home
You don't know what I've seen
So don't expect me to come home

One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow; and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure. In fact, the conviction that the world and man is something that had better not have been, is of a kind to fill us with indulgence towards one another. Nay, from this point of view, we might well consider the proper form of address to be, not Monsieur, Sir, mein Herr, but my fellow-sufferer, Soci malorum, compagnon de misères! This may perhaps sound strange, but it is in keeping with the facts; it puts others in a right light; and it reminds us of that which is after all the most necessary thing in life—the tolerance, patience, regard, and love of neighbor, of which everyone stands in need, and which, therefore, every man owes to his fellow.

And, chapter one, On The Sufferings of The World.