

See? I told you  
You can't love a monster  
You can't even look me  
Straight in my eyes  
Why are you afraid?  
Does the simple thought of my  
Being alive make you pray for the exit?

I am a monster  
I'm not sick  
I am the disease

I have  
Fallen in love  
With the  
Feeling of

Being filled with all this toxic  
Being filled with all this toxic

I am numb  
My vision spiraled into cycles of darkness  
What I've become  
Is something more than I thought I could be

In order to find the truth  
You must make the questions  
To become more than a follower  
You must make the answers

The answers