I'm not angry, I'm just amused at your quest for attention through your self abuse.

The only response that you get for your plea is sorely less than sympathy.

What reason is there to be alive? When the word is against you how can you survive?

All your friends are apathetic at best, and your entire life is a total mess.

Give it a fuckin' rest.

You can't, you can't feel me.

I feel I'm scarred so deep.

No one could ever need me.

Could you please leave me alone?

I'm sorry to hear that your world's sinking fast and you've los t your stable ground

and I'm sorry to add to your disappointment, but I won't be brought down.

I'm not angry, I'm just amused at all the dramatics you love to use,

but one thing I have noticed that is strange to me is that not happy unless you're unhappy.

you're not content until you're brought down,

and you're always so alone because you can't be found.

You're soul is black and you're filled with hate.

Home much more can you possibly take?

Give me a fuckin' break.

You can't, you can't feel me.

I feel I'm scarred so deep.

No one could ever need me.

Could you please leave me alone?

You can't, you can't feel me.

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