

Triple Zero

AFI

It burns! It burns! It burns my eyes and throat, but I need no
antidote.

Gnawing and tearing at my insides -

seething, keeping me alive - hatred poisons me through and thro
ugh -

a sustenance - keeping me true. It's not too late.

It's never gonna be too late.

Embrace your hate. The pain! The pain!

The pain it crushes me. I gain animosity. Acid sweat and
bloody tears, through it all I preserve.

Some sedate through indifference but I withheld zero tolerance.