

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.