

Unsubstantiated Rumors

Against Me!

I don't want to talk about it
I don't think you'd understand
How things can get so fucked up with such good intentions
And if roofs turn to sky, held by the gravity of nothing
an ironic and literal making of a bed
you can walk away, but there is a reason to stay
They make bad jokes. It's ok not to laugh.
For every push forward, you get the same fucking push back.
You had nowhere to go, so you found someplace.
You had nothing to say, so you start lying.
What the fuck were you thinking?
I'm not sorry. I'd do it all again.
All the lines between hate, love, and revenge; just dead feelings.