

Ain't I?

Agathocles

Heard that love is in the air
but the only thing I breathe is gas,
gas of Misanthropia
the myth of love is dead,

Feel like being not understood,
god, I wish you fucking could,
visit my island of sorrow,
love today, hate tomorrow

Walking among the trees,
on my island full of sorrow,
trees resembling corpses,
ain't I a happy bastard?

Just all in my head,
these thoughts of of fucking death,
maybe all fantasies,
but oh so real to me
don't wanna be positive,
'cause there will always be "if"
no need to fucking hope,
for good times which won't come