

Why do I need to justify my opinion, after all that I've seen and done? And year after year, we give our everything to get nothing in return. The time has come for things to change. We don't need your adoration, but we demand your respect. I will not allow anyone the opportunity to deny half a decade of labor. The places we've been, the faces we've seen, the months spent far from home. This is what moves us. This is what we've grown accustomed to. What we will leave behind can not be measured in a dollar figure. There's a much deeper meaning than that. I can't wait until the day when we've surpassed everything that gave you a false sense of importance. I want you to question yourself. I want you to watch you slip away. I want you to realize that your existence has meant nothing. I hate you more than you could ever fucking know. And I hate you for making me feel like this.

I know deep down that I'm a good person, but my patience is wearing thin. The best retaliation I can think of, would be to let you know that for once in my life, I'm truly happy. I'm more than content with who and where I am. Your oppression has had no effect. I don't need to justify my opinion after everything we've been through. And year after year, we give our everything and what we receive in return, I can't explain with words. I'm so fucking thankful that I made it to where I am today. (I watched the world upon your shoulders, and from these heights it's so far down.)