

Worms

Dark Angel

Leading quiet lives of desperation, we maniacally cling to the unreal.

Life pursues it's stranglehold, upon us, it's pain revealed.

We, as a race, are frail and weak, crises leave us paralyzed.

We strain to deal with what's thrown at us, we're therefore traumatized.

Really, I speak for no one but me,

And I am losing my grasp.

On that which I must call