

I wrote a story in the book of life today
I turned the page and then I turned and walked away
Cause what I wrote was just symbolic of the time
I've been surrounded by another state of mind
You do this, to gain control
You say that, to make yourself feel whole
You say this, just to be kind
I see it's all just a waste of fucking time!

Sometimes the problems freeze the pen that's in my hand
No rules provided that will make me understand
And then I think about the notes that I just took
I look around, then turn around, then close the book.

Cause I see the writing how it can be
I write this paragraph to tell me that I'm me
All rules provided, symbolic of the time
It keeps me from falling into another state of mind

I do this, to gain control
I do this, to make myself feel whole
I say this, not to be kind
I see it's all just a waste of fucking time!

STIGMA!!