

Look at me, what have I become? I am lost, I was once a gentleman. But the thief came out in my London town, so I must leave you now, but I will remember the ups and the downs.

GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS; GOODBYE, TO THE MONEY, ADIEU, TO THE FUCKERS THAT THINK THAT IT'S FUNNY

I JUST WANT TO TURN THE LIGHTS ON IN THESE VOLATILE TIMES! I JUST WANT TO TURN THE LIGHTS ON IN THESE VOLATILE TIMES!

Look at me in the apocalypse, my European guilt expecting instant fix. I imagine all the brutal services of ancient infidels, of all the wounded and the crying witches.

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I drove through countries like a marching funeral in the search of Fools and Utopias, along the lonely roads with all the empty human souls, filling their heavy hearts with slung religion and Coca-Cola.

Every book is read, I'm paralyzed. Every fist is clenched, but I'm so tired...

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