

It seems we better ourselves  
by becoming the single thing that we once despised  
and stood against.  
We're not alone.  
We're like the rest.  
It seems we better ourselves  
by becoming the single thing that we once despised  
and stood against.  
We're not alone.  
We're like the rest.  
We fall.  
We compromise intentions.  
We are wrong (this time).  
Laughter is guilt and silence incriminates us.