

I know I write about hate and disgust that this world has to offer, that the accuser brings. But it is so hard to ignore. We live in a world with filth. I try to keep my words to myself, and not to be judgmental. But it breaks my heart to see children without a father, without a man to stand up and take responsibility. A lost man. I'm sick and tired of seeing people clinging to hate. I'm sick and tired of seeing people cling to emptiness. It breaks my heart to see children without a father, without a man to stand up and take responsibility. A lost man. When will we stand together? There is a need for hope. When will we stand together? This fight will remain.