

no heart.
no time.
i can't even fucking try and speak.
a notion not of your own is only taken as a threat.
why won't you pay attention?
no hope.
no change.
it's like this every single day.
why talk when we could listen?
why do i bother going outside.
interaction is my first mistake...
i'm trying to be of use,
but how can i help if you keep telling me to get away?
can psychology reason your abusive mannerisms?
i don't have the time to pay sympathy to your tragedy.
high maintenance.
problematic.
if i'm the asshole why do you still call me?
this stupid fucking chase serves only to consume energy.