

I'm dying in front of you, yet you do nothing.
Dying, rotting, sinking farther into ground.
I've got what I need to forget, and now I serenade the fucking dead.
Death is freedom.
The reality we face is that we suffer. We're lost in despair.
Hate me for every word I've spoken against you.
Hate me for what I've become. You did this to me.
Hate me you fucking bitch.
Hate me.
There is no innocence.
Everybody's got a fucking price to pay, and your time is now.
So if we make it out of this alive, I'm making sure you're dead in the end.
The reality we face is that we suffer. We're lost in despair.
Hate me for every word I've spoken against you.
Hate me for what I've become. You did this to me.
Your narrow mind, and lying mouth, have given birth to a blackened heart.
So go ahead, be proud of what you've made me become.
I'm so sick of losing you again, and again, and again.
Just don't be surprised at my actions.
You are nothing without me.
Hate me for what I have become.
Hate me.