

The Line of Least Resistance

Sybreed

Prevaricator

There is no substance into your soul save pretense
And disrespect
Obscene exposure
You trick your peers into sympathy
Using counterfeit emotionst

You believe no one can see through your disguise
Yet you make me want to turn my back
On your pathetic treachery

Always choosing the easiest path
You seek to prevail with no sacrifice
Ready to walk over everyone
You reek of conceit and sickening pride

Pretentious fraudster
You deem yourself worthy of reverence,
Ever craving to be praised

You strive to deny your foolishness
Through delusions of great achievement
Trying to decrease your misery
With blazing lies and random masquerades