

It is february 1998,
with too many mindless bodies,
walking the face of the planet,
and too many mindfull bodies,
without enough motivation,
to do anything constructive with their lives,
I despise these people,
in a way I can not verbally express,
my hatred for humanity
has reached an all time high,
I believe I am a higher power
and a greater being,
than our all too common society

Lately I have asked myself
should I concede defeat
and conform to our commercialist society,
surely it would make my life
on this world easier to bear,
but when i get near my lowest moments,
I remember...

Why, I hate the world,
and everything, that is inside,
i remember why, that I despise
everything that is not I