

## Misanthropic Days

WAYD

A party of forlorn scars  
And lust roams in the air  
Illusions caress reality  
In the cauldron of the empty words & stares

You lick your lips to feel  
The sadness inside all of us  
The clear response, we're at the end  
It's time to go, the bottle is drunk

Be quick & take a handful of what remained  
You deserve less than you're asking for  
Between the new walls of joy & hate