

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