

Maybe this is out of line but I envy the dead sometimes. It's hard to say cause I've had close friends that passed away. But they never have to feel again. They never have to be in pain. They never have to struggled just to be denied. Maybe I'm the one who's cursed, condemned to walk the Earth, to grow old and lose my grip on everything that's close to me. But I don't know. I'm just thinking. The more you know the less you know. I'll find out eventually. I hope it's not too late for me. I've never been a lucky one. I was born face down, a forgotten son. I've never been a lucky one Cause if we were lucky, We would all die young. You can rest in peace or live in violence. Conflict, disease, this world don't make no sense. When you come from the bottom, life's a joke. All your hopes and dreams go up in smoke. It makes me wonder what's the better day, the day you're born or when you go away. Lately, I've been thinking about this loveless world and all the evil shit I've done and all the times that I've been wrong. I've never met a righteous face. Heaven must be an empty place or else it's full of people like me. I guess I'll have to wait and see.