

## **A Wilhelm Scream "Shot"**

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There was a man who said the friendships we make are the most honest things in life. Said man was also a fucking idiot. Whatever works out the same in the end? Block out the people we've fucked over on the way. One thing that man did say, I'm sure you get answers straight in hell. This one's for martyrs. Have fun, leave me here. This one's for you, that girl that thought that I'd be different. I'm beginning to take my foot out of the door, because I keep waiting on the same lies. I'd be a sport and shut up, but it happens so often. I think of the worst in most, and I hate being right. Whatever works out the same in the end, but never works out at all. One thought that I can't shake is the fucking laughs and "I told you so's". This one's for all the man I tried to be. This shot's for all of our wasted times. Where the fuck did I go wrong in a way of life we used to lead? And what the fuck do I remember? Not a damn thing. What did we promise then? What went wrong? It's taking all I have to go on. If we all had a rocket, your ass would be the first one to go. Because everyone's your friend when you've got nobody else.

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