

## **Berurier Noir**

### **"Feburary"**

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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.

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