

December Wolves "April Fools Day"

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Symptoms manifested, you must be tested.
Opportunism from a
beast of minimal hate. But I was a devil without a cause
and a
killer among thieves. To perpetrate betrayal in
progress...Try
to put your money where your mouth is.
Sensitivity replaced....By the mouthwatering taste of
superficial expectations sporadically placed in every
single
syllable.
In the presence of a genius, I'm shell-
shocked!Designed for
spectators only. Proceed with unholy mire...Stupid and
fucking

pointless desire!
Opportunism? Fuck, you must be wasted. We're not
supposed to
be the beasts of maximum death and hate! Circles of
friends
lie over the fuckin' rainbow. But it makes so much
sense to be
dead, and so tasteful sinners blend repent and
forgiveness.
Forlorn is the face of deceit that can't prosper in human
form...Because I don't believe in shit! After all, 'tis the
season for treason.

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