

## **End Of Destiny**

### **"An Illness To Call Your Own"**

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Shriek your vanity's  
spawned from boredom  
a cheap excuse for attention  
ignoring blessings  
embracing all that's wrong  
you would stab your heart  
for a sympathetic word  
force fed your problems  
every day we cry for you  
so afraid you'll be boring  
you cover yourself in gloom  
and drag us down with you  
will you be interesting?  
when all are dead and gone?  
come get your own disease  
impress all your friends  
let them cry for you  
in fascination  
so entertaining in your hell  
immorality embraced within yourself  
will you be interesting?  
when all are dead and gone?  
what did you expect you'd find?  
when all is said and done?  
So afraid of missing out  
being ignored in happiness  
mind twisted in agony  
resentful of those without problems  
your self image becomes your god  
in this battle of degeneration  
you would exchange every blessing  
every miracle  
every ounce of your integrity  
only to obtain one thing  
an illness to call your own

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