

Grave Maker "Dear Brother"

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Set yourself apart. Let your guard down. There is no need for the mask when I'm around. Can I ever expect for you to make a change when trapped in your wicked ways. With every day, wicked ways. Three centuries of life, trying to maintain. Two centuries of regret, one lifetime of pain. Driving that same course, self destruction and self hate. No love, no hope no gain, There is no fucking gain.

Can't you see? You are losing this game. This is only pain. I wish you could see the other side. This is not losing dignity or pride. There is no battle too tough.
Dear brother: I will never give up

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