

Modern Life Is War

"Late Bloomers"

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How did it feel to fail?
How did it feel to feel?
All of those times, we tried our very hardest,
and our best was never good enough for them.
Well, those days have come to an end, my friends.
We no longer answer to anyone and this new life is
ours to live.

The end.
This is the end of the way we used to live.
The end.
The end.
This is the death of the days that we were better off
dead.

No more second guessing.
No more fucking patience.
No more self-doubt.
No more inhibitions.

Adapt.
Outlast.
Adapt.
Outlast.
At Last.
The end.

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