

The End "Wakeup Call"

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I live inside of my head,
I never get out of bed,
I am plaid in a sea of white,
And I never sleep at night.
Life is, not a test,
Life is, a pointless quest
It will end, sometime soon,
But it is, not a boon.
They filled me,
With their social b.s.,
Now I feel,
Less and less.
Popularity,
Biggest curse,
There is,
Nothing worse.
Fitting in,
Is only good,
When it's a sin,
And not a should.
I'll want to live,
But I can not,
I'm alone,
Trapped,
Inside,
The wall.
I want to kill,
With my bare hands,
But no one ever,
Understands
I love nothing,
But myself,
All of you,
Can love yourself.
It's all full,
Of national shit,
Since we're made,
From a mail-order kit.
They can't,
Understand,
Why they're losing,
All their sand.

There is no past where bullshit lasts.
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