

## Whisteria Cottage "Pathology Of Our Existance"

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[I see this shit going on... fucking pisses me off.  
So look around you, this isn't our neighborhood, it's a  
fucking battlefield.]

We are driven to failure,  
But my blood will not be shed.  
A resilience of greater fortitude,  
To the forefront of admiration of a bastard.  
Creative yet a life of worthiness,  
When is it my time to shine.  
Fractured yet he is still swinging strong.  
Finally earning a right to be a apart.  
Designed for identical reconstruction.  
I was born to start this change,  
Worry for the weak yet cry for the strong.  
In a world, where everything is wrong we look in  
ourselves.  
We are the ones that belong.

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