

## 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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