Quantice Never Crashed "William Shatner's Powergun"

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Now you can feel free to hate me for this. Your type of beauty is born to fade, one of lust and of shame. My empathy

has breeded in my contempt, but this pain will be lived through

with all my temperence. For this revelation and the fall to

match it, what's left is consequence. I accept no truthonly

outlook, so I restore my faith in nothing...but the beat of my

heart, and the beat of our hearts...and the blood on my hands for reaching. You gave it away with your eyesyou've

been fucking yourself with your own cold hands again. You

gave it away with your eyes. Don't you ever reach out for my

hands again. I can never be safe from myself. If it sounds

bitter, its because it is- I will live forever alone with this.

lf I

sound bitter, its because I am but make no mistake- I'm screaming love through the hate. I will love through the hate

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