

Rye Rye

"One Man Wolf Pack"

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No fucking future. yeah maybe, but at least I'm not stuck in a gunshy state of permanent belief that we don't all end up the same. and maybe right now you're the one who's laughing, but give it a while I'll watch that smug smile draining away with the shit that you smeared on your face. god bless all your industrious plans that put that sparkle in your eye (but I'm the one who has to see you drunk) and god damn all your ambitious intentions and fuck your life and fuck your revelations, I've got so many better things to do right now with my time. see now, time has a way of killing so efficiently and to be honest it scares the hell out of me, and there was a time when I tried to be what they wanted me to be, but that crown is heavy and you're another second closer to death. so you call it 'pride', and I've tried to understand what you get from all of this but in the end it's always all the same and the answer still remains- fuck you and fuck them and fuck every useless thing that's not right now. we're bleeding out the brakes because we don't need them anyway, I've come as far as amnesty until the smoke stacks called me home. you missed the fireworks above our heads, you'll read it about it in my notes, they go something along the lines of "go fuck yourself".

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