Invisible

Avail

i hope i never have to use the world friend again it's the same old slap in the face set in motion, ah fuck this place again i've met the end don't tell me what is left there's nothing but a box of pictures i refuse to open they may cause resent you know i really don't miss a thing there's no struggle to confront now cause what's said is said and what's done is done a crude emotion set in forward pace get this message straight now 'cause i'm sick as shit i've got no room for impatience the bet was set you know i really don't miss a thing cause sometimes the rain is warm in winter and the clouds part everything is clear when i play the card i dealt the ice will warm and melt and i don't think i''ll care there's nothing wrong at all with spending time alone and if i ever have to use the word friend again don't question just slap my face there's no devotion when i played and betrayed and if there are no starts then there'll be no more ends just another stop treated careless, to ass to the list but sometimes the rain is warm in winter...

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