Outlier

Counterparts

I live with the awareness of my own seclusion. Existence fuelled by separation, A war I will not win. Embracing only alienation. To suffer is to abandon the only home I've ever had. Outlier. I don't belong here. The present state of existence acts as a refuge for the weak. To shield our eyes is to blind mankind. Refusal to secede. Inhabiting a world of filth which others have condemned. We won't live our lives for them. Human hatred is my second nature. This is the root of my isolation. I am what I am, and I am an outcast. Don't look for me in the clouds, when I am beneath you. Nowhere to be found. Submerged in apathy, it's just becoming hard to care, and I am nothing. I have grown sick of the sound of my heartbeat. And while the whole world breathes in unison. My lungs are my shield, to reject the world around me. I am what I am, and I am an outcast.

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