What a Nerve

Agathocles

Oh,life is just too short
To worry about the things
You really hate the most
Everything or maybe almost
Maybe I'm too radical
Because I like to criticize all
I should be more positive
Be happy and more active
But does it really matter
Because no one seems to listen
And shall I feel any better
After you have read this preaching letter?
I know I am not perfect
In contrary, I might be a jerk
But for all people who care
Love, trust, respect, be fair
What I'm trying to say
Is difficult to explain
Instead of slagging each other off
Help each other, then we're better off
But all these lies and excuses
Narrow-mindedness and abuses
They make me feel so sick
Like everyone is calling me a dick
You might say 'what a nerve'
A bullet is what he deserves
But at least I try to respect
All you do is reject
Why can't we build bridges
Instead of building walls
Why not being active
Instead of criticizing all
What a nerve-for you and me
What's the truth?-What we can't see?

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