

Shallow Believer

Fall City Fall

Dead saints, shallow believers, all fakes the best deceivers no love for the broken hearted just a broken road for the dear and departed.

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You're just a coward with a crutch lube and leach burned all that you've ever touched walk with me I'm born to lose forced to walk a mile in cowards shoes no sleep in heaven for this life. This is the hell I choose dead saints all slaves. Just get a clue you fucking crook, you fucking crook

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there must be a better way to draw rest to these withered eyes. Other than a leap from the edge for a covered in disguise and I'm confused as to why you all look so fucking surprised that I'd rather cast this body to be washed out with the tides my mind it runs deeper than the darkest of oceans, and these thoughts and feelings should have been locked and never been opened and they say the only thing to fear is fear itself, I believe the only thing to fear is ourselves and after everything is all said and done there can be no remorse no compassion for the monsters we become. for the monsters for the monsters for the monsters we become.

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