

One shot, Four more

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By : American Roulette

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greet me with cries of hate,  
belittled by the world we create,  
I don't put on my best suit so don't put me down,  
glass slippers wrapped with fake smiles and sad hearts,  
with open eyes could you ever consider?,  
that there's nothing here and acceptance is not a crime,  
your hopes and illusions are masked by your love to abide,  
your insecure thoughts are too potent to hide,  
one shot,  
four more,  
stop resting on morals to define the life I implore,  
now I'm finally one in a world I can call my own,  
I'm free from a society that hates me,  
I've questioned the one who creates me,  
lets your eyes tear up with the truth I hold in my heart,  
hold your hand to the unknown,  
climb the barriers in your mind,  
see the world in its truth without boundaries,  
I've let the truth rain down upon me,  
with acid that burns but inside I've found my destiny,  
my fate is not in front of me,  
and it's not inside of me.

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