My World

*Creatures of habit, whimsical, and whim*

*So fleeting are our lives as we run to its end*

*I've always wondered what's the point*

*Only to find that that there is none*

*We live and laugh, go through thick and thin*

*And in time forget all these things*

*Every step to stay ahead*

*Just brings us closer to the dead*

*In this life rely on yourself*

*For nobody cares, never trust false help*

*These are the truths of a foul spoken world*

*A deathly pallor through its very core*

~Kyle Joy~