Sometimes

I wake up of the night

Voices in my head trying to ignite the burning hate that's driving me insane

Grabs my mind and strikes my soul with pain

Covered in sweat

Stomach upset

No more sleep

Cum on the sheet

Slimy excrete

Sometimes

I just cut my skin to gain relief

Shed my blood to wash away the grief

Scribe inverted crosses on my chest

The I purge my bowels and I get dressed

Start out to school

Wrathful and cruel

No more grace

Snatched up from

Rotten.com put on my trench coat and grab my father's gun

A sawed \square off rifle is a guaranty for fun a king \square sized box of ammunition cause I'm smart

I won't run out of bullets when the party starts

Class has begun as I am entering the room

Before the teacher starts to bitch I perforate her womb

Her torn up innards make a nasty smacking sound

As they spout around my face and hit the classroom's ground

The air is filled with smoke, dead bodies adorn the floor

Horrified teenagers are pushing to the door

I pump a bullet into every single head

But I won't go to jail and kill myself instead