

POOR DESTINY

One of these nights, you go out in bars, cause of a later rent paid, you wait for a salary, which you still didn't earn, and you risk to be unemployed. You prefer being drunk cause you think it is the best way to forget everything. And you know you can manage yourself instead of putting you down. You'd rather stay alone in your thoughts.

So every night, you become rebel more and more, lost in this dark street you bump into trashcans you even forget your identity, your name and then your address, fell down in a glass by chance, confused, you'd rather escape the reality instead of looking at your responsibility. You like better going further to be lost in this city.

You're so deadly drunk tonight, don't let your mind sleep. You hate everybody tonight, you mustn't be joking. You don't have to give up tonight, so just wake up for yourself. You're even worried tonight, the future's not be gone. You're becoming rebel tonight, think about who's loving you. You're even alone tonight, notice that you're not the only one in this world.

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