

-Erm my hand anatomy needs work

one big school of fake Bitches



Yes I hate  
People touching me  
and yes I want some1  
to hug, Cuddle, kiss  
me we exist

Promises are just  
lies towards the  
end.



You'll never  
understand the  
hell I feel inside  
my head



SPIDER  
MAN



Chose goal hearts  
the others ain't worth it



Maybe forever  
was a word meant  
for memodes...  
not people

WRBSTLE  
MANICA