

# Cage, Shoot Frank

(feat. Darryl Palumbo)

"Cage:"

One last vein to poke made it too dark to see this  
Scenery slips then line up to go in the ground and leave us  
So repeat this till I'm sick and I won't feed this  
To my little girl who kept me in this world to beat this  
As a little kid taught to follow Jesus  
Get to the front of the line I'm bein' lead by elitists  
So when I speak words that I don't mean  
It's like I'm only in a cloud to wonder what serene is  
Unable to wake and delete the reasons  
Or be the same bed I made up to sleep with demons  
Whether sick sane of a pattern repeated  
If I spit pain I knew how to relieve it  
If at sixteen I had started to treat it  
Till my shit changed whether or not I would need it  
To trace back to the face before the fetus  
If the departure was wrong from the gate then she is

"Daryl Palumbo:"

Trigger finger itch  
The son of a snitch  
I'm the rat's favorite son  
Last to pal and cut  
Slit to bleed the rust  
By the last heart I've won  
We roll under covers waiting  
I've tied off a limb debating  
If all of the names forsaken  
Spell out what I'm takin'  
Watching the skin pop

I would do anything to  
Tell you what I've been late to  
Fix up my head and escape to  
Where I can rest my eyes

"Cage:"

The sun says wake up with a beam in my eyes  
Clutchin' the bed like she's still by my side part of me died  
Even when I prescribed still just to be ostracized  
'Cuz she don't really know if she wants to ride or drive  
While no nooses long enough to hang my excuses  
Whether I'm dead, gun to my head, or reclusive  
The end is close almost no need for money  
Yet when I wished for death nobody took my life from me  
If I cannot see what's right in front of me  
And the lights on there still wouldn't be enough to leave  
I fixed me when I broke the aggression  
But I'm still attracted to my beautiful depression  
If I felt emotions I learned to suppress 'em  
Till I'm ready to sleep I'll have found a place to rest then  
No thanks to angst I learned my lesson  
And can erase the face that can't answer the questions

"Daryl Palumbo:"

Trigger finger itch  
The son of a snitch  
I'm the rat's favorite son  
And by the time I'm back  
That heart that beats so black  
Let it shine like his gun  
We roll under covers waiting

I've tied off a limb debating  
If all of the names forsaken  
Spell out what I'm taking  
Watching the skin pop