

Orange 9mm, Tightrope

You're walking on a knife,
you can feel it bound up like a city
Stomach and your lungs fight to come up above,
but how much of it's your fault?
You couldn't have known it could have come this far unforgiven
Your choice to stand up
Your choice to lay down
But you did what you did,
and that makes you who you are
And let me tell you that's fine with me

I wish I could see the future

I stand in one spot, frozen by luck
Pinnacle of feeling, I wish I was f**ked up
Bent from the weight and my heads at hells gate,

bend to kill wake thoughts
dive into my altered states
Where nothing exists, that I think I'll miss
Where nothing exists,
that I think I'll miss

Vision can Kill just as simple as living in Fear
Some of us hear bells, some of us don't
Beyond explanation
Nothing in this world, should tip you off your scales
Nothing in this world, ever seems fair
Nothing in this world is worth seeing you fail
Nothing in this world is worth seeing you fail
And let me tell you that's fine with me
I wish I could see the future