

You come into the threshold
Of another starless night of fear
You're running from the demons
That would drag you down again
Illusions of the world are spinning
Out of time and frame and synchronicity

You're so sad, you're such a sad-eyed girl
You're so sad, in your sub-plot

What is this, what is this
This mess of my existence is
All these politics of
Life and death and relevance
It's my existence

Another morning it comes running
Up your bedpost with the wind
You face yourself just like you always do
Time and time again, the mortal coil of image
Inner peace and satisfaction

And so you keep it on the down-low
Hiding all the secrets that are down below
And so you keep it on the down-low
Tell me baby was it worth it all

Oh just take it all
Make it work and make some sense
Just take it all, You're my existence
You're my existence

Wassup Girl, It's my turn,
You cry and your eyes burn
What's your life's turn, beautiful girl
Who all the guys yearn
What's more to your story
You still learn
Despite why your eyes burn
Soul-Searchin'
I seek and find the ole merchant
The high beacon
Your eyes talk
When you ain't speakin'
And at school
You cry out
Why does water deep dry out?
Your getting gyped
Flat out