

Mental Blocks

3 Colours Red

I've been thinking about this wasted time
Straight to middle age, I'm last in line
So I drug myself to get smoe peace
Cos you turn it like it's my last leaf
It don't feel right
Don't taste right
Living in Mental Blocks
This is the concrete nation
Don't fuck with our sedation
We're alive

So I walk into another room
And sister pain is with me too
Out tongues are anaconda twist
Cos we're holding out for what we missed

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Our sedation