

Smoke Tricks

Arrows In Action

In one hand I hold my smoke, my life, my death
I breathe you in, you might be made of lead
Mother, father, please don't tell me you're proud
It's just enough to be loud

I'm the flower in the pages of your Bible

I've been runnin' from the sun, and you're the moon tonight
Took twenty years for me to learn just how to fight
I swear to God, I'll sink or swim and make this right
And with my dying breath, I swear I'll trust this life

And in the other, I caress this mirror
It's the one thing that keeps me grounded, keeps me here
Promises of a family unfulfilled
You are my savior and my guilt

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