

Can't feel my face, wanna peel it off of my skull?
How does it taste? You drink my blood and it's cold
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Void for a soul, bottomless hole

Can't feel my face, wanna peel it off of my skull?
How does it taste? You drink my blood and it's cold
I wanna know, I wanna know
Void for a soul, bottomless hole
Caught on the end of your astral chain
It wasn't that sweet, it's just aspartame
Still tryna ascertain
How all this came from a bad first name

You wanna crack my face
New watch, wanna crack my face
You a dog, tryna track my pace
Either way, I'ma have my say

What a sad thing!
It's always happening
Nothing everlasting
Never, if you're asking

Know I'll never pass
Autopilot when I mask it

What a strange dream
I thought everything would change and it's changing
For the worse, it's a curse
On the dirt where they lay me
"Grass don't grow here lately"

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