

It's getting harder to practice humility
Due time comes popularity spikes
And I confuse my lungs
'Cause the air in my life is too pure
I'm done tryna carry the sights that I see
Through aerial flights on the path to
The future where my head space lacks
But my tattoo's show
Clearly that my skin is too thick
To be punctured by any toothpick
You flick at me
My mind has a shattered screen
That plays scary movies
The classic scenes
Like a psycho bathroom slasher scene
And shows
Digital previews of magazines and I
Cannot seem to relax anymore
Always stressed out
Ideas fleshed out
My regrets drowned
And I am an accomplice
Still I don't ever feel accomplished

I buy Ikea furniture 'cause finishing assembly
Makes me feel like I accomplished something
Other than whimpering in silence
When the eerie atmosphere of night can get to me
And make me wish that I were still in infancy

I buy Ikea furniture 'cause finishing assembly
Makes me feel like I accomplished something
Other than whimpering in silence
When the eerie atmosphere of night can get to me
And make me wish I still had my humility
It's killing me

It's getting easier to practice humility
New lines come to my mind when writing
I don't just strike twice, I ride the lightning
And drop compliments on the eyes of my kin
To show that my love is infinity
And I'm done with inventing these ugly obscenities
Replace the hate with
Hugs from the kid in me
And shine till it looks like the sun tried to fit in me
Something is interesting about me right?
It's appreciation of art
No, it's how he writes
It's all this
This love, these beautiful words
That I cannot seem to produce when the music is curbed
So this isn't rap, it's not hip-hop, not poetry
It's just me trying to express how explosively
I react
With these cats
In my life

Frequently
So, thank you for existing
I'll be here if you're needing me