

i don't crave death, i just crave peace

atlas

I don't crave death, I just crave peace
I don't crave death, I just crave peace
We don't crave death, I just crave peace
I don't crave death, I just crave peace
Yo, yo, yo, yo

I couldn't use words to describe
The way I mold words with my mind
It ain't worth your time
I scribble with a certain design
That screams I'm perfectly fine
Sure, what a lie (ugh)
Life is a bookshelf covered in sand
I found it buried in the desert
With a glove in my hand
Uncovered by the shutters
I had come to withstand
I'm lacking everything
From shelter to a love for the land
I pulled the first work off the shelf
And opened up a page
I saw the chapter it portrayed
A better flowers and the rain
Thought that it was arbitrary
Till I saw the Angus
Started shifting on the paper and to everything I say
Saw myself painting pictures with the crumbling crayon
That I'm holding in the fumbling hand
Feel the sun where I stand
Started meltin' into nothing but plans
That I would never set to motion as the puddle of man
So I slammed the book quickly 'fore I headed to the exit
You never know who's gonna to be the last to hear your message
I have decided to be impressed with the variety of lessons
I suppose I should ask myself the final nagging question like

When I die will they care
Will they cry will they stare
Where my eyes are closed
And do the numbers really matter when the pride isn't there
Will I ever feel success for
Will I smile at the pros

How many times
Can I make the same damn song before it gets old
How many times
Do I have to tackle this demon before it gets dethroned
How many times can I write
The same damn song before it gets old
How many times
Do I have to tackle this demon

You were waiting at the station for a train
I was awkwardly complacent in my ways
Started pacing when I didn't see your face
Pulled my book out of my bag and flipped it open to a page Considering the p
ath that I had taken on this day

Soon enough I'd finish I was simply blown away
It was the story that I'd heard a million times
But it seemed that it was different when the atmosphere was gray
So I started walking past the things that once had made me blind
Soon or past ampersand landing so aligned
That the planets and the stars were soon to follow close behind
And the image of their uniform embedded in my mind
It was more a decoration than it ever was a sign
A declaration of a pattern I've designed
Extrapolation in the form of writing rhymes
And filling in the blanks that still existed time to time
Wondering

How will I escape from this place
If the air beyond question was created in my wake
It's impossible to ever disconnect you from your thoughts
So my conscience started shaping up the way it is today
And never will I ever let the memories decay
'Cause the magic from the present is a relic of the past
Who has overstepped its boundaries regarding when
To stay and when to leave is really nothing but a question of what lasts so,
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