

This is the part where I blatantly rip of Milo

And I'm self-referential all too often these days
Talk of problems that I commonly face, but whatever
And I speak in third person like it's omicron persei 8
And I'm versing my diversions in a Persian rug's
Stitchin' with witch-hunt persistence 'til shit's done
I sip from a big jug marked empty with a sharpie
Descending as a harpie into innocence, hardly
With these tentative bar schemes, emphasis, car keys

Scratching on the side of the vehicle of life (vehicle of life)
Scratching on the side of the vehicle of life (vehicle of)

The only difference between miracles and tragedies is perspective
And I will only use they in the cases its collective
Unless made clear the same year by someone I love
Which is everyone now so fuck it, got a preference? lemme know
I think it's necessary now more than ever that I show
Something similar to everything I don't
Something similar to you and me frolicking in jubilee
And dripping in the cracks of the cement

I was born as a plant, I will die as a plant
I will rot in dirt whether my cotton shirt
Was Versace or some other meaningful brand
I'm not meaning to stand for the immediate threat at hand
But I am