

## skeletons

atlas

A lot of skeletons I lock in my closet  
A lot of skeletons I keep in my room  
A lot of skeletons I lock in my closet  
Sweep em up, sweep em up, get the broom  
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Sweep em up, sweep em up

Yo  
All these skeletons they pile in my closet like articles  
Of clothing that don't fit me anymore that I can't part with  
So I guess I'll have to live with them until the day my vision's  
In a state that's far from livable and I can just forget you know  
For now I'm living with some bones on my bed  
Cause mistakes that I've made are like colognes on my flesh  
Smell it when I walk by  
This home for regret  
I pretend is a body  
Is so close to death  
By asphyxiation  
Since, I'm choking on my words  
But if you leave me in the streets I'll be floating to the curb  
Hopelessly absurd  
In the vocals that I slur  
Through the copious occurrences of hopelessness I learn from  
Every mistake is a lesson to me  
So I feel like failure is an infectious disease  
And these bones on my back only less than a tease  
Of success that I see when these skeletons flee  
I got a lot of

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Yo, yo  
But, lately I wouldn't say its unbearable  
I wouldn't say that it was terrible  
I think I found myself a formula and now its taken care of  
So my closet space is safe for every memory I barely know is mine  
So when times come I'm barely close to fine  
I can open up the door and expect scary scenes of fright  
When the hinges creak and bend at least  
I'll find my piece of mind  
Cause it's the only thing I won't leave behind  
Switch up  
Everyone I see is just so damn interesting  
Everyone I see is just so damn cool  
Following the trends they see from friends and even enemies  
I swear to God I see these doppelgangers at my school  
So I might

Bury skeletons inside of my irrelevance  
And live my life in fear that I have sub-par intelligence  
But at least these raps speak and show my state of mind  
In a totally original way that's mine, right?

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