

Yeah... Uh I was listening to Solace and I heard this-this little sample...
So I started making this beat so
(Let's go)

I don't hear the cretin call
I don't see the curtain fall
I don't leave the dirt at all
I don't leave this grave
I don't turn the page
I don't see my face
I don't know my name
I don't know my name
I don't know I'm a ghost... Wait

Hold the fuck up for a minute
Watch him dig himself up out a grave that he invented
Mental state plagued with all these lazy intermissions
Coughing up tar, chasing daisies into writtens
Into daisy chains sitting where the hazy rain isn't hitting
88' quicker than a lazy day finished
But the name the same ain't it?
Pray to stay living, but dream of being dead
Get filleted and make dinner

But I guess that not all dreams come true
(But I guess that not all dreams come true)

And all the glitters ain't gold, until you finally get a brick
And see those idioms and idiots dumb too
Just like me
Another fuckin' dimwit in the path
Just another listener who doesn't get it and laughs
So every letter, every scribble and scratch
That he can fit on a pad
Like every sentence is a tip of the hat
Fuck that
I don't live to see people die
And I hope that I don't live to see my friends pass away
I won't really live it all when the ends pass today
I'll just sit back and say, "Well shit that was great."
In a sarcastic tone, I don't take shit serious
I'm always fucking joking when I'm speaking on a track
Unless the central topic is defeating all my demons
You can bet your bottom dollar might be facetious and it's whack
But I don't mind a bit
Blowing off steam when I'm rhyming shit
Cause that's the only reason I even fucking started
Alternate personas always are a bit controlling
Even being me is easy, go leave me brokenhearted
But I guess I'll get used to it
Never did stoop
To the level where you yellow-belly battle-scars are at
Been the weakest link since I could barely even speak
And I'll be hanging from a thread until the fabric starts to snap

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