

wasting time

atlas

I'm getting
Tired of wastin time
Watchin days go by
I call my frame of mind
A place to hide from vacant lies
So if you like to gamble
Then this is aces high
Go ahead and fake your cry
I'll be here replacing mine

With loads of energy within the entity that has befriended me
It sounds just like a symphony within these vintage beats
It hurts, it hurts
I'll limp and weep, so you can sink your teeth
Into a simple kid, whose trying to find himself a place to sleep, it seems
Too many times my path has been taken
Cause now the wooden bridge that leads across this gap is forsaken
Collapsin' and snappin' and breakin'
I don't trust myself to cross it right
Cause off his rockers lately been an accurate statement
I'll draw myself a map of this place
I have to escape it
I'm gettin, mad at the pavement for how its tracking my paces
Through every absence and place that I've ever tracked on my journey
I'll have my head in a broken state till I'm dead on a gurney
Fuck it

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