

You see I wouldn't really call myself a wordsmith
Cause' words never have been something I was that good with
Its been absurd since that learning curve went South for the Wi
nter left my teeth on the curb bent
Knocked right outta' my mouth into splinters
My household was Shindler's List doused in the bitter mist of c
ounting its insolence and down right deliberate shit
N' awful existence prepped to drown out the brittle bits
I was falling apart in my own elusiveness complaining n' confus
ed instead of actually doing shit
When the window flitted open and a breeze you would flew in wit
h
Breathe but refused to sit
See I was truer then
Perhaps I should just move a bit feeling like my souls are slee
ping
I've been getting harder to hold with every golden week
I'm so cold and meek n' needed a friend
Askin' "When I'll see you again"
When will I see you again
When will I see you again
When will I see you again
When will I see you again
When will I see you again