

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