

# Hourly Shadow Gossip

BEXEY

I'm sitting exactly I'm seeing my ghost  
I always wonder will he understand me  
I know there something way deep in them shadows  
Why would I feel this way I'm drowning

You don't  
Have to believe me  
Even I pretend I don't feel it  
The pressures teases the limit explodes into smithereens  
Could be seconds minutes, months or even an instant  
The fragments circle my ankles make the holes in my socks bigger

Feel a blizzard  
If you was beside me you wouldn't feel it  
You'd look me deep in my eyes and ask if my job does drug testing  
I'd tell you I don't have no job or drugs inside my system  
Then you pretentious soul would say umm yes I feel it, but no

Oh no you don't  
I'm like the street likes glow  
Piercing through the factory smoke  
More like the pennies rattling crashing  
In the trenches of your coat  
Crating a spark then a flame  
Make the pallet in your brain go crash then sypro I'm not playing games

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I tuck both my laces in  
Got my pedal bike  
Rode through the rose garden  
Tires covers in petals and stems  
It reminded me of us  
Beautiful darkness

He rode and rode his bike  
Down the never ending spiral of life  
He collected flowers and gems  
But they tore straight through his back pocket stems  
He had a hand full of earth and a mind full of floating dust  
A ferocious frown and a painful heart breaking wonder lust  
Tough luck