

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 and 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
Id 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