

Faucets

Biskwiq

They act like children?
That's it, he was a young man in years
But the way he behaved was more in keeping with a five year old

Soul's gettin' thinner
And my strides gettin' longer, longer
Breath's gettin' deeper, deeper
And the climb gettin' harder well I
Got too much on my growth plates
Axes to the knees
No rotate
All these white lies make me opaque
It's rude how these Lucha-doors close when you show face
So I chase trouble, and catch it
Red handed like Cassius
Alienated like actions
Speak louder than adjectives
Animals in my attic
And skeletons in my closet make cemeteries look average
I'm running faster than faucets
I'm miles away from my losses
I burn passion like cash till I sleep good like a casket
I bring flame to the matches
Rolling stones to the mosses
And fame to the masses
And tape to the cautious

Growth is upon us
This growth is a promise, a promise
So go and find a purpose
Go and find honest, honest
Go and find honest
So go and find honest