

One In A Million

Bladee

It's tragic
Darkness
(So tragic, so tragic)
Every day I wake up to the same fucking thing
Evil things in my mind, and it spins, and it spins
Is there any love for a boy that has sinned?
Candles always lit for the boy with the gift
Do we take a risk for reality more crisp?
Mix it with the spit, is the blood any thick?
When you feel like this, does the drugs even hit?
Let us take a look at the sky and exist
Listen, don't forget
It's the one in a million (It's tragic)
It's the one in a million

Mansion on the hill, stood in a pool of blood
Sword made of steel, flags waving
Winds from the north, freeze all shores, frost-born
Mansion on the hill, stood in a pool of blood
Sword made of steel, flags waving
(It's tragic)
(So tragic, so messed up)
(So tragic, so messed up)

Every day I wake up to the same fucking thing
Evil things in my mind, and it spins, and it spins
Is there any love for a boy that has sinned?
Candles always lit for the boy with the gift

Do you take a risk for reality more crisp?
Mix it with the spit, is the blood any thick?
When you feel like this, does the drugs even hit?
Let us take a look at the sky and exist
One in a million
Suffer in distress (Suffer in distress)
Every day I wake up to the same fucking thing
Evil things in my mind, and it spins, and it spins
Is there any love for a boy that has sinned?
Candles always lit for the boy with the gift
One in a million
With the ash on the smoked cigarette