

Terminus

Boondox

Put my heart to paper
Spillin blood in every sentence
Take my whole entire life
Condense it down to 60 minutes
Cursing (cursing) was it worth it
Sacrifice and hope they heard it
Misery you don't deserve it
But you hoped that it was worth it
Listen I know the struggle now the gate and through this jungle
Everything becomes a battle
Learn to live with bloody knuckles
On the wrong end of buckles from inebriated uncles
Memories and certain sausage you can't bury with a shovel
I tried to make sense of this and often side is sensitive
Fuck em if they don't like it
Cause its how some people deal with it
Like a sedative when the hurt becomes repetitive
Positive and negative, all of it is relative

How many times do I have to fall
From the top of my dreams when I reach for it all
Is it possible (anything's possible)
And that's why I'll never stop
And I keep telling myself
I can't believe it thinks again
I'm telling myself
I'll never know how this ends
The story goes on

I've always tried to live a little better than I'm feeling
By concealing brutal urges
Think it's working cause I'm dealing with a
Appetite fiend with thing that might dismantle
Any positive example that put me out just like a candle
Without no kind of purpose and even broken on the surface
S'Own legacy is my verse cause my family thinks I'm worthless
So I, write these sixteens with the things from my dreams
Put it on a beat to hopefully silence my screams
Silence my screams, huh
I still be screwed up when I'm dead and gone
'Fuck it all' written on my headstone
But, it doesn't matter just another closing chapter
If you still need the answers take it up with the pastor

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I'm not feeling numb
There's something going on
And I'm not feeling numb

So I'll just disappear

How many times do I have to fall
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Is it possible (anything's possible)
And that's why I'll never stop
And I keep telling myself
I can't believe it thinks again
I'm telling myself
I'll never know how this ends
The story goes on
And my story goes on