

THE LIGHT

BROCKHAMPTON

I... give... my mom so... -ness
In the same house my dad died in, all alone
Trying not to be paranoid, trying not... as they're calling it
'Cause every headline is a reminder that the world's fucked
So I've been tryna see the light
In between the clouds
Still love that sunshine

When I look at myself I see a broken man
Remnants of my Pops, put the Glock to his head
Nothin' ever go as planned, couldn't make amends
Forcibly pretend I don't give a damn
At a loss, aimless, six feet deep, suffocatin'
Can't face it, can't change it, ain't make it
Master plans by the Maker, I see no savior
Morbid reflection and stainless steel
Alcohol and pills, deadly combinations left with nothin' else to feel
A floral haven, hope it was painless
I see you in the faces, places and my makin'
Reflections off a broken mirror
Fragments of my fear glarin' back like who's there?
I can't stand myself beside myself, I see you there
I know you cared
Felt numb since September when I heard the news
What I'd do to speak one last time
Think I always will be haunted by the image of a bloody backdrop
Skull fragments in the ceilin', felt your presence in the room
Heard my mother squealin'
Master of disguises, ash to ash, dust to dust
Voids behind my eyelids, blackin' out, bleedin' out
Silence louder than a twisted tongue lyin'
As sick as our secrets
Shadow people and needles fadin' through a peep hole
Bedtime stories from purgatory
I miss you

For the record I can fly
Around the world absorbin' light
Something's missin' deep inside
The light

Somethin' changed in Texas, guess I missed the message
Look, I missed my exit, I'm livin' like a Jetson
I was broke and desperate, leanin' on my best friends
Only shot callers I was around was bar tendin'
Ain't no love in this game, mama, this is not tennis
Take your shoes off, we just did the carpets in
I can take the hatin', I can take the praisin'
It's all noise to me, I'll turn into Satan
Y'all stuck in the matrix, red pill, blue pill
All these different faces, all these different cases
Shit, y'all done seen me naked
So I'ma wear what I want now and I ain't finna fake it
Thank God I made it
Thank God I seen God last summer
I was standin' on a bridge, I seen all y'all under me
Know y'all strugglin', niggas out here jugglin'

Losin' jobs while losin' God and everything is tumblin'
Feel heaven rumblin', the rapture is comin'
I love the attention, I'm a bastard in public
I still struggle with tellin' my mom who I'm in love with
Subtleties in between way these diamonds gleam
When Thanksgivin' come around, I still don't see 'em
When Christmas come around, nigga, I still don't see 'em
Told the world who I was before I got to know Ian
They gave my people money in exchange for their freedom
I would give it all back for a chance to free 'em