

Sat on the second step
The sun's setting, seconds left
Best laid plan, second guessed
Scars from fights, I came off second best
Success ain't all the shit you own
I'll admit now the posturing was for show
When you're young you're immortal, time moves slow
I was in the moment, blinked, and I was old
The years that I was owed, stolen
As a result it made me cold
Stumble inside to sip on something cold
Yeah this dope's really fucking up my throat
Ran out of beer, I'm on liqueur
It's nearly done as well, I hope they find a cure, soon
I was supposed to go on tour
I might have to cork the Château Latour
I knew the end was due
I watched shit get diluted and devalued
Now they call you an artist even if all you do is talk shit on beat or cry i
n autotune
It's disrespectful to the gods we've lost
We're raising kids that won't know what music was
Out the NS-10's I hear Freddie's voice begging the radio not to become backg
round noise

I used to think I'd got it made
Now I start to feel afraid
Playing back some old cassettes
Crying doves and red Corvettes
The promises you made me keep
I hear them as I fall asleep
I used to think I'd be okay
Now watch me as I fade away

Playing these old cassettes
Red Barchettas and red Corvettes
Been off the stuff a sec I've got the sweats
Unread texts and ends of cigarettes
Flick through the papers I'm perplexed
Wondering what could possibly happen next
Got the results of my test, was not impressed
Consequences of some sket I pressed
The shorthand approaching ten
As I approach the end I think of Ren
It's an understatement saying I miss my friend
I'd hoped I'd get to meet his sons as men
But with the odds against me once again
Can only hope that this note reaches them
In Mello we lost a legend, we lost a king
And so we carved his name into our skin
Clocked my reflection, it was grim
Had me thinking when did I get this thin
All sunk in, reality sinking in
Bare Oramorph bottles lining the bin
I know he's with us all the time
Guide through a mind as messed up as mine
I pray he don't think any less of me now

When he looks down and sees me breaking down

I used to think I'd got it made
Now I start to feel afraid
Playing back some old cassettes
Crying doves and red Corvettes
I always try to keep you safe
To see you smile and not feel fake
I used to think I played the game
Now I have to take the blame