

Demons

Chris Webby

I've been running from the demons
They can't stop me when I'm on my way
Yeah, I've been running from the demons
They can't stop me when I'm on my way

Yeah
Still that same neurotic, psychotic, anxiety ridden
Yeah, wildy driven
Got with a vision
That's finally gettin' another chance at his life to make some wiser decisions
And all these songs are therapy
It's like a diary written
And all these syllables and rhymes
Through a mirror
Yeah the lines plant a little seed of hope and I've been givin' it some time
Still these demons lurk around just like some villains in my mind
Feel 'em slither, drippin' venom down the ridges of my spine
All these hills I've yet to climb
Always somethin' that's attached
Hard to shoulder all this weight when you got monkeys on your back
And that monkeys a gorilla
Better toughen up your lats
While he tuggin' on your traps
Ain't no fuckin' comin' back
Does a number on the muscular carrying all the baggage
And pushin' through it mentally will turn you to a savage
So walk in my shoes, see it all through my glasses
And say a prayer that God will grant me safe passage
But nowadays it seems like no one's optimistic
I already see society as post-apocalyptic
As everybody's strugglin'
Our demons have been doublin'
As we sittin' back just watchin' humanity crumblin'
Feel like I'm in hell itself
Chisellin' my mental health
Knowin' I'mma pay for my mistakes using the devil's wealth
Try to keep some angels in my heart
They need some extra help
Shit, maybe I should get some help

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God granted us serenity
I'm in a search for better remedies
Tryna' find some light to conquer this dark energy
Devil on my shoulder, he tryna' spark chemistry
It's an art form how I've lasted
To program in, then hit the masses
Good and evil been clashin'
I rose from the ashes
Walked the devil's passage
My pops shot himself in the crib
That shit was tragic

Show him how I made it
The cribs in Calabasas
Calculated my risks, got sticks under the mattress
The money don't love you, she's just an actress
Without the money, I've been stabbed straight through the back
From brother's part of my pack
The stress alone'll give you two heart attacks
And that's facts
Dark clouds cover the future like cataracts
The pain was such a common occurrence that I'd adapt
Until I made a change to the map
You got to take responsibility for what you attract
Track marks, cover arms and people I warn
The demons lookin' in my face like "yeah, you been warned"
So much needed reform
Dad, I weathered the storm
Thank God I found some light through it
I've been reborn, and I relish it
Even though sometimes I'm devilish
At being good and bad, I'm a specialist
And running from the truth is a theme that is overly relevant
The devil in the room is the elephant

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