

Genesis

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If this is apocalypse
Then first there was a genesis
I think I'll let myself exist
Under this bloody moon

Like a moth or butterfly
I'm the queen to my demise
But don't think that I'll go amiss
I'm just getting my groove

But first I gotta let go of the things I tried to be
First I gotta let go of these fakers next to me
First I gotta give up everything I can't control
Get that moderation in my system and
Move on to the next
On to the next
On to the next
On to the next

Maybe I don't know what's up
Maybe I am mostly wrong
But one thing that I know for sure
Is everywhere I go I grow

Knowing me it takes some time
Diamonds are a little shy
But wait and see I'll hit some gold
And I'mma be a sight to hold

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