

Excuses

Epik High

Who's to blame. No remedy to cure this pain.
No remedy to cure this pain.
Cuz I believe there's nothing there for me.

Education is killing my religion.
Intuition is killing my religion.
My religion is killing your religion.
My religion, your religion.

Lungs blackened from this filth that I'm breathing.
Polluted phrases are the kill of the season.
My ears bleed and in turn I speak treasons,
Weaving through a system that dubs realists as heathens.
Like the cigarettes I'm 'chained' to, wicked words can be the devil in
Disguise that thrive off of maiming you.
But who's blaming who?
Never are we the ones.
We point the finger at the skies and the chosen 'son'.

All my senses are killing my innocence.
Cruel inventions are killing my innocence.
No innocence is killing your innocence.
My innocence, your innocence.

Blame it on terror. Computer error.
The east and west coast and the post-consumer era.
The mayor, the president. The air, the elements.
Whatever's relevant but never look in to your mirror.
What you want, what you need is to be blameless.
Don't blame the DJ, it's the playlist. Cause blame is a slutty word.
Ex-planation, ex-ecution, ex-cuse share the same 'ex'.

You don't wanna know the sinner.
You don't wanna know the killer. Because it's you.

Television is stalling evolution.
Medication is stalling evolution.
Evolution is stalling revolution. Evolution, revolution.

Collaboration, the start of revolution.
My decision, the start of revolution.
Revolution, the start of evolution. Revolution, evolution.

Blame yourself.