

ThisLandIs

I love you, Mochila

Aye, hop inside the spider and it's dark
Talking on the phone, saying I'm gon' be a star
Moments from the past, I can't wash away the scars
Fall into mirage, make you forget who you are
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I hate doing wrong, but I can't get it right
I lay in my bed, and I can't close my eyes
My head's in the clouds, but my brain's filled with lies
Told myself that I'm dead, but believe I'm alive
Swallowing for no reason
Walls closing, shallow breathing
Need you to kill this feeling
Is there a deeper meaning?
That you're my sense for healing?
You helped me kill my demons, can't find a better reason
I'm hoping you'll notice
I'm falling, can't focus
I'm calling, mind closes
I know that I'm chosen

You cut me right open
Fall Backwards, feel hopeless
When I die, just know this
Leave Tulips, not Roses

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