

Doctor's Orders

Horrorshow

I'm lookin' for a sign and it ain't coming, I'm cuttin' ties
My days disappear in clouds, I stay blunted
Doctors orders, focus on what's important
Keep the profile low as I cross the border
Mr Sol to the O, just a day in a life
Got me all dressed up with nowhere to go
Oh well, lonely nights living out a hotel
Scheming on the prize, piece of mind like a nobel
In the meantime, I'm tryna travel light
Less weight to carry like you gotta pick your battles right
The best defense, I'm on the attack, under
False pretense I wanna react, holding me back
Till my chest tighter than my grip
I might do better if I just let it slip
Hot blood up against cold steel
Careful how you wield or you might be the one to feel

Make no mistake
Anger is a curved blade
You can get cut in the worst way
'Cause you were better off in the first place
If you grip it too tight
Might wind up with a burst vein
And that's real, be careful how you wield
Or you might be the one to feel
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Hey sucker, I'd have wished you the worst
Wish you'd have tripped, put my fist in your words
Rip you to pieces, shredded to a blur
Fall like confetti, a shadow of whatever you were
Closed the door like "do not disturb"
Reduce your whole book to a blurb
As far as I'm concerned, let the pages burn
Let the tears confirm that your career's adjourned
And I just set my mind to your downfall
Like it's somehow set our watches
And preoccupied my time with your misfortune
Till it'd become unconscious
Followed my compass to schadenfreude but cold comfort
Called back, 'cause when you fell I just fell flat
So go for yours, I'll go for mine, ha
To wish you I'll is just a waste of my time
C'mon

We hit the ground, about to be goin' our separate ways
I can feel us slowing down, dems the brakes
We exit the plane
When there's nothing left to say that hasn't been said
So I'm saying goodbye, that's it, I jet
Now I'm a Sunday Gentleman with a pen in my hand

Never thought much about that exit plan
For all the resentment that I let get in the way
Here I am as I stand, still a wannabe Hemingway
Tryin' to make every page better than the last
Same way I live life try and let go of the past
Fuck a double edge blade I'm tryna keep the pen mighty
Up all night, too tired to keep fighting
Doctor's orders, more bottles of water
What kind of dad would you wanna be for your daughter?
The soberin' thought of war, what is it good for?
As if they force my hand
To draw blood with this blade
Until I'm falling on my own sword, sure
And who's that gonna save?

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