

## 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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