

No EQ

Into It. Over It.

Born too late
I always find my interests
Remain intact just behind the times
A waste of space
Expired sound and blueprints
But piece by piece, they all fall in line

To what has been addressed as
My youth in aftermath
It's just like me to recover
One another
I'm another
Impressed by how I've balanced out
Leveled up and laying down
On the concrete beside your house

So, can you trace
This distance from me to you, so
I could etch this on my spine?
Replace my face with just a blurry memory
You must be kidding me
My busted mouth
I've come to find, lends creative ways to speak my mind

And confess with my youth in aftermath
It's just like me to recover
One another
I'm another
Impressed by how we've balanced out
Leveled up and laying down
Our nostalgia's been strewn around
On the concrete beside your house
Our nostalgia's been strewn around
On the concrete beside your house

My aching brain
Doesn't process things the same
At 30, muscles fade, but in 20 years, I've barely changed
Does this check list for the restless pain
The evening's scene of what you took from me?

An aching brain
Doesn't process things the same
At 30, muscles fade, in 20 years how you have changed
An aching brain
Doesn't focus quite the same
As 30 minutes fade into 20 years, how could I change?
An aching brain
Doesn't process things the same
At 30, muscles fade, in 20 years how you have changed
An aching brain
Doesn't focus quite the same
As 30 minutes fade into 20 years, how could I change?