

Move Rework

Kae Tempest

Pick your battles, obsessional ticks
Bouncing off the bricks
It is what it is, everything slips
Sure you're gonna get it 'til you miss
Reduced to repetitive myths
Pound for pound with a devil who kicks
I can't stop swinging, but it never connects
I throw my whole body into nothing but mist
Face like a plate of raw meat
Screaming, I can't be beat
Half dead, ready to drop
Truth is I just wanted it all to stop
No matter how many times I shatter, how many times I break
It's not the end 'til the end comes and when it comes it will be too late

So move

I'll fight you 'til I win
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I'll fight you 'til I win
I'll fight you 'til I win

Move

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Move

You would not believe the kind of day I had today
Far from graduation, but they test me on my patience
Keeping my receipts from all the dues I had to pay
Never learned to swim, but it look better than this slave ship
Barely see the road, but way too far, I'm often taken
Such a crying shame when intention get mistaken
Not another story of a wronging in the making
Couple wrong turns, but who am I to never take 'em?
Who died and made me perfect? Entangled in a statement
'Cause when they sing my praises, I still question how they phrase it
And that don't make me lazy, entitled, or angry
Or any adjective that they use to understand me
And if I'm overwhelmed, I don't mean to cause a panic
I just got a couple problems that are bigger than this planet

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Jumping at shadows, sketchy
Smiling like nothing upsets me, it's upsetting
Drown it in silence, fence myself in until nobody answers
Clutching the carpet, praying

Tears like a storm breaking over a desolate plain
Waiting for the moment when everything changed
But it never came
Eager to please, help, help
Going under, telling myself
I won't settle for anything less than the best, I can wrestle
Out of this tenuous vessel
I've seen the monster came out from under the bridge
Even that didn't stop me, as long as I live
I will flounder, buckle, doubt
But I'll go round for round 'til the rounds run out
When it's all too late and the rain in the graveyard
Plant my tree looking out over London
So many things that never came good
But I did what I could

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