

## Pinkey / Bee On A Tongue

Khoiba

Toward to this all  
Toward to this all  
Toward to this all  
Toward to this all

I took a pill to fix my youth  
It didn't help my dear  
I got fear which always used to be so real

Toward to this all  
Toward to this all  
Toward to this all  
Toward to this all

Rich clowns and black tears  
Completely paid my deal  
A forged bill that would have done  
As well as that pill I go

Toward to this all  
Defeatism stole my pain  
Please guard the door  
I need to hurt myself again

And toward to this all  
Toward to this all  
Resilient ego  
Cries in a taunting way

Being divided  
And where I place a sore  
The issue laid aside  
A bee on a tongue