

purpose

Loyle Carner

Be clever, you're overthinking it, man
Don't overthink it, don't overthink it
Don't overthink it

Yeah, yeah, I'm tryna paint the picture as I see it
But these days I really don't believe it
I fall asleep beside the sofa in the evening
My heart heaving, panic, but I couldn't find the meaning
I wonder if it's just my childhood I'm grieving
Laying on that cold floor, staring at the ceiling
I watch as the fan spins
And as I lose, another man wins
The cycle, that's of anything, my handprints oppress to my chest
I guess I'm not content with nothing less
My hands fall, obvious I'm blessed
Ego weren't the death of enemy
It was the death of me
Should have listened up to when they speak 'cause they was telling me
Badness is heavenly
So let it be
I recognize the pain inside the melody
The smile that can set me free
I see it, but I don't believe it
Still don't have the words to paint the picture as I see it
Really, it's a feeling that I feel with my eyes open
Still, drinking in the presence of the ahh
Didn't even have the words to spill
Like it still, I have the skill to communicate the beauty that I still
And the whole world is ripples in the middle distance
And I feel it in an instant
Soft cheeks to speak like infants
There's purpose in my existence

Observing my life on a circuit
Time drift by till the tides resurface
I found me and the gods are drawing curtains
Full-body mirror, my demise is uncertain
And perfect as he but is perfectly working
Immersed in his grief, live a life of the mourner
Laborious lifestyle, digging, unearth him
Searching for people to please when he hurting
Just wait for the miracle to happen
My sense of humor couldn't cover up the sadness
Thoughts extreme as the need for reaction of means are attracted
Dreams that I spent every night reenacting
Bleed in a past tense, I'm bleeding a fraction
Heeding the signs that I seen when the path get
Shaky, his ashes, they spread on a surface, in the urn, he was captive
Turning it over, calmness in me said it hurts to be sober
The soundness of mind as the spiritual quota
Little me couldn't wait to be older
The fears that I hold, gotta face 'em to know 'em
I'ma carve another face on the totem, the pace of the palm where palms wide open
It's my moment, my blood, my life, my emotions
One god, one earth, one ocean
And I found purpose when death was approaching

Saw belief in the eyes I had seen as an omen
I prayed at that gleam of atonement