

## Some Cutting Sick

Luca Brasi

Every hit's another miss  
I'm used to this, I'm losing it  
The menial drops jaws in states like this  
Predicaments are calling for some cutting sick  
And no one's seeing through it  
In the evening time swim against the tide

Don't fall asleep  
I've been awake for three days  
I've been pushing these white lines like fucking daisies  
It's another set of  
Misplaced values and ideas  
Clawing, clinging out all these years

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We'll never fix it  
Oh no not ever  
This will fucking numb it  
Shit I'm fucking clever

We're the useless fucks seen in the street  
Heads shook, disbelief  
Heads down, comatose, fuck that's me  
Heads down, comatose, fuck that's me

Enough faith so you can sleep  
With ours held in each other we rest easily (so easily)  
And you pass 'cause you believe  
Yeah, you believe, yeah, you believe

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