

Feel it in the Air

Mac Lethal

Sick of February, I can tell you that
This is just a quick song I made today, in the living room

And I got friends asking me, "What's with all the tragedy?
This is not the way it has to be."

I'm glad to be a part of all the black and white photos
My family has taken all the songs, yes I know those
It gets intense on my soul, don't you take it from me Judas
I feel so fucking naked in my music

But I cannot survive if I lied to the public and I shelled my heart

Last time I tried I fell apart
I fell in love with a Goddess more arrogant than modest
And the oddest part about it was it turned so toxic
Ripped up the pictures, nothing personal it's war
But every Facebook tag of us hurts a little more
And every anniversary I'm sore
Pain to the fullest

Chamber the pain like I chambered the bullet
That I put in my revolver fucking aimed and I pulled it
I'm trying to pretend this winter ain't been the coldest
But I can feel it in the air

There's something about February, that... drains everybody

And if I die, play Wu-Tang at my funeral
Trust me though, my life's been beautiful
What a coincidence that those words rhyme
But you were dead before me if you ever once closed your mind
To the possibilities of life on far away planets
The universe is way bigger than Kansas
Chatin' with the phantoms, sleeping with the white ghost
Walk into the war zone, lean against the light post
I dedicate this song to Chad Stuart, a childhood friend that died a couple days ago

One day I'll shout your name on the radio
I'm an atheist, but I promise you an angel though
I hang below the stars and the statuses
I pass a fist, but I'm a pacifist
And that's the reason I don't have a hit
But at least I have my fans and the ability to always be passionate

I will not relax a bit
And I can feel it in the air