

The Rain

Marlon Craft

Existential crises coupled with a malleable psyche got me tryna find new balance in these Nikes as I walk through sidewalks the same ones that I thought would lead me to greatness, right now just seem vacant at this lonely hour All I got's illusions of phony power, only cowards live in fear but only fools go without it, know about it?

Tell me what you know about it, let me see your bloody knuckles so I really know you bout it

Sometimes I hide and my mind be so overcrowded

So I don't get high cause I'm tryna be low about it

But my potential ain't lettin me be

My perspective's cripplin me, it should be settin me free

What if I never become what I could eventually be?

What if happiness and love just aren't destined for me?

What if I'm wrong, dead wrong? Yo, it's happened before

What happens when the passion isn't passion no more?

I don't know, I don't know

(This is everything that I'm afraid of)

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Dr. Squires: "I don't want you on medication Luke, you might as well have a Starbucks in your brain, you follow me? Don't jump for a quick fix, this whole fuckin city wants a quick fix. Embrace your pain, make it a part of you. You don't want to be like them. I don't want you to be like them." Luke: "So have you ever taken any of that stuff?" Dr. Squires: "Jesus, Luke, I'm on a roll of it. I don't want you to be like me either. Sex is a drug too, you know? More powerful than any synthetic pharmaceutical."

I always find the right girls at the wrong times and the wrong girls at the right ones

It's like I need a fuckin love metronome just so one day I can get the timing right

But maybe I'm just better off, I don't mean better off, I mean like better off, troubled and with pleasure lost, muzzled by like several thoughts that keep recurring

Like we'll just keep hurtin, is this even worth it?

Are these feelings pure or do I just need purpose?

Is anything I do on purpose?

Why do I persist with searches for love when I ain't sure if it even is the cure?

I just can't control the urge, its absurd, it's unreasonable at best I can hear my heart beatin in my chest even when its at rest

Don't wanna compete with my regrets

What if I don't believe and I accept?

Fuck, I guess this is how it's supposed to be

That's why I always riff with those I let close to me

And although I'm a fraction of what I hope to be

I always judge so hard I can't put down this gavel

I be on my high horse but I ain't even saddled

All I know is I refuse to be cattle

Refuse to let my life be a raffle

I can't be bought, I just pray that I can be taught

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Dr. Squires: "That was really fuckin cheesy what you said just now."

Luke: "There's enough assholes in the world, Dr. Squires. Don't be another one."