

open waters

MAVI

Still, waters run deep, pill grinder, psilocybin on the beach
Just tryna cleanse my mind of what I seen, I need a baptism
Uh, uh, yeah
Still, waters run deep, pill grinder, psilocybin on the beach
Just tryna cleanse my mind of what I seen, I need a baptism
But really, I ain't been that different
Burnt marijuana when I'm reachin' for my past feelings
Echoing back here, and you just like the last nigga
Stompin' the gas pedal, well-aware the path veerin'
I don't think failure scare me as much as my talent
I'm fillin' up my capillaries with lagging Molasses
My love break the back of what I wrap up in my last, so
I dip my cup and in my blood it's coming back old
Though they won't budge, I feel in love with my lil' shackles
Dwellin' in the shallows
Still, waters run deep, pill grinder, psilocybin on the beach
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But really, I ain't been that different
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My love break the back of what I wrap up in my last, so (Last, so)
I dip my cup and in my blood it's coming back old (Back old)
Though they won't budge, I feel in love with my lil' shadows
Dwellin' in the shallows (Shallows)

Sun risin' in the East, I know you got me by my feet
Know they'll probably preach about the company I keep
If you don't wanna kill me but the last one up to leave
And that's just how it be, I need you

Broken, bruised, found myself in a wishing well
To clean my soul, wash my truth worse than his legs
There's goodbye, I try it and give myself away
But [?] is only half a temptation

Yeah, ayy, yeah
Yeah

God forbid a nick betwixt my ribs I don't know how to fix
My house is where my bed is and my skeletons and traumas live
For my kin, I'll be a pillar for a pall to lift
I know I never call enough, I promise it was all for them
Far from home, dissolving gills before I crawled or hopped, I'd swim
Tryna find how far I get, it's nausea when I crossed the limit
I just want it all to empty, I just wanna ball into the darkness
Of this smallness city like when we was always children
They want that old MAVI back and I just wanted Omavi back
Stealing glimpses through a pole set through glass
Boasting just to sell them clothes on it
How I stop from nose-divin'? I ain't have no role models, jack
Lost the most in this whole sky with Act'
I know it's not servin' as apology I owe to my dad
I be sorry too often, I argue too often, it's me
Only sorry so often 'cause I was too charmin' to leave

Flawed belief, I carve a leaf in stone
When it's storm for me, then it won't be as lonely
Washing in the sea, I'm only leaving bones
All that I will see, I dig a deeper hole

Creating art out of suffering is a haunting, if not a futile endeavor
Deep down, we must know we can't be saved by columns on a canvas or words on
a page
We must know we are chasing a sun that will never set, yet we are unable to
stop
We write and we sing and we draw
And every momentary reprove
From the gaping mar of despair we attribute to our creativity
The truth is art can't save the world
Art can only make the world look at itself
With that being said, let's talk about MAVI