

The Same

Merkules

Look at my past and still a part of it's haunting me
Probably because I'll never be the man that I want to be
Honestly it's been disheartening, it's hard for me constantly
When I'm working on this album, I cannot let it bother me, I
Never wrote this for no metaphors or bars
That ain't my message here at heart, I'm trying to tell you what's been wrong
I'm so frustrated, I could put my head right through the wall
I take a piss and then this fan wants a selfie at the store
He said he listens to my music and it helped him through withdrawals
First I judged him then I realized that's selfish and it's wrong
He told me he's been smoking heroin, it's scary to think
That one day you're doing fine, and then you're there on the brink
He doesn't have a lot of friends and his parent's just drink
They try to cope with him, no one notices there is a link
They're both addicted to devices even though they're not the same
It doesn't change the fact that using both to cope with all the pain
His mamma's praying for him every night, hoping that he'll change
And she'll use that as an excuse to drink a forty every day
Like think about that for a second, how fucked up is it
That she's mad that he's fucked up but she get's fucked up with him
He's been sober for a like a week, said he's focusing on his dreams
But it's been hard for him, withdrawals keep poking at him
He just needs support and then he'll see that there's still hope for him, just breathe
He said "Merk, I can't believe you just wrote this shit for me"
It's real life

We're all going through a couple of things
I've been drinking 'til I'm numb to be at one with the pain
Disappointed with myself, I must be insane
But the fucked up thing is that we all are the same
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Now he's anxious and he's dope-sick, praying that he don't slip
Hard to face all these emotions when he blatantly can't focus
But he's on his second week, starting to get some better sleep
The other day he even smiled, the results are bitter sweet
Every time you see him notice that he's sober you can see
That he's happy, but he's nervous 'bout this person he could be
And his mamma's there with him, she's being there for her kid
But every time she leaves the room, she sneak away for a swig
'Cause she ain't able to quit, and her DNA say's to drink
But that's not fair to him, he can't see her wasted like this
Now he's on his first month, man that's thirty whole days
That he stayed away from heroin, I'm sure he feels great
He keeps asking 'bout his mom, their like "I'm sure she's okay"
But they don't know that she's at home, drinking bourbon all day
He needs to turn a new page, he can't believe that she just left him
On his way out, he say them bring his mom in on a stretcher
What the fuck

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