

Children Of The City

Mili

Sleep for a total of eight hundred hours per day
And then drink a liter of milk
Warm-up before you go play
Only eat, or write
Or pull the trigger with your right hand
Only thing that's left
Is to work on following commands
By the time you realize
You'll be restrained to a desk
And with your dreams on the floor, you comply
Eyes chained to the test
In thirty minutes, find a groom or bride
Bonus if brunette
In ninety hours, spill their insides
Paint your room picturesque

Now it's time for another vendetta
Going through the shelves
Picking out my pre-written persona (Ha)
Children of the city sees only the neon stars
Reflected upon the murky gutter sky
Don't ask me why
I desperately wish to be included in the city's night

In four hundred thousand meters, turn right

Pick up a knife and stab a familiar warm body
Learned to fight before I knew love or bitterness of coffee
Snippy scissors cut down the strings
I set myself free
Only to figure out everything I chose was by proxy
As we suckled upon the nine millimeter pacifier
Swallowing the fact that other than to expand
We had no purpose
As my ever-burning will to stay afloat backfires
I now know I must be comfortable being
Who I considered worthless

Follow the city's ribbon
To a heart nobody seems to listen
It takes my heart being broken and broken again
(Broken and broken again)
To know that I am the reason why (The reason why)
The sufferings never end

Now it's time for another vendetta (Hmm)
Going through the shelves
Picking out my prewritten persona (Ha)
Children of the city sees only the neon stars
Reflected upon the murky gutter sky
Don't ask me why
I desperately wish to be noticed by the city's eye

Do not go home until you finish reading the value of e
2.71 8281
8284 5904
5235 3602

8747 1352
6624 9775
7247 0936
9995 9574
9669 6762