

Beauty, End

Mustafa

You been on the phone
For far too long
It's either someone's coming back
Or someone is gone
I know that quiet too well
I can't hide it too well
If I put on this white T maybe they won't see

Seen Ace on that big bike when I was 12
I thought he'd live forever but now he's in hell
Wings ain't built for the size of his cell
So he let me hold his 'til he gets an appeal

Highways and walkways
The risks I took, those nights
I just I wanted to stop running from my life
From my life
You know I ask too many questions
Like who is still human
Like who is not ruined
When they start to listen
And I only see beauty when it starts to end
I only see beauty when it starts to end
When it starts to end

Everything was memorized
When I was a child
How to pray, how to speak, how to jump, how to smile
And some days we let go, go outside the only borders we know

Tryna get away from those kids
If I went any faster my lungs would've gave in
They broke every rule
They didn't care to live
Soon I would hold their limbs

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