

## 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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