Budapest Gambit

None More Black

I don't feel more dead buried deeper, or more joyful when I'm t
ouching the sky.
I'm just "Stuck in the middle" with you.
and I pierce the earth to be an individual; making sparks once
in awhile.
Decaying like a lightning bug just before the night.

I still feel young. I caught a bad infection.
I'm aging in slow motion.

Start with my wrists.
It's so christ like.
My bloodshot eyes started from my spine.
You don't understand. I'm gonna go without a fight.
Maybe you can benefit from some of my rage that's been there fr
om an early age.
It's done no good and I don't want to pass it down or pass it o
n.

Boarded up my home.
Trying to relax on my front lawn, waiting for the blood to boil
 and send me to war.

[BREAK IT DOWN MOTHERFUCKER]

Blame it on the winter.
Blame it on the sun.
Blame it on the avalanche that tumbled and crushed.
Blame it on the weekend.
Blame it on the blues that blocked the light from seeing the go
od in front of you.
Blame it on the ones who blame it all on you.
They did the best they could but they couldn't pierce your skin
.
Blame it on the subtext.
Blame it on disease.
Blame it on the money.
Blame it on the freeze.
Blame it on the jester; the one who wears a frown.
Blame it on the King, the Queen and burn this kingdom down.

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