

eastern highways

nothing,nowhere.

In these eastern highways
I'm brittle like my bones
December's got me feeling like
I never left home
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Forget my name cause I'm a call away
Storing shame inside my skinny frame
Know you hate when you don't get your way
And isn't that something?
Barefoot on the train tracks
Sunburn on my crooked back
Little poles about brittle bones
Scream for help, then I hide the low

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Then the asphalt cracks
It's windows froze and an all black jacket
Grab that hatchet, say I won't do it
Outside skin, inside red fluid
Consume all the fumes
Now your veins pump sewage
Alone, no home, who the fuck needs a unit?
Much less a crew dude, I'm a lew dude
See the sky looks blue to you, to me it only used to

I see no other way around this
Let me fall into the ground and
This world looks further with an old gaze
So far from things that you could never say