

Sorry to call you in, I needed a helping hand
Broken the zip again, broken the zip again
Trying to fill up my bag to carry a couple grand
Broken the zip again, broken the zip again

Fallin' apart, I can't hold it together
All in the art 'cause I won't live forever
I had a direction and split from the thesis
Now I need more fingers to pick up the pieces
Fightin' to follow the line in the writing
Fall was exciting
My winter coat has removable linings
Who's gonna bring me good comfort and tidings?
'Cause Santa ain't comin', he wasn't invited
I wasn't expected to need it, was headed a different direction
I seen it, I seen it, I seen it, the phoenix
Tryin' to emerge from these disparate pieces
I'm watchin' it struggle, watchin' it juggle
Its feathers was burnin' a hole in the puzzle
It trapped and it's hooked on the shit that they hustle
Picture was blurring, the drawing is muddled
It's ugh

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Broken the zip again, broken the zip again (Well, well, well, well)
Trying to hold it in
Broken the zip again (Broke the zip again), broken the zip again
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Part of me struck an original trauma
Part of me wears an invisible armor
Part of me knows I have all that I need
Part of me hurts when the other succeed
I saw a sign but forgot what it said
Feedin' the animals fucks with they head
Smart in the belly, but dumb in the head
Who up on the ledge?
Autumn can't come until Summer is dead
Came for a party, a bummer instead
This isn't happy or art in the park
Part of it's dark, part of it's missin'
The artery's pinchin' and splittin' apart
I need a doctor to look at this chart
I need to ask who took me apart
I need more fingers to pick up the pieces
I really don't know where to start

And I have the eyes, but I won't compromise
To get what you want, I never revise
One step at a time is the method I use
One extended hand when I'm feelin' the blues
Your eyes are chartreuse and appear to have it all together

I remember hand-me-downs, we was rockin' pleather
Sunday service, I was waitin' to be hit by the spirit
But it never happened, did it work on children?
As I grew older, void got bigger
Tryin' to fill the hole with sex, maybe liquor
What's the difference 'tween a saint and a sinner?
Rather isolate myself 'cause I can beg you to differ
Sometimes I can't recognize who's in the mirror
Hopin' someone would come and make the image clearer
Escaped the box, now I'm pushin' my barriers
So why do I still feel like a moral grey area?

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