

# BREAKING

P.o.d.

I can feel you breaking

Eyes open in a paralytic dream state  
Hallucinating off the spirit like I'm freebasing  
I'm in the presence of greatness, so it resonates the  
Sound, body and soul, vision illuminates through  
Word and power, counterfeits I encounter  
Your fifteen minutes are over, I'm your rush hour  
Time is up and death comes calling  
See me standing on the edge of the unknown, you're falling

Free falling like a body bag covered in diamonds  
Diving, there's a bullet in the lining

I can feel you breaking  
Why I lose control

You can choose life and success or death and disaster  
And he who laughs last might've figured out the answer  
And no one could ever serve two masters  
So don't leave perpetual retribution to chances  
Puppets keep dancing, iced out in gold caskets  
One minute you was hot but now forgotten in your absence  
Body decays while the soul recalls  
The grass still withers, and the flower falls

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