

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

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

The grass still withers, and the flower falls
Grass still withers, and the flower falls
The grass still withers, and the flower falls

Grass still withers, and the flower falls
The grass still withers, and the flower falls
The grass still withers, and the flower falls
The grass still withers, and the flower falls

I can feel you breaking

I can feel you breaking
Why I lose control