

Losing My Mind

Pharoahe Monch

A clock without a minute hand
An hourglass without sand
Suspended within space and time
I walk a thin line
Amongst the masses all alone
A furnished house with no one home
I see through walls that's hard to climb
I'm losing my mind

No medicaid, no medication
Thinking you're better off dead
Instead should have been dedicated to education
I spin, the cylinder on my revolver
I spin, the cylinder
Would someone explain who'd leave a dick in charge of a bush
Of a colon I'm screwed, saw more war than Warsaw Poland, viewed
An infant's insides, outside of his body
Inside of a place of worship, ungodly
Out cries tears "Dear God, where are we?"
That's what I scream towards the skyline but probably
No one can hear a word of what I was saying
Insurgents surged in the temple where I was praying
Now flashbacks wake me abruptly when police pass by
Lights flash, if I could only put the past on a flashdrive I'd
For peace of mind, install an external drive
So I'd be more driven internally to survive
I'm...

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(So I spin, the cylinder on my revolver
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My family customs were not accustomed to dealing with mental health
It was more or less an issue for white families with wealth
Void, I defected, employed self annoyed
Went independent, enjoyed stealth
Now doctors prescribed sedatives and Prozac
The rent's cheaper in the ghetto but you can't go back
So I, spin the cylinder on my revolver
Then, maybe let it draw blood like Chupacabra
And dissolve into the abyss, without evolving
Instead of revolving around the habitual problem solver
Research like, George Washington Carver
But no answer so my mantra is to deal with it in and chart then
Part, instead of being incredibly defiant
Peddle through revenue issues I'll do it for medical science
It's better to be level-headed than to regret it and pious
Settling for life without sun-shine, never vibrant, I'm...

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