

Brown Gargantuan

Quicksand

It's beginning.
Mother's cord is severed.
I am falling.
Break free from dependence, down,
to take it.
I council whatever.
You take it and run,
60 Miles an hour.
And break, your way.
Trusting, holding the world in your hands.
It's all gone,
it's done, it's over.
Passed on blame is over.
And your tears,
your tears don't make me feel a thing.
It's deeper, you're a child,
you're a dad, a mother.
You motherf**ked yourself again.
And break, away, your trusting.
Who told you life was easy?

Life is a selfish thing.
Life is a selfless thing.
Life is a selfish thing.
Life is a selfless, thing.

All the days, you were dead,
dead wrong.
All the ways, you have said,
said wrong.
All of the same, mistakes you made,
wrong.
Look for excuses.
Wait for your big break.
I'm turning my leaf over.

Life is a selfless thing.
Life is a selfish thing.
Life is a selfless thing.
Life, is a selfish thing now.