

I feel like I'm walking on these coals & I'm so burnt
I feel like the boredom's all I know when I'm sober

My temperament got too temperamental
Temper tantrums my best credentials
Tarantulas in my temple
What a web we weave they're all dead to me
In these seven seas I'm setting sail
Since everything's turned to ebony
Let it be known I'm your enemy
Letters are sewn to my pedigree
Identity set in my dreams of the centipedes ending me
And I see scenes up ahead of me entropy
All in my skin stained vanity hollow it is
Watch em follow the trends off a cliff fatality
Dear dad look what you made out of me
Hope you're proud of me shoe-string salary
Blue period Picasso accosted
Myriad of costumes new-ink galleries
But no perfect appears
Person to person they purchase their tears
So real to surreal a career can careen
The currents obscuring my current affairs
I'm cursing the mirror this circus of fear that I live in
It is an illusion it's lucid I'll lose it eventually
So let us just let it be

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I rode down a road made of rhododendrons
And wrote it down it bore no resemblances
But it's so poetic I lost my youth in those phonetics
Sometimes the truth can be open-ended
And rotten fruit can be roses scented
Insensitive to the copacetic
My coping patterns grown so pathetic
I'm walking on coals
Burns all on my toes, they
Swallow my soul whole
And say that they are following code
Attack of the clones
Put a tack in my bones
To match the crack in my skull
A match crackles I'm standing alone on these coals