

Ghostly Key

Sadistik

Car fumes poisoning my state again
Darkroom I only see the negative
Only show one side its like I'm tidal-locked
Dark moons grow inside me like it's 9 o'clock
Their knives are sharp but my pens a Ginsu pent against you
You Pentacostals can get pins in tissue pent up issues
I'll press a pistol at your temple if I'm pessimistic
This impressionism isn't that impressive is it?
My rep is automatic sipping Cazadores lifting casket doors
Red flags get the horns or pass the torch
I go through green I'm like a Master Sword
Ocarinas match the tones, golden sheen on cartridges I know the
Link
Between music and the woe-is-me
In seeing beautiful in hopeless things
I'm piecing truth into these so-to-speaks
Notes'll ring around me all resounding in a ghostly key
Sticatto spicattos sonatas in soprano
Get stigmata when the high notes go vibrato or legato
Obligatto for Da Capo, music is the language
When life becomes a prison you can use it to escape it