

This one's for the vices, the advice I never took
Those stairways I mistook for pages in my notebook
Those old cold looks that grab ahold of soul and shook
Hold my head up while I hold your hand and write my book
Oh look, that crooked little window got some blinds
I never pull em down though, they see straight inside
It's like we changed minds, still stand in the middle
Don't know how I keep it, I used to keep it always
Touch hands with ghosts and still walk through these hallways
Keep myself sane with the music on the long days
Seasons still change, I keep a piece of them always
Faces rearrange, they just memories in a crawlspace
They wanna walk the shoes but never learned to tie the lace

Although the beauty's all around me
It's so easy to feel like I'm still drowning
Hey, set sail for the shore now Dead nails
Bet we could learn another lesson if we exhale!

They say the dead never speak, maybe I don't listen
To the sweet nothings in the crazy world I live in
I'm in a flush grey Seattle on Monday, as the sun rays chase the shadows up
hills
With a child-
like sentiment, catch me if you can it's a fight flight rhetoric
Dancing on command till the night's light's setting in
Fancy what you have, it's the zeitgeist yet again
In hindsight to find my cause of death I chased my dreams then I lost my breath - get it?
Am I clever with the words? Does it really really matter when you're entering a hearse?
Look, I'm alone in a coma from the methadone searching for a saint that was frozen in a bed of snow
And then I'll excavate the set of bones, easy come, easy go, better late than never though
Here we go again, we can call it my defeat when my tongue is in my cheek for a solid ninety weeks
Swallow pride and grief, that is all I really had, just so I can understand that is all that I can be
And from a birdseye view, sixteen shots and I'll earn my dues
Sixteen shots and the world I knew is a resting plot for the kerbside blues
I see a city trapped in amber full of all the joy and the misery that's captured
Bright lights emitting in a pattern by the fireflies like a symphony of lanterns

Time to hit the road again, to get your soul again
To lay the bricks, pave it all and make some golden skin
A little alchemist bones made aluminum
Castle nine clouds, dreams found a way to ruin 'em
Back to the basics, laugh with a facelift
Trapped in the glass seek a crack that'll make it
Fade into black before the demons attack
And it'll all fall down just to build it back up

Back to the wall as you crawl through the dust
That's love, that's trust, that's what you gotta do
When the only one to prove it to is you
And you love it but you hate it and you made it on it on your own
And wouldn't trade it for a thing until you're home
Inhale, exhale, prevail
Beauty all around even when we fail
My holy grail is an empty cup
But enough to keep me going so drink drink it up

That changes the whole scene, back breaking and no brain
You call it a lack of sleep, I call it God's coke-
Caine sugar, I'm eye to eye with what you're looking for
Street smart, poison as a book worm
I took turns trying to heal
I look like I learned how to die when I fake a couple lies just to feel
You took a breath and give power to powder
Now life leaving your eyes looks like a fish pulled out the water
It might be in disguise as the highest I can try
Or your perfect lips, but don't lie to yourself if death ain't crawling towards
Fall apart, my windows are all walls and doors
It always seems simple when it's wearing the mask of small chore
I'll force me onto me again
From sea to shining sea I'll always drown in salt to keep my friends
Weekends end and morning sick leaves my skin
I've always been good with what was happening since I was kid
Can you dig? You get the same off every hit
But you keep the light till your hunger pains to feed your fix

Give me the thumbs up, or middle finger
On a scale from one to ten
I'm a good dad but better sister
It's so hard for you to get the clue
Knowing your dream catcher
Will never catch the pitch you threw
If you knew better you prepare for the worst
Either the worst gets the best of me
Or the rest of me gets better first
It's all the same capillaries closes down
Crushing veins, the blood could never make it out
Catch the fairy with the feather in your cap
You gon pay a pretty penny for that pleasure in your lap
The cat purrs with the promise that acts
Like an actor who was always better in the past
You got a chip on your shoulder, so it's cold
Could have jumped hot springs, but instead waited for winter snow...
So now we're all walking down the same road
In the same pair of shoes ready to get back home!