

Upon The Surface

Sadistik

I'm so fucking unlucky to be so lucky
Every now and then I wish I could like myself as much as you love me
I paint the walls a different hue just to change the scenery
And find myself a different you to see what others see me in
Sick of putting pressure on the holes in my skin
To stop the bleeding, I might give it a brush to paint the meaning
Like hush, I swallow it to kill the black
I'm running through the quick sand (I'm tempted, there's a pill for that)
Take a little piece that's hanging off the edge and peel it back
You pretend you feel the muscles, pretend that I don't feel the fat
My friends are so hip that I should probably let em dress me
I should let their tattoos and cigarettes impress me
I should let their supersexy music taste affect me
Unfortunately I don't give a fuck if you accept me
There's lipstick and PBR in the pothole
Cause I told all the atheists bitches it was a foxhole

Someone else or I'll explode
Upon the surface for

Why don't you put away the gun?
I taste the barrel on my tongue and I can't look away or run
I'd let you cook my brain and lungs
If that's what it's gonna take to make my crooked face adjust
I push away the love, you don't look the same as us
So I stay alive in case that I mistook the hate for trust
I'm Kid A with the switchblade
Make the pockets bloody I'm in rainbows come and taste my pablo honey
And I will side-by-side again while I'm mourning and my morning breath is cyanide and gin
How many hues of blue hide behind a grin?
I don't know but they usually do in spite of my intents
When I walk alone in a skeleton that's not my own
No I'm not embellishing, I'm telling it with honest tones
I'll explode because I know nothing helps
Floating on the surface wishing I could be

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