

Diet

Shamir

Something in my eyes when I cry gonna take some getting used to
Just hope that when he dies, it's outside with a lot of breathing room

Do you wanna see something neat, it's all I have to give
Seizuring through streets will possibly buy time for him to live

And I just wanna see his insides
And the colors they could be
And maybe taste his blood
Because I always wanted to try it
But I won't let it become 'part of my diet

Doesn't see the crime in my mind he thinks that I'm unique
Ohio was the prime of my life, getting lost within the trees
Didn't wanna lose a good thing because of higher learning
Wonder how the smoke's lingering will affect the flesh that's burning

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