

Spite is its own overcommitment
And a self-preservation instinct
Self-love is enough even if it's only saying to yrself
"I'm surviving" while passively practicing silence
Tell everyone that I'm thriving

As though I share ya'll disbelief
At the doublespeak dressed as apologies
Those closest to me cut me off when I speak
Macroaggressive and projecting, thus not worth mentioning
Backward I move too, but I trip over the casualties
Life lost is no cost for a lapse in humanity
Congratulate me, sight unseen
Congratulate me, a nigga finally free

You literally put your hands on me
And all you'll ever get is leave
Leave
Leave
Leave, leave, leave, leave, leave

Take leave of the speech of the truth you hate and shout it down as fake
Lie in wait, lie and wait, lie awake each night
Or D: All of the above
Yo, I love to lie and I live to love

On God, I will not participate
Lemme rephrase

No more faith in the process, potential as progress
Or intangible sweet nothings prepackaged as promises
All them lil vacations in the crossfire between you and your future selves
Is of a trajectory of dishonesty that leaves transgressions propelled
You see the tragedy as yours to manage
A wound if you grip tight enough you think you can bandage
I'll only accept apologies in cash or true change
But I will reclaim my time all the same
Dolo, left to wonder, wandering, questioning what it is to mitigate
My guilt in not standing up and saying what I just won't tolerate
You literally put your hands on me, your anger was never surprising
You literally put your hands on me