

Wake up in a ditch  
Blood on my kicks  
Liquor by my body  
And I can't feel shit  
Blood on my lips  
Few cuts on my wrist  
And my brand new shirt  
Full of dirt fuck this  
Pull myself up  
I am the enemy  
Stop with fuckery  
You ain't no friend of me  
Evil embodied is what I was meant to be  
Anti to everything  
Gripping the dirt I can feel my self frail I'm weakened by every time I have failed to recognise  
I can control any aspect of life that I like if it bothers me I will not hide  
Takin a fuckin' blade up in my spine  
Look up at my face and tell me am I doin' fine  
I cannot seem to be one with the demons a feeling I fear I will never describe

A king does not rule, he is only a symbol

You don't wanna be another mothafucka layin' in the bottom of the sea or takin' a swing up in a tree I'm thinkin of every time  
I coulda woulda put a fuckin' bullet in the book of everything that I be callin' my dreams  
I guess I'm  
Tired of all of theses fuckas that can't seem keep my name outta their mouth  
Bitch I never beat around a bush I tell a pussy what I'm 'bout and I won't ever give a fuck about a thang called clout

Nowhere to run, I got nowhere to call my home  
None of these mothafuckas hit my phone  
I don't wanna walk on this road alone  
Blood on my shoes, now there's blood in the snow  
Blood in the snow