

Prognosis

Trip Lee

Hey I still recall the day the doctor told me that I was sick
And my mind keeps going back it was a trip
Look I was thinkin He ain't know the facts
Probably cause my heart couldn't get a hold of that
He said that I was terminal and that it spread quick
And my whole body was infected I'm desperate
My minds racing at this point I wanna exit
Cause all His tests suggested I be dead quick
But honestly man I really shoulda seen the signs
I was blind no I couldn't read in between the lines
I was numb so I couldn't feel my fever climb
But my whole system was foul (fowl) like comedic lines
No way to treat it fine
I staggered out like I was drinkin wine
I wasn't even tryna think about of my plans for the evenin time
All I could think was I was weak and dyin
I was reminded of the life that I would leave behind
And so

I know it's headed for me soon and I'm terrified
I'm afraid of what's coming and I'm scared to die
But it ain't lookin good for me, now it ain't lookin good for me
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Now I got home and it hit me in the worst way
I've been sick with this disease since my birthday
I was ridden with symptoms since my first day
Head to toe my whole system in the worst state
I was mentally I'll, I was futilely mind
Darkened in my understanding was a student of crime
Havin eyes couldn't see cause I was truthfully blind
Havin ears couldn't hear but couldn't do any signs
Throat was an open grave, tongue used for the lies
Snake venom under lips which I would use to divide
Had chips on my shoulders was wounded aside
Both my lungs collapsed inhalin 2nd hand pride
Below the waist was just more of the same
Feet swift to shed blood or somethin more was to gain
Man it's bad blood simply pourin through my veins
Can't ignore it anymore, ain't the story the same, I was in pain so

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My whole life been exposed as dark
My disease had my deeds hittin off the mark
But I had loved my illness even from the start
Look everything was a symptom of my broken heart
It pumped corruption to every single part of me
It's pumped death and deception through arteries
My direction was set to invest in reflect n deception

The? n my best n my death wasn't far from me
Cause I tried to beat the symptoms now
It wouldn't matter cause my heart would keep me livin foul
I was helpless and hopeless it's endin now
Unless I get a new heart well this is how
I heard that there were others with the same plight
But there was One begotten Son who can save life
And His heart was so perfect He gave life
My heart of stones been exchanged I've been changed right?

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I was told that God's standard is so high. My broken heart kept me from meetin His standard, so I just kept fallin short over and over and overagain. And there was really nothing I could do, it was not looking good for me. I guess my question for you is, since God's standard is perfection and none of us meet it, how do you plan on getting by? I know how I do, and to be honest I ain't worried about a thang.