

Planet Six.

Triple One

Respect the finer things cause we're almost dead
I'm gone remain on my chair till our time is shed
Pinch my arm with all my might just to see I bled
Pour the bleach upon your ear for my testament
I can prove it once you see me for my excellence
Hold my breath of winter air till the message sends
We are all just having fun when the chapter ends
Read the name of all who spite me for my reverence
We are all people, in the end
What really matters, shoot my soul on out
To the rings of Saturn, what I was once told
Control my actions, they do not matter

Crack up when I'm in the slump
Crack eyes when I'm in the sun
Taking a run to nowhere
Going nowhere quick
Yelling please don't hand me the gun
I've been out of my funds
Tied up with my hand on my dick
Yelling out fuck one on one
Call it off cause he crazy
My neighbours they hate me
Love lonely, cause lonely always treat me nice,
Try rolling the dice
Young boy going nowhere quick
Walk round with a pain in a fist
Cop it if he insist, and break hips
God know he don't miss
Celebrate with a brew and a tic
So much as its revenge on those who lose nothing at all
Sorrows and signs we the legends of fall
Pain in my gut running straight through my nuts
Heaven gate on who wait we wait straight through the wall
Pause, we wait on nothing at all
'Cause, swing sharp way straight through the door
Violinist violinist cause, I don't know violent no more,
She knew me once before,
Violinist violinist cause, I don't know violent no more,
She knew me once before,
Violinist violinist cause, I don't know silence no more,
I know nothing at all

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Well, we came to do it like watch on your movement
Driving in force with no help for the fluid
Making it happen like daughters in rapid
I'll struggle and drown for my brothers in arms
No help from the help that was written by land

Wish on a scar and get kissed by the damned
I won't relieve til that door is a slam
And that portion of peace is rung out by a chant
Back looking through the eyes of a child
Stay sitting on the burial pile
Crack jaw but still yet to break
Play I'll be locked at the gate
Sock in the pocket its principle law
Push in the back like his life left to call
Ring around rosie leave role at the door
Underdog coming wield blade like a sword
Hoping to run but the battle was strung
So its chorus it came without word
For what he become was a warrior's son
Draped in vomit and feelings of hurt
I swear on the day where the millions lay
In a crater of soul made of dirt
The messenger cried like the doves in sky
Shed a tear for a kid with a curse

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Open mirror maze what a monster make
Fell into the gate like he bound for hades
Second day of work for a day of pay
Scrapping from the bottom in a cage of chain