

A diamond shines in a fable, so someone tell me I'm done
In the time that I take it, oh I'll be up my plan done
And it's not what it seems, all the things that they see
Will be my biggest regret, pull my heart from my chest
Imma run you know that I ain't gonna come back
Shadow creeping closer ready for the impact
All I need right now's a little bit of contact
Skin on skin, a better feeling, roll my eyes back
I hope your ready for a rewind
Hung up, no luck, I've been holding in pain
Just know I'm heading for the sea line
Fall back, relax, sipping tea in the rain

Satan's at my doorstep, welcome or ignore it
Leave it for the morning, crying for a calling
Hold it over the night, won't you throw me a line
Ready for the call back, hold me when I fall back in
Angel on my desktop, halo in my chest lock
Pleasure in the burden, got me when I'm hurting
Hold it over the night, won't you throw me a line
Ready for call back, hold me when I fall back in

I'm feeling kerosene, madness just hold my energy
Fuck your manners, we happen to be the center piece
Centerfold, still got a stain on my jacket
And if she wanna stay real, then I'm hoping she happy
I'm off my face now, thinking that I change now
But I ain't know myself in a minute, is when I break down
Lying to myself in the mirror, just play the background
Looking like a ghost in the picture, and then I fade out
Why she calling me, she doesn't know my name
Or know my deal, get off my face
Or pop some pills, you can't erase
What you can't kill, see me cuddling these sirens
When I should be in bed tryna suffocate the silence, I'm

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At least I tried, at least I try to address these shadows
I get it done with a scribble, there ain't no straight and narrow
And fundamentally the truth is we ruthless
Juggle my heart and I do it for their amusement
I built it up the best I could but it ain't fortified
Why do they wear it like a noose? I'm talkin' suit and ties
You're precious, but it ain't working so I fall back
Trapped on Pleasure Island tryna kick it like a ball bag
And I won't, what I can't have any reason to cry
So that's that, it's a rap, we'll let the people decide
I felt the rain before it started
Now we mow the memories of sitting in your garden

Now I mow the what, getting buck while I pop top
Angel on my shoulder with the devil playing hop-scotch
Feel my heart hinging off my ribs, going knock knock
Get that Mussolini out my beanie, it go what what

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