

Up At The Ceiling

Wrekonize

What time is it? Damn, really?

The clock strikes one and I'm up
Chasing dreams, can't settle down
Lullabies don't get me lay my head on heavy metal sounds
Brain in the kettle now
Cookin' up for several rounds
Callin' up the medic, wow
How deep is this devil's ground?
Ben is drowning, can't get him wetter now
Neck deep in it, middle-aged but I get around
I was a boom bap kid in the 90s
But 2021 I jump street, you can't find me
New age grimy
Masked up, blimey
Yank with the stank in his rank
Do not mind me
Like Jimmy Page with the chank
I'm old timey
But still been known to riff like the tank
So don't try me
Dragons don't fry me, 'rona in your I.V
Doses they be potent it's now poking through my hygiene
I be, socially stowed back at the Hy-Vee
Are we missing that social thing I need you to remind me

Is there anybody up but the villains?
Running 'round covered in blood, makin' a killin'
Same shillings in the palm of the willin'
Selling out children for the chance of the billin'
Don't mind me bro, I've been here chillin'
Tryna find wisdom and a fishbowl's the vision
Logged off shut off my phone, so no illin'
Sat back wonderin' why-

I'm lookin' up at the ceiling
You can't find me now
I'm lookin' up at the ceiling
My heads all in the clouds
I'm lookin' up at the ceiling
Don't try to bring me down
I'm lookin' up at the ceiling
Lookin' up at the ceiling
(Now everyday we looked up at the ceilin')

The clock strikes twelve and I'm in still in bed
Still in deep, still in debt
Still in this denial that I swim in cause my will is dead
Drink is red, I don't give a king's sized chicken's egg
Just give me your doubts and I'll bounce like a pigeon's neck
Your Honor I do dishonor to all my genre
Cause they don't know who I am or that I'm a goner
Or that my anxiety's like an anaconda
Twistin' my neck until I can see where the demons wonder
Not a religious man
But fuck it if that keeps you peaceful
Then I'mma leave you to sift the sands

Blueprint's on the brink, yeah I got mystic plans
To leave these ruins in sync
Boy what a different band
My plan is to live forever through all the fans
At least like double my lifetime from all them stans
The music was made to be played in different lands
Streams moving just like the water washin' so many hands

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