

My Glass House

Swingin' Utters

While I sit alone in this room I've got crates full of sorrow
Even more filled with shadows That i fish out and ridicule when i'm felling lonely. I'm lacking sense, but bound
in a very specific direction It's phenomenal and unprecedented It's a chip of the old block and a step up the new
ladder. Mr. Scribe, I write to you pen and penchant aimed to pour over a fool left with no more rhymes I'm
poeticly franchised. I'm in charge for the day in terminal wanderlust I've excited my worst thoughts exorcised
what was lost am i a bad seed sprouting up or am i not?

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