

The Drought

Dark Lotus

Look to the sky, ask
Why the sun is gone?
Why we grow strong?
Why you steady wilted on?
Where's all the dust from?
Is it where the demon's long?
Is this the hell, the Bible wants will come?
The end for some
The Lotus never pass or fade
Grow in shade or light
Climates always right
Never ever is an end in sight
I know your thirsty
Droughts done, you're dirty
Corroded you eternally, and with the dust you blow away
No sun needed
No water needed, repeated, no water needed
The sea deeded moonlight, just to feed it
It blooms, blossoms, and flourishes, possible to encourage
Depressed, and discouraged, under moon rays they the purest
In a drought, I'm all about keepin' a consistent love flowin'
Mixed with the ultra violet rays, these pots, they keep growin'
I don't need a moment, these crosses are the face, repel opponents
And reflect like a mirror, showin' true power
Now don' itWe don't wanna Bring the drought
We don't wanna Let them down
Lotus moves me, moonlight shines through
For all, amen, the sun's comin' up
Which means the game's over, sayonara, outta luck, fuck
My skin's dryin' up
And starts to crack, ribs stickin' out my skin
Bones pokin' out my back
I'm steady losin' my vision, cause my eyes is sinkin'
Teeth fallin' out one by one, body rotten, stinkin'
Bones poppin' out they sockets, as I crawl to my tomb
The daylight's killin me', rejuvenate with the next moveThe sun beats on us for months
The once nourishing stem's are withered down in the stumps
Leaves crack, like a vampire's pale flesh
Tell me why the fuck are the God's being so selfish?

Time moves slower than a slug across a hot rock
You hear the tick, but an hour passed before the tock
In this drought, all my seeds can do is pout
Thank God it don't take rain, for a real lotus to sproutI feel so dry today
It's a one to cry for me
Feelin' like I might die, put a DL up high
Let the Black rain all come falling down on me
My garden's wilted souls, some heartless, some emotional
But I hope you know that I get to grow
In front of moonlight, others individuals
Fuck residuals, I don't need a God damn penny if my life ain't felt
Just too many that could use my help
That's all that matters, nothin' else
Not the stores, not the shelves
Not the women, not the wealth
Can't ever change the drought I'm dealt
So sometimes, I cry for myself

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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