

# Canthus Viewpoints

## Darko

I really gotta stop picking fights  
With the ghosts of my past  
While I'm rolling with the punches  
I'm not sure how long I'm gonna last  
Pour salt on the open wound  
Love the ones that hurt you, say  
I really gotta stop picking fights  
Or I'm gonna regret this  
Berating  
Every decision brings a vision of what went wrong  
Down with rounds to play with  
KO'd  
These memories haunting me  
I'm starting to think it's my life  
Flashing before my eyes  
Every man in a hood is carrying a scythe and creeping  
In the corner of my eye  
I really gotta stop picking fights  
Now the specters are winning  
But I'm smiling through the bruises, cuts and blood  
Laughing and grinning  
Pour salt on the open wound  
Love the ones that hurt you, say  
We are not gonna let it go  
These memories haunting me  
I'm starting to think it's my life  
Flashing before my eyes  
Every man in a hood is carrying a scythe and creeping  
In the corner of my eye

Lyrics provided by

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