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 lastPour salt on the open wound
Love the ones that hurt you, sayI 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'dThese 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 eyeI really gotta stop picking fights
Now the specters are winning
But I'm smiling through the bruises, cuts and blood
Laughing and grinningPour salt on the open wound
Love the ones that hurt you, sayWe are not gonna let it goThese 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

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