Frying in the Mix

Such Gold

Despite my hopes to live a long life I'm climbing up the gates
It feels so safe already in the grave
No subtle hints of screaming at myself again
Was it intentional to find yourself a vegetable frying in the mix?
You know I'd tell you the truth but I don't know shit
Parting ways with time
Parting ways with Gods among us now
I'll tell you what you want to hear just send your signals, make it clear to me
Same stale sky
Nothing falling on our heads tonight
Stare right through, can't make the colors change for you
Fall on top of everything I've made
I think I like it this way
A simple misdirection is the key
It makes me feel like I'm not foaming at the mouth again or rotting with the best of them
You know I'd tell you the truth but I don't know shit
Parting ways with time
Parting ways with Gods above us now
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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