

Mental Blocks

3 Colours Red

I've been thinking about this wasted time
Straight to middle age, I'm last in line
So I drug myself to get some more peace
'Cause you turn it like it's my last leaf It don't feel right, don't taste right
Living in mental blocks
This is the concrete nation
Don't fuck with our sedation, we're alive So I walk into another room
And sister pain is with me too
Out tongues are anaconda twist
'Cause we're holding out for what we missed It don't feel right, don't taste right
Living in mental blocks
This is the concrete nation
Don't fuck with our sedation, we're alive

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