

# Blow My High

## Sevin

Man. be healed  
I'm on one right now  
I still haven't talked to you  
Now I'm on another  
Ya'am saying  
I hope it makes sense though  
Let's get it  
Bear with me...Yeah I sit here with this beer and this drink  
While I think and these tears many pour  
I can't deal anymore  
Mini four on my hip plenty stored in the clip  
I'm so tortured and sick  
Feel like torching a stick  
Getting high just to fly  
Far away take a trip into space cuz I can't  
Get a grip or feel safe  
Something's wrong or something strong keeps on rising inside  
It's a beast and it eats me alive from inside  
And his eyes are so cold and it cries for my soul  
I reply don't know why I am not in control  
Just a shell of myself  
I keep telling myself I'm okay but no way  
If i was I'd go pray and be healed  
But this feeling is killing me softly  
I'm awfully exhausted I lost it  
I think that I'm lost in this dream  
I should talk to a shrink  
Cuz I feel like my life has been tossed in the sink c'mon  
I know I should be reading the bible yeah  
But instead I'm bleeding this bottle yeah  
The road is dark and my feet's on the throttle  
Feeding my sorrow with each swallow uh oh  
I know I should be learning the scriptures yeah  
But I'm twisting up and burning the swisher yeah  
I'm hurting and I don't know why  
Feel free to blow my high  
I need YouAnd I sink deeper in till I can't sleep or grin  
And I can't even swim but the tide keeps on rising  
Horizons are bleak for the guy

They mistreat him deceive him they cheat and they lie  
Sink their teeth in and leave him  
These leeches are bleeding him dry  
But he gives and he shares and he lives like he cares  
But he lives in despair so he is in the lair  
Of depression that lessons his will and I'm guessing  
It will be the reason this evening he's leaving this planet  
He is stranded on the Titanic and manically depressed  
And so yes he needs help reaching out thinking bout  
Bringing death to himself  
But he questions himself  
I've been off since a child  
Feeling lost feeling awfully nauseous and foul  
This is awkward but Lord can we talk for awhile  
I can't front I am drunk am I not still Your child  
Hear me out  
I know I should be reading the bible yeah  
But instead I'm bleeding this bottle yeah  
The road is dark and my feet's on the throttle  
Feeding my sorrow with each swallow uh oh  
I know I should be learning the scriptures yeah  
But I'm twisting up and burning the swisher yeah  
I'm hurting and I don't know why  
Feel free to blow my high  
I need YouYeah yeah  
Lord my mood's so disgusting  
This suffering's just an excuse to keep using  
Abusing these substances  
Subsequently I'd give up being free  
What was valuable now is worth nothing to me  
Is there nothing to me that's worth quitting for  
Isn't your spirit abundant  
My fear is redundant  
I'm numb but I'm done  
Give me freedom please come quick  
Meet you at your feet and take my seat in Your sonship  
I'm depleted and dumb sick  
I need healing willing to do anything  
Including not chilling with people I run with  
So come with Your comfort Your son's hurt  
Work on me urgently  
Cuz it is absurd how I've turned from Thee  
Yeah cuz You're the greatest high I've ever known  
More popping than Vodka and Methadone medizone  
You're more than a Molly You're doper than Duff

Your Holy Ghost is so potent I'm soaking it up I know I should be reading the bible yeah  
But instead I'm bleeding this bottle yeah  
The road is dark and my feet's on the throttle  
Feeding my sorrow with each swallow uh oh  
I know I should be learning the scriptures yeah  
But I'm twisting up and burning the swisher yeah  
I'm hurting and I don't know why  
Feel free to blow my high  
I need You

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

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