

Lines in my face

Chronic Future

(Chorus)

Lines in my face are becoming more apparent
I stare with the same eyes as my moms parent
People I can be scared with are the ones to cherish
And I hope someday to be able to say that I shared it
Heres a bottle opener pop open your coping mechanism
Cold turkey and poke up at your personalities
Bind them together merging spring and December
Lending an effort to your own hand reaping the benefits of your amenities
One by one binding simple brown
Sky blue ice color Antarctic episode of the world spinning itself around
Tuesday turned itself to Wednesday numb sound
Of voices and dreams turning out to be trains making the rounds
I planned this Im going to where Ive seen supplements
Causing glaciated items to form and melt under my skin
I am an auction of faculty, a reaction to this pasty planets purpose
And honestly, sometimes that makes me nervous
But through wrinkles on faces, grey hairs, and slow downs
Through chords, shelters, meetings, molars, gold crowns
Ghost towns, sold out shows to no one around
The lines on my face will undoubtedly have become their own sound(Chorus)
Lines in my face are becoming more apparent
I stare with the same eyes as my moms parent
People I can be scared with are the ones to cherish
And I hope someday to be able to say that I shared it
This goes out to those that answer the questions I have
And this one goes to growing old inside of my mask
This one is for the 20th day of consistency
That marked the point in time when my principles lifted me
One must acclimate to their mud if they dont know their own dirt
And be fascinated with the blood, sweat and tears it takes to work
And if one forgets the three liquid rules for too many years
Theyll have a hard time treading water in their ambitious pools with peers
Quite a bit of bottled up pressure involved with corking issues
According to the finish line one should never persist and misuse
You might just get to where youre going and pause on all your scars
And not ever want to go anywhere else out of fears of it being to far
Lets make a conscience effort to kill or deadweight paths
And drag the carcasses along the carpets of those that grew our math
So everybody can see firsthand exactly what it takes us

To acquire the impressions of the journeys on our faces

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

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