Backward

Trilapse

My name david Mcleary Shelton
I was born and rasied in Kansas City

You got a Beautiful face

Sittin on the roof of the factory high,
Theres a blood orange moon in the strawberry sky
To come home soon is the wish and wonder,
But im calmed by the boom of the distant thunder
Relax theres no televison static ,
Just the howels and neverending traffic
This world is plastic and Fake
And I was born a few generations late.

Illitrate my fate feel the spunk I'm strange as hell but real as fuck
So follow my smell to the hollows and dells, and I'll show you the snakes as they swallow there tails ..

There right there running the assembly lines where the coal gets shoveled by the carton smokers, there parasites burrowed into there listeners minds .

Nevermind scratch that let me start this over man
How far does this pigeon hole travel find the answers in the Indigo shadows .

Though you can if you know the chan or the 808 laberline soldierann.

I held my mom as she died in my hands, had to cancel the tour hope you guys understand that the life of a man is gunna crack i the eyes of his fans when he fails the supply and demand.

Now if only i could catch my breath , I got spurs in my boots I can etch my steps so i can find my way home when I strech my depth , but i gotta get a disclaimer off my chest

When I talk about social Ills or alchol fix or the poten pills , understand I wrote it with a sole to fill

I had to sketch myself a new home to build

I was baited and cought by decoys free-will, wounded inside I rejoyeced in cheap thrills my life was destroyed and rebuilt.

listen to the dangerious sweet noise an keep still

Introverted borderline sick disconserted
Kinda slick when its quickly worded
Every tick, every twist every trips asertive.
With a verse every pixel is picture perfect
When it Bursts, thats how I stiched the fur but with the scraps and the bits of the century murder.

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