Selling Out

Brooklyn Funk Essentials

Am I alive?
Feels like dyingDown, down
Fists are striking me
It gets so dark
Or are my eyes blinded?Down, down
Boots are kicking me
The coward, the sinner, the thief
The liar, the misfit, the creepI'm running out of
Steps to walk
Of air to breathe
And words to talkI'm running out of
Noise to make
Of jokes to tell
And hearts to breakFor days burned and frozen lies
The years that passed me by
The child in me just diedThe scars in me will never heal
An overdose of nothingness
My visions are for sale, I'm selling outI am alive but always fallingDown, down
I hear voices calling me
The coward, the sinner, the thief
I am alive kind of wastedDown, down
Hands are reaching me
The coward, the sinner, the thief
The liar, the misfit, the creepI'm running out of dreams to dream
Of tears to spend and screams to scream
I'm running out of life again smothering
Turning into dust

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