Vice Grip

Grieves

[Verse 1:]Look at what the cat dragged in, still breathing last night's air
Hand shaking cause the vice never fights fair
And you're relating cause you struggle with the same shit
And wrote the threat of addiction off with the same sip
Drowning, holding on to anything and everything around me,
Staring down the barrel of a browning
Scowering, looking for any chance that allows me
To sip another bad taste down and devour it whole
Young bright and bold with a bottle for a friend and a heart full of holes
No diamond in a stocking full of coal
Never listen to the world when it told me I should slow my roll
It's abusive, but never hands on a women,
Choked a couple bottle necks and pounced when I shouldn't
If the proof is in the pudding I done ate it all up,
Instead of savoring the taste I love
[Hook:]I'm on that shit again and I don't wanna come back down
I hold my broken crown in pieces
Pour my last shot to the ground
You're on that shit again, trying to overload my mound
You always chase me round in circles till I'm forced to hit the clouds
I won't come down
[Verse 2:]What's your meaning of high, huh?
Getting lifted on a smoke cloud,
Moderately poisoning yourself until you zone out?
Stick the dragon in your veins, sniffing Adderall and Cain,
Tilt another Styrofoam cup to your mouth
Me? I got my own way to get up,
Starts with a rocks glass and ends with a hiccup
And all the while I've been camouflaging my symptoms
Like I don't do the harder drugs cause I slip up
Slip up - yeah that kid slipped up,
Rehabilitated twice and skipped straight to the pub
I got my pops freaking out about his son

And I'm juggling the stress of an artist by getting drunk
No difference
I escape like the rest of them, no thought, no faith like the rest of them
I've been focusing and fighting so hard
That I deserve a little bit of R&R, right?

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[Verse 3:]I never claimed to be a saint, shit
I built a life off of mishaps
And cheers proudly to my flaws with a chipped glass
The sick fact is I'm happy when I'm shit-canned
At least a little bit, I smile like a lit candle
But I'm aware that I'm just blinded by the blanket of it
And stress doesn't get relinquished just by drinking something
And I don't know if I'm addicted to the feeling or the fact
That I can make a little exit without thinking of it
Hell, I guess I'm showing all the signs huh?
And redirecting to where alcohol defines fun
And I'll admit that I've been known to have a good time,
But promised that I'd never cross the line
But never learned to draw it, call it, write it with a goal,
Make it so the night train never gets to go
I'm as vulnerable as any of you other Joe Shmoe's
And got a couple little vices of my own.
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