

# Creative Drug

## nowHere

I'm not allowed to miss anyone I willingly left  
I thrive and I'm alone and right now I'm vigorous  
I have eyes for everyone  
and I write in lines of drugs cause I use you like I use this  
To hide from the light an' moon like an addict  
so please, please, please so please let me wipe my feet off on your cheek before I enter your open mind - which  
just so happens to be an open wound - and just so happens to be just for me- and I  
just so happen to forget what happens to you when you figure out that you're being used  
The lightbulb always comes too late, like I've already burned my escape - an escaped  
- I never asked for this cape to be pinned to my back but covers up the finger nail  
graves and I like the way that makes me feel so I let you let me keep it intact  
Dressing up my feelings as fact  
you slip the black mask over my face  
thats when I learned that great minds think alike  
but bad minds think exactly the same  
we used each other in bad taste  
and I can't change, you can't change  
you can't change, you can't change  
and I can't change your mind, but I can change your clothes  
and I can't make things right but I can get close  
I told myself to never write about love,  
I told myself to stick to what I know  
the more I learn, the more I learn how much I don't  
My desire to create and get higher suppreses my urge to want to die right here, to die right now  
I want to bury my pain into something and someone else  
I'm always looking for an outlet  
a being or thing to love  
a new outlet for my suffering  
chopping up the latest creative drug and I take it to the brain when I breathe it in  
the steam, the trip, the energy I get, it's only for one moment  
it's strange using your arm like an 8-ball  
and using you like a one night stand  
and most people won't understand  
that my dayjob is rehab and I don't wanna be sober  
I don't wanna get to know her  
I just wanna unknow myself and be reminded later  
it's always darkest before the dawn  
but it's darker with sunglasses on  
but I wear 'em on in inside because when I create I'm an insomniac

and everyone thinks I'm on crack  
but fuck it what's the difference?

Dependence is dependence, it depends on the way you look at it  
An addict is an addict  
and I can't live without it, I don't know how to live without it  
I don't know how to function

I'm not somewhere that I haven't been and I'm not good at being home, and I'm not good at sitting still  
and my soul has ADHD and I'm definitely mentally ill  
and I don't have a prescription for script, I can fill it out for myself  
the street runs for street drugs and I think think this street leads straight to hell  
and I'm on a streak of losing so inevitably time will tell  
But I'll tell that I'm telling you that I really don't miss my old self  
Or any of the ones that have abused me  
because I'm not allowed to  
I left 'em so  
willingly

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

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