Cinderblocks for Shoes

sElf

bad news is that there's nothing good to say
the minty flavors been chewed to nothing
that i can taste
harsh reality just set in today
that my limbs were drying quickly in concrete and clay
i made my peace with jesus
we wrote a letter to heaven
saying "will you be there to greet us?
or just show us the back door?"
- chorus x 2-
jumping from a bridge
with one hand tied to the railing
i am thinking of you
with cinderblocks for shoesand with a touchtone phone i listen
to the problems of a city
life is like a hello kitty
voice inside of me thats all gone wrong
when before the door was open
like the window i've broken
i can't help if i'm spacin'
my messiah's freebasing
my blood is boiling and racing
as i crumble at the core
-chorus out

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