Faced

Such Gold

This just started
i'm loathing it
this feeling has left me dry,
cracked, peeling like artic winds
face your inner self until it ends
so violate me all this waiting
so fucking high on paint
we cannot paint things
chose to breathe in the smoke
and forget about the fresh air
it just started i'm losing it
this feeling has left me dull, downtrodden,
and sluggish
To face your inner self until it ends
so violate me all this waiting
so fucking high on paint
we cannot paint things
just to breathe in the smoke
and forget about the fresh air
pardon, the lack of company
when scenes switch
(at the) flick of a wrist
it don't feel so good to be dismissed
over and over again
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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