

Haunt

Glue

Write me, off for inspiration, cause it makes for better haunting
I figure chances like this don't come around here very often
So I seize the moment now with a passion for big finishes
Ripping all your closed doors, clear off their hinges.

It's time to be generous, stop stepping on toes
Close the book and hit play, then watch where it goes
Sliding under doors, into dreams, into headphones
The haunt is on, feel it as it gets close.

So pardon my dead weight gotta hold it down somehow,
Starting to lose shape, I gotta make it out of this town
With my morals intact, but the fact still remains
That depth of empty pockets makes you appreciate change
I'm a keep it long range
Keep the picture frame straight
I'm a keep the dues paid,
Work the connections when they're made
Something's changed, you must have evolved while I was gone
Pawned away your favorite records but left this one to bond
Now, with us, the example usually sets itself,
Wealth will be my saving grace until I find something else
To obsess over, pull hairs, make charts, fill my day planners
Buy a G4 with DSL, CD Burner and a scanner
See, I get the job done with the sun out of the picture
And since I never knew a comfort of a brother or sister
Well, now my family ethics revolves around Glue
So I draw 2 new branches for Maker ad DQ
It's three paths connected from humble beginnings
Lighthearted to rip your soul put with no other decision
We come correct to fill the gaps, and put the emphasis on excellence
The exodus of rap's underrated perfectionists

It's time to be generous, stop stepping on toes
Close the book and hit play, then watch where it goes
Sliding under doors, into dreams, into headphones
The haunt is on, feel it as it gets close.

See, the question is suffering, the modern man discovering
The necessity of juggling, with no more room for wondering

What could've been done if the efforts had never died
But the external couldn't match wits and beat the inside
We fight for the rights of morning air with sanity in the moonlight
Dying to feel alive by making history with windpipes
And we survived the water walks with harder art to offer
Fill the rooms with independence, send the ghost back to haunt her.

Lyrics submitted by Sergey.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>