Fortune Teller

Hot Cross

Caught cutting through the running tide. Bleeding out; portrayed way past a prime tripping over words and playing tricks on time. Eastern standard time of the dead. Wear clocks round our necks like tombstone. Fuck not lest ye be fucked. A point invariably moot when you've outgrown smarts and frustration is your strongest suit. Keep in mind, it's the wisest man that will always be told to forget his ego for a minute and realize that he can't replace his ass just because he found a crack in it. How can we sit so still when its so hard to look passed the last one you loved; so hard to find what you felt in that touch? How can I go on searching for these days when I'm standing among them? I've found my way back there. Rhetorical wisdom will always prove to be a locked door a lost chance and all you'll never see a statement betrayed like your worst enemy. 26 years past my prime as if minutes made a difference. You can't change a mind lost to the hours held so dear, Like ostriches with head in sand we fear our desires. Breathe every breath like it wasn't a count-down can't force your way out of a dream purchased with fear.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/