Kings

Grieves

I drink the clouded city rain water, you could never save my soul,
A pane of glass in my stomach and I don't break it for no one,
Go - The blood runs like a river when your back's turned,
And hope don't float when it's choking on its last words,
Word - which one would you use to describe this,
I'm sick of fighting everybody around me for silence,
Sick of trying to get by inside of your silly blinded,
Vision of what you thought life was before you dived in,
Take a look at me, I'm pickin' through my last meal,
Headin' to the gallows with a smile on my cracked grill, and,
That's real - you can keep your little rap deals,
'Cause I don't give a damn about being king of the crap hill,
Stop - and let it fall where the chips land,
And take the earth from underneath your fragile pride and kickstand,
So, when it all clears and the rain clouds fade,
You can sleep with the rest of the skeletons in the grave.This city.
Yeah, it's really got a hold on you.
This city.
It's really got a hold on you.(Chorus)
You don't need to fight me off, I'm well on my way,
But I leave these cobblestones and matchsticks in the back of my brain,
I learned that you don't have a single word left that you can say,
That'll make me quiver when you wave it like a knife in my face,
Your king is dead.You can change these bricks all day,
But not a single one will ever get you out of here and take you away,
You want a throne that can never be claimed,
But stand there looking like another drone that lost his way,
So take the broken crown off,
Bowin' in the kingdom full of fool's gold,
Searching for a diamond in a pile full of bruised hopes,
You're looking at me through those tiny, little two holes,
That lie to you and force you to be blinded when the truth shows,
Yeah, I guess I'm nothing but a blood drop,
That fell out of your last plaque-listed number one spot,
Coagulate me, I'm ready to be released and,
Out of your palms like a burgundy-patted breeze,
How poetic, you all want change but won't let it,
Get a breath of any answer you decided it was ready to breathe,
Believe me, that's the nature of the beast,

Break its little legs and then watch it try to flee,
Watch it hobble out your awful line of reach,
Turn around and pull the cotton out its mouth and pour its heart into the streets,
And when all of this is over, you can sharpen up your teeth,
Just to smile in the mirror while the rest of you depletes.This city.
It's really got a hold on you.
This city.
Yeah, it really ate a hole through you.(Chorus)(2X)
You don't need to fight me off, I'm well on my way,
But leave these cobblestones and matchsticks in the back of my brain,
I learned that you don't have a single word left that you can say,
That'll make me quiver when you wave it like a knife in my face,
Your king is dead.

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