

# Timeline

## Andrew Lipa

(Blaze)

Solomon was the father, the casketmaker  
In 1920 something, he was the undertaker  
Who outlived everyone until the day he tried to die  
And jumped in the freezing water so starts the timeline  
1980 something one summer evening  
Come out that same water he came ah-creeping  
With tattered clothes soaking wet from head to toe  
Where he happened he had not know, no boots  
Solomon was lost and confused in different times  
He knew he didn't belong he could see it in her eyes  
So he fled in the alleyway like the homeless  
Cause at this point in time his life was hopeless  
Killing himself didn't work a bit  
He only woke up 60 years in the future, revived his shit  
Alive was dead still waiting to become the transformation into Blaze's son(Chorus)  
I keep changing feeling strange and watch as  
I metamorphosize, well  
Time keeps ticking in the Timeline  
Ticking in the time keeps ticking in the timeline  
Ticking in the  
He is the father and I am the son  
And together we become the great undying one, well  
Time keeps ticking in the Timeline  
Ticking in the time keeps ticking in the timeline  
Ticking in theBlaze the son, was a gangsta work  
He live by the gun, and died over trying to sell one  
To a baby G, from a set around the way  
Things are way different now, from way back in the days  
Solomon would have never sold a piece  
He'd only build a couple caskets  
The house, alter the season  
Blaze on the other hand, loved killing everything  
And then what he took, to get his hands on some money man  
From selling crack rocks, on street blocks  
Hood famous as a dead thug  
Always rocking a clock  
Following numbers up the clock, making doorways  
So anyone who would oppose, would die and just go away

He never died, no his wounds never healed  
Never stopped to think, how shitty that got to feel  
But it's okay, cause he's changing again  
To fulfill the destiny, of Colton Grundy's brethren(Chorus)  
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Ticking in the Colton is the great one, never will he perish  
He's not concerned with the life, that so many cherish  
Not concerned with looking for love, that they claim that is  
He's heartless, he dead, he's proud, he's not embarrassed  
Move back, no time, the clock is broke  
Never had parents, he was conceived in smoke  
Father was just a premonition of a past life,  
or the life he never stopped living  
His story began right, it didn't  
Still confused and I don't get it  
He is I, and I am him, I never had decendents  
I never had any father, and I am like my brother  
To sum it all up, we're all the same motherfucka(Chorus 2x)  
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