King's Cup

Charlee Remitz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

He calls to me I go
It's peaceful how we flow
I tumble with the border
Cross every bridge alone
We dance between the lines
I seek but I don't find
There's chaos in the order
I'm a part of every lie
You're playing games like
Them kids playing Kings Cup
Them empty hands while they
Just can't seem to get enough
There's beauty in the bullshit
But yours is just explosive
I'm slip from raising hell
Two slips from a padded cell
Like a sideshow in your circus
Collecting coins from a wishing well
Always jumping on my case
I got a villain
You got a chase
Always speaking with a purpose
I wish you would just save face
I find dreams but I don't find cover
I wish, I wish for me
I could be more like my brother
But he's lost in the bliss that pulls him under
Lost in the bliss that pulls him under
You're playing games like
Them kids playing Kings Cup
Them empty hands while they
Just can't seem to get enough

There's beauty in the bullshit
But yours is just explosive
I played with fire
I crossed Hell's Gates
But I'm not on the same level of your games
You're throwing daggers
To fill the space
I got, I got a taste for the sweetest of things
And now you're fighting with my glory
Fighting with the pace
I'm living on the edge of whatever I create
You're playing games like
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There's beauty in the bullshit
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