

# 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  
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  
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