

# Virgo

## Atmosphere

I pledge allegiance to myself  
Food, shelter, and health  
Let me find a beach full of seashells to sell  
Put your oxygen mask on first before you offer me help  
I've got receipts made of scar tissue  
Got the vision of somebody going fishing in the dark  
When I start up the motor, it still turns over  
But nowadays, a little bit slower  
Never been afraid of getting older  
I'm much more nervous about these public servants  
Kill the lights and shut the curtains  
You ain't a real lion if you love the circus  
Looking at myself like "What's the purpose?"  
That's when I started to hallucinate  
Trying to touch the surface and recuperate  
You should've seen the look on my face when I was losing my faith  
Y'all got me feeling hesitation, embarrassment  
I might be the last generation of grandparents  
I know that I've been fortunate for all the opportunities  
Disproportionately disappointed in the human beings  
I get it, we're specks of dust,  
at the bus stop busking for extra crust  
Like fuck it, you can sacrifice me to the weather  
If you promise that you'll let my songs live forever  
You're looking for a bag of tricks  
But my love is like a stack of bricks  
Cobblestones and untreated lumber  
I'm a father of fists, strength, and numbers  
And when they come for my box of dreams  
I'm a finally depart from this toxic scene  
No posturing, just lots of self esteem  
Got you feeling like the popular queen  
This ain't magic, this is fabric  
And it's the type that never requires patches  
And it's the fire that illustrates with ashes  
It's our life, it's nothing we can't manage  
Lower the arrow and take a breath  
I won't waste ammo aiming at the angel of death  
I might have already left, but they hear me still

With my pale knuckle grip on this steering wheel  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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