

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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