

Seventeen

Floater

See I have no place to go
Broken head has made me whole
Yellow stone below me, yellow stone above
Dying in the middle when pushing comes to shove
Biting on the backbone with an angel on the tongue
Waiting on a vision
Waiting on a vision with seventeen seconds until I go down to my grave
You can't ask a question, you have no voice
Want to go on living
But you have no choice
Broken and cut with a second to think,
"It's all a lie" It's all a lie
The moment you cut was a lie
See you and I don't see eye to eye,
But I will skip the pleasantries and bring you down upon your knees
And keep you there below me
With an eye on the sun above
Filling up the middle pushing comes to shove
Biting on a backbone with an angel on the tongue
Waiting on a vision
Waiting on a vision with seventeen seconds until I do down to my grave
They prop you up drunken, those clean little boys
The one they defend is the one they destroy
Break you and cut you and leave you to think,
"It's all a lie" It's all a lie
The thing that you need is a lie
I will not wish this away I will not wish for another day
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning...

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