

He was text and traffic
Aiding abetting the bouts I'd turned into doubts
I could've taken him out or waited it out
It's all the same to me
I could've called his bluff or f**ked him up
It's all the same to me

But strange are the days of our twisted fate
Hurting him was like hurting me
So I knelt down and I kissed the ground
Like a channel for the circuitry

It was a chain reaction
That I had broken but not abandoned
A chain reaction
With one provision that I'm the variable

And the decimals jumped in space, raping the database
Slitting the wrist of my statistics

But strange are the days of our twisted fate
Hurting him was like hurting me
My cause is different than yours
And result speak louder than words

Come now all aborted thoughts
Come now one and all
Come and glitch this new routine
Come make me feel safer

When in doubt deduce the doubt
To luxury and live without
Memory will be your sickness
I will sign the dotted line
Cross my Ts and hope to die
Illegibility is my witness