

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