

Got good intentions.  
Isn't it enough? No, it is not enough.  
The comprehension of letting yourself get charmed by a bluff is  
upon me:  
There's nothing I can do,  
There's always something I could do.  
Where would I be if it wasn't for you?  
So I just do what I'm supposed to do.  
I watch you turn into  
A sickly biomass of black and blue.

In the city of no palms  
Snow is falling and I am holding her in my arms.  
We don't talk. She's sick, I'm stoned.  
But my choice was my own.  
I wanted to have a good time,  
But she, medicated highly,  
Does it to survive.  
Where's that wonder cure?

A bit of degradation free with every breath  
Oddly feels like trust has been misplaced.  
I love the scenery but hate the faces  
And so for now

I ride on the wings of hope  
Pushed on by the winds of dope  
You'll get pulled back  
No matter how hard you go  
There is a distance and there is a rope

When I wake up tomorrow  
I'll know what was at stake today