

City OF No Palms

Biting Elbows

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