

You come into the threshold  
Of another starless night of fear  
You're running from the demons  
That would drag you down again  
Illusions of the world are spinning  
Out of time and frame and synchronicity

You're so sad, you're such a sad-eyed girl  
You're so sad, in your sub-plot

What is this, what is this  
This mess of my existence is  
All these politics of  
Life and death and relevance  
It's my existence

Another morning it comes running  
Up your bedpost with the wind  
You face yourself just like you always do  
Time and time again, the mortal coil of image  
Inner peace and satisfaction

And so you keep it on the down-low  
Hiding all the secrets that are down below  
And so you keep it on the down-low  
Tell me baby was it worth it all

Oh just take it all  
Make it work and make some sense  
Just take it all, You're my existence  
You're my existence

Wassup Girl, It's my turn,  
You cry and your eyes burn  
What's your life's turn, beautiful girl  
Who all the guys yearn  
What's more to your story  
You still learn  
Despite why your eyes burn  
Soul-Searchin'  
I seek and find the ole merchant  
The high beacon  
Your eyes talk  
When you ain't speakin'  
And at school  
You cry out  
Why does water deep dry out?  
Your getting gyped  
Flat out