

Cycle of Nightmares (Let It Go)

E-dubblе

Living through a cycle of nightmares, and they don't fight fair
But I'll be right here, hands up high, with my parry arm up
Til' I carry on up these dreams out the box up the right stairs
And I've been fighting for a minute, a long list of givens
That we chisel even if they cause schisms
Or a crack or a break in the mold we make
Pay tribute to the motherfucking tolls we paid
I'm gone til' November, a long list of members
That we missed on the list apologize for December
The long winter fell on this game of thrones
But I be living out the box til' I'm HBO
We all fall, we all rise, we alright
With the bumps and bruises proving to em' we all tried
To do something with the gift, something to uplift
Eating chicken noodle soup until my soul gets fit
The biggest loser in the world or the duke of fucking earl
Both poles represented while we looking for our plurals
The we, the us, and all beings
Who're sick of being cynical and trying to find a meaning
To this life that we cooked up, then we shook up
Recipe we scratched cuz' the past got looked up
The scars we took that we keep, cuz' the tat doesn't cover the fact that we
bleed

[Hook:]

The things we saw when we were young
The time we did things just for fun
I'd hate to lose even just one
But I'll let it go
We learn the practice what we preach
And practice, we still seem to cheat
Practice preaching and practically
But I'll let it go

Life stories that take shape and then get dented
Veneers for the fake smile from that dentist
The cheers from the crowd for the introspection
Airholes in the pain til' we all feel vented
But, we can't slow down the timeline
The mirrors got ears and the ears are allies
We listen real close through the years and outline
The parts that we love then repress those hard times
Time we keep and time we lose
We all hit delete when defeat stops snooze
Or are the real dreams the day-mares
Waking up longing for the ways of the day care
The innocence gone, the renaissance song
The cinema we live to pop-corn
Amazed by the maze that we took for granted
Put the dreams in the mail but forgot to stamp it
And now they want junk, the postage went up
And your rent check probably got stuck
The lord of your land probably quite concerned
Both sides of the aisle got to fight the urge
To just fight for first, and then fight the curse
That was made on the day that they felt the worst
Cuz' that ain't the truth that ain't what's you

March to a different drummer til' you break the loop
And Like

[Hook:]

The things we saw when we were young
The time we did things just for fun
I'd hate to lose even just one
But I'll let it go
We learn the practice what we preach
And practice, we still seem to cheat
Practice preaching and practically
But I'll let it go