

In a Lose, Lose Situation

Emery

Don't be late
There's no time to be afraid
There's a way
To clean up the mess you've made

If I could tell the truth
Or lie would I attempt the two at the same time
Expect you to apologize for trying
To make me so up tight
Don't say it's just a game we play
I can't lose the taste

If you regulate how the blood is pumping
Through the veins from my heart into my head
In time this blood supply
Will change me from red to white
Every thought that you know I'm thinking
May as well be the knife stuck in my back
This taxing fever makes me gravitate to this place

This is still my life
Not yours to define

(Anyone in their right mind would never let you inside
Anyone in their right mind)
I've broken ties with the neighborhood
Feeling like a bum in the city
Waking only to take a drink
From an empty glass of nothing good
Then sinking like a stone in the sea
Without the oxygen I need

Deciding as I wait for air to entertain
Careful not to (to breathe in [3x])
The right time and the right way to elevate
Careful not to (to breathe in [3x])
To breathe in the air that so proudly puts to death
My own Fathers name
I remember when your hand started shaking
There's a better way
To clean up the mess you've been making