

# Dirtnap Nightmares

Grieves

I'll take a breath of that concrete,  
Step into the jungle with a gleam,  
And move like it's trynna kill a dream.  
Cause I don't have a bone left in me  
That'll loan death pity when the grass I'm growin don't green.  
Ode to the screams,  
Bouncing off the glass of the storefront window when the reaper walks past.  
We don't have a grasp on the future,  
So the past that we're used to,  
Is all that we ever want back.  
Running with the axe,  
Trynna chop the whole world down,  
Trynna fight your little trip to the ground,  
Cause you don't wanna see the truth,  
Of the last breath made when the smooth song plays to the silence of sound.  
Yeah you will be found.  
And whether or not you want it to happen,  
I can guarantee it will go down.  
SO stop with the fighting,  
We're all kind of frightened,  
But I don't see the purpose in trynna cheat death.

I'm so sick of this pace  
Running around in circles trynna skip his blade.  
You cannot hide from forever,  
Inside from the weather,  
On the day you planned escape,  
He'll find you down and out, high and dry,  
Leave you face down dead in your ways,  
I can't go anywhere.  
Everywhere that I turn, I see you're all that I know.  
I know Everywhere that you go...  
Everywhere that you go...  
Everywhere that you go...  
Follow...

I see it all from perspective,  
Floating on a dark cloud casted over fear of the view of where death is.  
Live by the setlist,  
Never say die with a fist in the air till the world stops spinning and we're  
breathless.  
Damn, running from a natural advance that'll end with you lyin where you stand.  
And I can see the fear in the end of it,  
But never had ran,  
Cause never dying doesn't seem to be a plan.  
SO I live for the moment,  
Never let the dark cloak change me, or make me be a person that I'm not.  
Cause if I'm gonna die now,  
Then I'd rather die proud,  
For the fact that I went out and gave it everything I got.  
Name in the rock,  
Rose on the ground in the grass that'll grow in the soil of my plot,  
When I laid down to rest.  
Carving in the stone or a crest.  
Never cheat life to cheat death.