

## Kings

### Grieves

I drink the cloudy city rainwater, you can never save my soul. Painted glass on my stomach, I don't break it for no one. Your blood runs like a river when your back's turned and hope don't float when it's chokin' on it's last word. Which one would you use to describe this, sick of fightin' everyone around me for silence, sick of tryin' to get inside of your silly blinded vision of what you though life was before you dived in. Take a look at me I'm piggin through my last meal, headin' to the gallows with a smile on my cracked grill and that's real. You can keep your little rap deals cause I don't give a damn about bein king of the crap hill. Stop, and let it fall where the chips lay and take the earth from underneath your fragile pride and kick stand. So when it all clears and the rain clouds fade you can stay with the rest of the skeletons in their grave.

This city (yeah) it's really got a hold on you. This city (yeah) it's really got a hold on you. You don't need to fight me off, I'm well on my way. Gonna leave these cobblestones and matchsticks in the back of my brain. I learned that you don't have a single word left that you can say. Better make me quiver when you wave it like a knife in my face. Your king is dead.

You can change these bricks all day but not a single one will ever get you outta here, take you away. You want a throne that can never be claimed but standing there lookin' like another drone that lost his way. So take the broken crown off power in a kingdom full of fools gold, searchin' for a diamond in a pile full of bruised hopes. You're lookin' at me through those tiny little two holes that lie to you and force you to be blinded when the truth shows. Yeah I guess I'm nothin but a blood drop that fell out of your last black listed number one spot. Coagulating, I'm ready to be released, and how did your palms like the burgandy powdered breeze. How poetic, you all want change but won't let it, get a breath of any answer you decided it was ready to breath. Believe me, that's the nature of the beast. Break his little legs and watch it try to flee, watch it hobble out your awful line of reach. Turn around and pull the cotton out it's mouth and pour it's heart out in the streets and when all of this is over you can sharpen up your teeth just to smile in the mirror while the rest of you depletes.

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