

# Learning How To Fall

Grieves

Well, I don't have a diary,  
I sing my songs...  
Drag the brush over anything to change my wrongs...  
Pushed a whole lotta limits just to make my palms shake and pump to the rhythm when the monitors on...  
I make hearts jump.  
Defibrillator art punk  
Fishing from the shore when a ship in a jar sunk  
Blind sighted by the rhythm with a hard thump  
Pointin' at my inner little sinner when he starts up

There's no rest when your born with your last phrase scribbled on your chest  
And the only way outta it is written in text  
You can sing over anything the soul in you let's, so...

I guess I gotta let it all out,  
Break another little wall down  
Let the music in me call out  
The bitter part of all doubt, holdin me down  
I gotta learn how to fall...

Spoke outta what you might call love  
High centered with a sword tryna write with blood  
Quell tip stuck under my tongue  
I'm not leavin till I'm, not leavin till I'm done...

Spoke outta what you might call hate  
Tattooed on the knuckles of the fist I face  
Gotta play it till I get my grace  
Not leavin till I'm, not leavin till I'm saved...

I don't have a journal now, they can't make noise...  
Broke a whole lotta speakers just to hear my voice,  
Took a whole lotta needles just to poke those holes  
Made for breathing when I make my choice  
God help us if it makes me,  
Slowin down the tape speed.  
Fade maker with a scrape in his fake teeth.  
Nay sayer that'll race with his break feet  
And crash into the prison you've been plannin on to break free.

Escape from the pen  
Words held prisoner encased in it's stem  
Stationary legal sized bound from the place where a bar sets you free  
Instead of caging you in so

I guess I gotta let it all out (all out)  
Break another little wall down (wall down)  
Let the music in me call out the bitter part of all doubt holdin me down  
I gotta learn how to fall...

Spoke outta what you might call love  
High centered with a sword tryna write with blood  
Quell tip stuck under my tongue  
I'm not leavin till I'm, not leavin till I'm done...

Spoke outta what you might call hate

Tattooed on the knuckles of the fist I face  
Gotta play it till I get my grace  
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