

All Hail

Kind of Like Spitting

The food that you love
has snuck up on you and what a
Weight you've gained.

The life that you chose was getting too heavy

Now you can't complain.
Now you can't complain.

There are many subjective versions of what people view as sane

As the childhood gods picked for us steal our friends
Now we will sin, now we will sin, Now

The beats that you love have beaten up on you
Now you can't complain.
The life that you chose has gotten too heavy
What a weight you've gained
Oh what a weight you've gained

Are you happy with what you've got?
Happy with what you've got?
You gonna make a move or not?
Make a move or not?

We argue these questions over bottom-shelf whiskey
You love it
You hate it
I'd like to see you trust it
The life that you chose
At least you told yourself you chose
What a weight we've gained
Oh what a weight we've gained