

# Backward

Mac Lethal

My name is David McCleary Sheldon  
I was born and raised in Kansas City, Missouri

Started right here I don't want it to be over  
Say it right here I don't want it to be over

You got a beautiful face

Sittin' on the roof of the factory high  
There's a blood orange moon in the strawberry sky  
To come home soon is the wishing wonder  
But I'm calm by the boom of the distant thunder  
Relax, there's no television static  
Just the howl's and never ending traffic  
This world is plastic and fake  
And I was born a few generations late  
Illustrate my face feel this punky  
Yeah I'm strange as hell but I'm real as fuck  
So follow my smell to the hollows and dells  
And I'll show you the snake's as they swallow their tails  
They're right there running the assembly lines  
Where the coal gets shoveled by the carton smokers  
They're parasites burrowed in the listeners minds  
Nevermind, scratch that, let me start this over  
Man, how far does this pigeon hole travel  
Find the answer in the indigo shadows  
Though you can unless you know the chant  
Or the eight away labor line soldier ant  
I held my mom as she died in my hands  
Had to cancel the tour  
I hope you guys understand  
That the life of a man's gonna crack  
In the eyes of his fans  
When he fails to supply the demand  
Now if only I could catch my breath  
I got spurs on my boots, I can etch my steps  
So I can find my way home when I stretch my depth  
But I gotta get a disclaimer off my chest  
When I talk about social ills  
Or the alcohol fix or the potent pills  
Understand that I wrote it with a soul to fill  
I had to sketch myself a new home to build  
I was baited and caught by decoys and free will  
Wounded inside I rejoiced in cheap thrills  
My life was destroyed and rebuild  
Listen to the dangerous sweet noise and keep still  
Introverted borderline sick disconcerted  
Kinda slick when it's quickly worded  
Every tick every twist every drips assertive  
With the verse every pixel is picture perfect  
When at first! that's how I stitched the ferber  
With the scraps and the bits of the century murder  
And then the intenceses I'm ripple with the type of terrificness  
The benefits of rhyming certificates kids are intimate  
I'm spitting so the minute on the rhythm and I'm gettin so inventive  
That there's really no equivalent  
I'll rip a show, a pigeon hole, and invalent

Until they gotta tippy toe to get a dose of lithium  
So tell the other kids to smell the blood I spit  
Just to let them know what they hell they fuckin' with  
I've felt pain and I'll feel it again  
Take 'em back to the end start again  
I got mental cravings for sinfull tastings  
And gentle phrasings with pencil shavings  
I felt pain and I'll feel it again  
Take 'em back to the end start again  
Away

Start it right here I don't want it to be over  
Say it right here I don't want it to be over

You got, you got a, you got a beautiful face