

Riverhead

Prick

Panic in her mind just hit
Like an actress on the screen
Caught in certain kinds of things
Make your personality scream

Tied to lies and alibis
She bends to pick up the words
I'm a little tired of the up and down
Of the common race, what if we pray tonight?

Hollow is the crowd tonight, feathered and unreal
Followers of sheep in flight or fancies in the field
Suckers they have always been, suckers they remain

Time is flowing red
What's it like?
A riverhead

But you never know, is she high or low?
You gotta be brave tonight

Panic in her mind again
She can't deal the real
Teacher smacks the good book
Unto her head, says, "God is feel"

What's it like?

Accidents won't happen if you never leave your home
Keep thy soul like a thoroughbred a fence will not let it roam
Your mind will snap, you can't behold that imagination from mot
her

Time is flowing red
What's it like?
A riverhead