

Cinderblocks For Shoes

Self

Bad news is that there's nothing good to say
the minty flavors been chewed to nothing
that i can taste
harsh reality just set in today
that my limbs were drying quickly in concrete and clay
i made my peace with jesus
we wrote a letter to heaven
saying "will you be there to greet us?
or just show us the back door?"

Jumping from a bridge
with one hand tied to the railing
i am thinking of you
with cinderblocks for shoes
(2x)

And with a touchtone phone i listen
to the problems of a city
life is like a hello kitty
voice inside of me thats all gone wrong
when before the door was open
like the window i've broken
i can't help if i'm spacin'
my messiah's freebasing
my blood is boiling and racing
as i crumble at the core