

Roach Papa

"Tightrope"

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My words are weapons, in which I murder you with.

Please don't be scared. Please do not turn your head.

We are the future, the 21st century Dislexik, Glue-Sniffing, Cyber Sluts.

With Homicidal Minds and hand-guns.

We are Insane.

Nothing will change.

We are in-sane.

Nothing will ch-a-n-ge

****Chorus 1****

There is a thin line between what is Good and what is Evil,

I will tip-toe down that line but I will feel unstable,

My life is a circus and I am trippin' down the Tightrope,

Well there is nothin' to save me now,

So I will not look down.

****Chorus 1****

And Yeah, And Yeah, And Yeah and it happens again.

And Yeah, And Yea-hea.

There's no beginning, There is no end.

There is only change.

Progression Backwards, is this where we are heading?

Take back your soul, Forget your emptiness

****Chorus 2****

There is a thin line between what is Good and what is
Evil,

I will tip-toe down that line but I will feel unstable.

My life is a circus and I am trippin' down the Tightrope.

Well there is nothin' to save me now,

I'm falling to the ground!

****Chorus 2****

Falling to the ground,

down to the ground,

(again)

I speak of madness, My heart and soul.

I care for people who ain't got control.

Let's take our sanity, Let's take compassion,

And be responsible forever reaction.

Hell no, No How.

No way, No way, No way, No how.

No way, No how.

****Repeat Chorus 1****

****Repeat Chorus 2****

Down to the ground.

All the way down.

(Hittin' it again

