

Coma

"Easy"

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Sometimes I can be up like that, when I don't cross
myself with you
Sometimes I can be down like that, when I don't cross
myself with you
I'm dysmorphic in doses
Imagine trying to
Shit out
Twelve red roses
It's how I do but not everybody knows it.
Imagine how I'd feel to be called a promotionalist, a
mitt man, an emotionalist.
When I don't cross myself with you
Sometimes I can be up like that, when I don't cross
myself with you
Sometimes I can be down like that, when I don't cross
myself with you
It's some kind
Psychosis, don't what you call it, oneness might be the
closest.
A psychotropic segment so tasteless,
It tastes sweet.
And then it changes,
When I don't cross myself with you
Sometimes I can be up like that, when I don't cross
myself with you
Sometimes I can be down like that, when I don't cross
myself with you

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