

Bouncing Souls

"Mad Filippo's Massacre"

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Take this pill for what you feel I know I see
My seclusion from reality is the art of the deal
Believe in the hype for what you think you know it's true
You'll see it all right here not on the prime time news

Keep my buddies off the ground they always remain
ecstatic
I trust in the laws of the day not shit talking
beaurocratic
In this house it seems to take it takes one and all
For the night you'll think of the chase
It's when you'll take your fall

You're taking the time to figure it out
Take a look around your clout's running out
Nothing left in your head but the morning rain
And the pain in your arm streaming through your vein

Real in through an empty void of my last drop
Who's to say trust worthy for a corrupted cop
Change is obsolete for the trend is a blurry past
That's the last time that you'll get your last.

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