

Hasker Da "Terms Of Psychic Warfare"

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I see you walking down the road
And the thoughts within my mind explode
But having to hold back taught me a lot about control
And letting it all loose at once when it was time to let
you know
You occupied my space and you occupied your mind
By jumping off the roof to the first conclusion you can
find

Now all the silver you can steal
Can't buy a piece of what I feel
It's sad but the means they just don't justify the ends
To be forever haunted by the ghosts of all your friends
Painful, yeah that's the way you've chosen it to be
C'mon man can't you think of anyone besides me?

These are the terms

Now don't think you're the only one who is harbouring a
self hate
I'm just as guilty of selling what my own sweet soul
creates
Now don't feel bad the next time my memory comes
creepin'
You've got your own bed now, I suggest that's the one
you sleep in

Goodnight baby

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