

Heavy Heavy Low Low "3000, 100 Points, 100pts, Gummy Octopi"

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Always. Always, always, always,
We breathe in sighs and breaths of desperation.
Something always seems to make it's way in.
And I end up looking paranoid,
I call 'em out, you can call 'em out,
See if they listen.
They never do.
Something always seems to make it's way in,
Bad case of day dreams.
I do not mind,
I will pick from the tree of life all day,
Everyday,
I just need to take a breath and realize
That I have got a very big problem,
Chapped lips unhinge,
I'm losin' my friends,
I need a break from living older

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