

Jed Madela

"Black Winter Day"

Visit "[Black Winter Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, most of my adult life I've been torn into two
If you love me, then I love you and this song is for you
It's tight hard when you know what you said
And your shorty seein' you as an emotional wreck
The closer I get, it's like the farther I feel
And my heart has turned into this heavy armor and steel
It's hard to be real, hard to listen to the dumb shit
And I take a lot of pills 'cause it numbs shit
I wish I had another path to follow
Wish that I could be a man and learn to pass the bottle
A graphic novel, my future a box or an urn
Havin' dreams about death, but I'm not that concerned
And I'm diseased, through the seasons they turn
Watchin' leaves from the trees turn disease and they burn
I'm eager to learn, but I'm holdin' my breath
And everyday alive is just another closer to death

Yeah, I've been alive longer than I expected to be
And took care of everything that's expected of me
Took care of my girl and my mother
I told her that I'm always here and I love her
I handle shit differently 'cause I'm grown now
And the truth is that I'd rather be alone now
I'd rather not have to deal with the day
And I hate when people ask me how I'm feelin' today
My brother Rasul, we had a beef and grudge
But we grew up together, cousin, so it's peace and love
I wish all the best, I wish all the shine
I wish I didn't wanna offer my thoughts with a nine
I'm thoughtful and kind, but I'm evil alas
But everything I love has turned to a tedious task
I feel that life a waiting game for people to pass
But nobody ever want you to see through the mask

Yeah, I don't wanna be a burden to y'all
I just wanna know exactly what my purpose is for
I feel like nothin' I do is ever right
And that I'm actin' a fool another night
And I admit, I don't take care of myself

So I do a lot of thinkin' and preparing myself
'Cause the fact is my father died young and I might,
too
And it ain't any way to tell what I might do
I don't wanna leave my mother behind
I don't want for her to cry, because the struggle is mine
I don't want for her to grind no more
I don't want for her to work a 9-to-5 no more
I ain't have to work a fuckin' 9-to-5 before
So I'm tryin' to get this money to provide for y'all
And if the shit ain't work out and I'm suddenly gone
Just remember that the motherfuckin' love isn't gone
Pazman

Visit [Jed Madela](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.