

Kicked In The Head "Letter"

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To be crowned king of a kingdom of cowards
Could be a nightmare that drains you for hours.
To run through life with a social disease gone sour.
Could make you feel like you're fuling a world with now
power.
Over yourself.
I'll write myself this letter.
And set the answers free.
Explain the things we did
It's black and white to me.
And in time we'll figure out what it is
We'll be dedicated or separated and in the end you'll
see.
All this time i bit my toongure and you still heard your
cires.
Body language is a dialect that you can't miss.
So i'm diving deeper and falling faster in my own
abyss.
All this time.
And it's killing me.
And it's killing me.
I'll write myself this letter.
And set the answeres free.
Explain the things we did
Its black and white to me.
And in time we'll figure out what it is we'll be.
Dedicated or separated and in the end you'll see.
The ink in my pen is for all the thieves.
Please don't underestimat all my sincerity.
Amidst this love and hate you kept me pure and clean
And blessed us with a gift heavier than gravity.
And it's killing me and it's killing me.
And it's killing me.
I'll write myself this letter.
And set the answers free.
Explain the things we did.
It's black and white to me.
And in time we'll figure out what it is
We'll be dedicated to seperated
It's black and white it's black and white
It's black and white to me.

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