

Chicosci

"Gift Of Tongues"

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Your lines flow like water
Killing each member of a generation
You're bridge burning at the speed of light
Can you keep a secret?
Refuse all these copied works of gold

Leave this alone
(decisions killing you)
These words are only for her
(self-serving suicide)

Imagine the sunset
Sleeping on the edge of your ambition
Taking over, selling aside your words
In spite of this touch of jade
My chances they will stay the same

Relying on your actions
Hoping she never told me
A flow in your reaction
You never stole it from me

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