

Lotion

"Porcelain Buddah"

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Double vision,
Trippin on my words
Can't shake it off
face to the floor
Undisguised things that I've never seen before
I go down like a deck of fallen cards
Like a deck of cards

Chorus

Freezin', Shakin', Flyin'
Oh, relapsing mind
Don't spit it out
Don't be afraid
You'll pull it off

Contorted, distorted
It's livin' through me
We're livin in a land
Of hipocracy
Nowhere to run
No place to hide
My unscarred face
Hides my blackened darker side
Yeah

Repeat Chorus

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