

Chronic Future "Lines In My Face"

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(Chorus)

Lines in my face are becoming more apparent
I stare with the same eyes as my mom's parent
People I can be scared with are the ones to cherish
And I hope someday to be able to say that I shared it

Here's a bottle opener pop open your coping
mechanism

Cold turkey and poke up at your personalities
Bind them together merging spring and December
Lending an effort to your own hand reaping the
benefits of your amenities

One by one binding simple brown
Sky blue ice color Antarctic episode of the world
spinning itself around

Tuesday turned itself to Wednesday numb sound
Of voices and dreams turning out to be trains making
the rounds

I planned this I'm going to where I've seen supplements
Causing glaciated items to form and melt under my
skin

I am an auction of faculty, a reaction to this pasty
planets purpose

And honestly, sometimes that makes me nervous
But through wrinkles on faces, grey hairs, and slow
downs

Through chords, shelters, meetings, molars, gold
crowns

Ghost towns, sold out shows to no one around
The lines on my face will undoubtedly have become
their own sound

(Chorus)

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This goes out to those that answer the questions I have
And this one goes to growing old inside of my mask
This one is for the 20th day of consistency
That marked the point in time when my principles lifted

me
One must acclimate to their mud if they don't know
their own dirt
And be fascinated with the blood, sweat and tears it
takes to work
And if one forgets the three liquid rules for too many
years
They'll have a hard time treading water in their
ambitious pools with peers
Quite a bit of bottled up pressure involved with corking
issues
According to the finish line one should never persist
and misuse
You might just get to where you're going and pause on
all your scars
And not ever want to go anywhere else out of fears of it
being to far
Let's make a conscience effort to kill or deadweight
paths
And drag the carcasses along the carpets of those that
grew our math
So everybody can see firsthand exactly what it takes us
To acquire the impressions of the journey's on our
faces

(Chorus)

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