

## Cky

### "Borrowed Time"

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[Raw ]]

Around me time was swirling  
At a cafe where joy and pain were converging, a life-  
less serpent  
Thought I summoned him in vein, in the wind and rain  
Standing on-top this epitaph of pain  
Heard the "whisper of death"  
Couldn't bear to hear more  
Instantly poured two sips upon this cafe floor  
Gravity he carried pulled my soul to skins edges  
Horrrifying sketches etched into my memory  
Bottomless graves was his demand  
Could stop the sand in glass that's why I live fast  
But my saga continues as the sun rises  
Somberly we engaged, this phantom which I now had  
to gauge  
What's your sequence, plan or arrangement?  
Now is not your time  
Find what you going to find  
Your friends lived well, but this is how I live mine  
This is how I live mine...

[Oatmeal]

I stay awake in my sleep  
and I slumber in my conscience  
40 days and 40 nights  
that's my visitation rights  
uncontrollable urge, predestined is my plan  
I walk the earth and wait my turn for my chance to meet  
the man  
But that's a mystery to me beyond popular belief  
And I'm open to opinion, anything to ease the grief  
The price it's way too steep  
You wanna by your way in  
I keep my fate prices buried deep beneath my skin  
In the midst of discussion, youre fussin who's right or  
wrong  
I find myself alone without a place to call my own  
So as I breathe this borrowed time  
Footsteps dont follow mine  
For in my shadow its cold

Time folds a crease in my mind  
Blind leads the crippled  
The crippled deaf in the streets  
A pocket full of insight, a look at defeat  
I keep an even slow pace on this concrete  
Thinking about my peeps and how I feel  
Somebody punched the wrong clock on my folks  
How do we cope?  
Young tope said to live and let die  
Until one of his own fell outta sight

[Side B]

And I was born when I stopped breathin  
When my heart stopped I started livin  
Stepped outside this prison  
Made of cold flesh and brittle bones that once provided  
Shelter to my spirit, but fate decided where chance  
And circumstance coincided, my trance was now  
Locked in permanent  
This indiscriminate force takes course with no  
determinants..  
I was a candidate ever since I had this thing called life  
A boarding pass for some folks was a murderer's knife  
I'd die to live, but cant grasp this paradoxy  
Destiny was overlooked by the scalpels of autopsies  
In crowded churchyards we bury pain and grief  
Instead of loved ones, exhausted physical tabs  
In time inscribes names upon concrete slabs  
Placed above their tombs but below their souls  
Flatlined but resurrected in minds of those who spent  
time  
Before his stopped  
My tears lagged behind emotions of guilt, but the pain  
made sure  
That he wasn't forgot, that I wasn't forgot, that you  
wasn't forgot  
that we wasn't forgot....

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