

Psycho Choke

"Streetwise"

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Yeah, yeah Psycho greetings from the street arena, to
all the voices that go unheard,
Post modern attitude straight from the gutters to the
stage

For those still fighting with no cause, I guess that no
one knows,
We're coming like a big crescendo
Forfeit the Texture of a soul, the essence of a though
We're growing like a teen libido
The reason only to be made, as I will soon repay
We're burning in our own inferno
I can't avoid what's wrong I can't decide what's right, to
move
We're gathering the right momentum
Back from the dead, when I recall your name

Let the blind spot, devour the wicked
Like when I get wasted
Never mind if it's too late to wing it
Streetwise through the day
Inertia motivated youth, instead of politics our truth
We cut them like a knife through butter
Am I Self righteous all the time, I've got my own design
Still singing my blues from the gutter
Come play the suicidal game, god with a walking
Frame
I've enough loss to recover
Come closer I won't mind, Come closer I wont bite
As I will reach for my revolver

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