

## Trip

### "Prognosis"

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Hey I still recall the day the doctor told me that I was sick  
And my mind keeps going back it was a trip  
Look I was thinkin He ain't know the facts  
Probably cause my heart couldn't get a hold of that  
He said that I was terminal and that it spread quick  
And my whole body was infected I'm desperate  
My minds racing at this point I wanna exit  
Cause all His tests suggested I be dead quick  
But honestly man I really shoulda seen the signs  
I was blind no I couldn't read in between the lines  
I was numb so I couldn't feel my fever climb  
But my whole system was foul (fowl) like comedic lines  
No way to treat it fine  
I staggered out like I was drinkin wine  
I wasn't even tryna think about of my plans for the  
evenin time  
All I could think was I was weak and dyin  
I was reminded of the life that I would leave behind  
And so

I know it's headed for me soon and I'm terrified  
I'm afraid of what's coming and I'm scared to die  
But it ain't lookin good for me, now it ain't lookin good  
for me  
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for me

Now I got home and it hit me in the worst way  
I've been sick with this disease since my birthday  
I was ridden with symptoms since my first day  
Head to toe my whole system in the worst state  
I was mentally I'll, I was futilely mind  
Darkened in my understanding was a student of crime  
Havin eyes couldn't see cause I was truthfully blind  
Havin ears couldn't hear but couldn't do any signs  
Throat was an open grave, tongue used for the lies  
Snake venom under lips which I would use to divide  
Had chips on my shoulders was wounded aside

Both my lungs collapsed inhalin 2nd hand pride  
Below the waist was just more of the same  
Feet swift to she'd blood or somethin more was to gain  
Man it's bad blood simply pourin through my veins  
Can't ignore it anymore, ain't the story the same, I was  
in pain so

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My whole life been exposed as dark  
My disease had my deeds hittin off the mark  
But I had loved my illness even from the start  
Look everything was a symptom of my broken heart  
It pumped corruption to every single part of me  
It's pumped death and deception through arteries  
My direction was set to invest in reflect n deception  
The? n my best n my death wasn't far from me  
Cause I tried to beat the symptoms now  
It wouldn't matter cause my heart would keep me livin  
foul  
I was helpless and hopeless it's endin now  
Unless I get a new heart well this is how  
I heard that there were others with the same plight  
But there was One begotten Son who can save life  
And His heart was so perfect He gave life  
My heart of stones been exchanged I've been changed  
right?

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I'm afraid of what's coming and I'm scared to die  
But it ain't lookin good for me now it ain't lookin good  
for me

I was told that God's standard is so high. My broken  
heart kept me from  
Meetin His standard, so I just kept fallin short over and  
over and  
Overagain. And there was really nothing I could do, it  
was not looking good  
For me. I guess my question for you is, since God's  
standard is perfection  
And none of us meet it, how do you plan on getting by?  
I know how I do, and  
To be honest I ain't worried about a thang.

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