

None More Black "Majestic"

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Twenty-nine years into life. Some things, I still can get right.

Priorities may never be straight. That's always a topic for debate.

I've made up my mind. I shouldn't be loved.

I play in a band, I work when I'm home.

Why do I feel guilty for the shit that I have done?

I've opened some doors. Slammed just as many.

Opportunity's knocked. How can you blame me?

I'm trapped in a life that I have chosen.

My heart's growing colder yet harder to be broken.

Again and again. I'm chipping away at nothing.

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