

## Orange 9mm "Tightrope"

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You're walking on a knife,  
you can feel it bound up like a city  
Stomach and your lungs fight to come up above,  
but how much of it's your fault?  
You couldn't have known it could have come this far  
unforgiven  
Your choice to stand up  
Your choice to lay down  
But you did what you did,  
and that makes you who you are  
And let me tell you that's fine with me

I wish I could see the future

I stand in one spot, frozen by luck  
Pinnacle of feeling, I wish I was fucked up  
Bent from the weight and my heads at hells gate,  
bend to kill wake thoughts  
dive into my altered states  
Where nothing exists, that I think I'll miss  
Where nothing exists,  
that I think I'll miss

Vision can Kill just as simple as living in Fear  
Some of us hear bells, some of us don't  
Beyond explanation  
Nothing in this world, should tip you off your scales  
Nothing in this world, ever seems fair  
Nothing in this world is worth seeing you fail  
Nothing in this world is worth seeing you fail  
And let me tell you that's fine with me  
I wish I could see the future

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