

Abby Ahmad

"Tri-me"

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I need to step outside
Another day
Marks another way
Marks a new reason to hide
It's true when you slip
You slide
On the ground
Been pushed down by this
Primitive pride

My voice a stifled symphony
My veins pump
Liquid lethargy
But those that can avert casualty
Do not acquire sympathy
Step aside
Cause I want off this ride

Black hole ate the crippled cry
Of me, myself, and I
The vacuum is picturesque
For those who can pass the test
I may be turning blue
I may have some work to do
But try me
Tri -me

I detest this new dichotomy
To love to hate
The light in me
Too loud to hear
Too bright to see
The incest of infamy
To be or not to be

So I may be tainted in my truth
When I claim I'm bullet-proof
But every half-assed assault
Has been a death by default

Any day now
You will see

The singular me
When three become one
And one becomes enough

I'm blowing up
Taking off
Coming down
I'm not enough

It never starts
It never stops
A bell rings
A piano drops

I'm rubbing off
It's sinking in
I'm running fast
I'm running thin

This little bubble's gonna burst
It's me alone
And I come first

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