

## Every Day Life

### "Salt Circles"

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We place ourselves down in a position we think is safe,  
The marks of the people that walk on us leave a trace,  
Of where we should act then they should react.  
Brought up, and beat down, and then the luster lacks,  
And stacks up on the minds of the ill-content.  
Not every angel sent before you is even heaven sent.  
We look into the eyes of the people that follow.  
Time to follow the sheep the battle's not won.

You're just a snail, but you will never see  
Surrounded by the circle of salt, that's your destiny  
You're just a snail, but now you'll never  
Praying to God don't let the wind blow

You lay your cards down and it's a hundred and ten percent,  
But then the thirty- five percent of the people who haven't spent.  
The time to get to know you as a person,  
They just stand behind you backstabbing and straight up cursing.  
Playing you down to be something that your not.  
The forked tongue of the wicked rambles off piping hot killing you softly  
But you will feel the sting for ever.  
When was the last time your heart had been severed.

You've fallen twenty steps back to see what's two steps ahead,  
And then they kick you to the side of the road left for dead  
Because ther concern would be to not deal with ya.  
To the rest of the open ears you know you have to paint a picture.  
To open wounds and emirs them into salt,  
There as stupid as chicken's, but still it's not there fault.  
They just don't know what it means to take it face to face, be long after.  
Yes they leave a bad taste

