

Bronx, The "Past Lives"

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Think fast or you'll never survive.
You feel the whiplash if all the cities divide.

Make heroes that could barely exist.
I'm running from your mouth and the hammer and fist.
Lead the way, I got a brain to resist and define.

All I know is I threw myself into the wind, felt my body
begin to curl.
Maybe in the next life or maybe in another world...
It's impossible to figure out 'cause everything's
subliminal.
Maybe in the next life, I'll be a hero, not a criminal.

A new world on the tip of my tongue;
It doesn't break down or admit when it's wrong.
A day breaks and the cities divide.

My body just can't help feeling incomplete and
unknown,
A new ghost in an old home, parallel and paralyzed.

And now that everything's a drag I'm no longer
nervous, I don't feel no pain.
And when I die before my time, please say my body
gave up before my mind.

Another city divides, parallel and paralyzed.

Past lives and other worlds.

When the sick sets through everyone and everything
you knew,
you can't help feeling completely alone

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