

Calm

"Step Ladders"

Visit "[Step Ladders](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All the stories been told
There is no Santa Claus
We're all getting old
And your role models hit menopause

Fuck parties I'm not normal and neither are you
When it rains I think I'm going to drown and I feel like
my teeth are rotting out
I used to like company, now I stare at hitch-hikers
I never had friends till I got a car
No constellations, just stars
Rome wasn't built in a day but it burned down in a hour
I'm just gonna keep trudging along, doubling efforts
when I encounter resistance
Smiling at fucked up days appreciating my difference
Keep feeding me till I get fat enough to feed others,
that's what cows and pigs do
They feed us human meat and hormones
So I'm pointing guns at everyone in sight like American
kids do
Maybe I should dumb down my lyrics, cause every time
I say something important
The people that actually listen only understand a
portion
I'm still pissed about yesterday, but ill flush the lou on
tomorrows shit
It's one thing to pick your path and another to follow it
Apples don't have razors, witches don't wear costumes
And making friends is like babies fuck around and
you'll get one
Look at all these puppets Gepedo bred, lying to
themselves about their strings
Lying to themselves that god can be within all human
beings
If you want religion take deceit, power, control and mix
Diversities like clef palate, if you're born with it they'll
fix it
(fix me, you can't fix me)

if you want something ask for it
we are everything, give me nothing

I am god's appendix
There are no miracles and we create dÃ©jÃ vu
If you want there to be a happy ending where the world
ends then it's up to you
Sunsets are epiphanies and dawn is amnesia
Grab habit by the throat and stab it, but don't make this
a routine
every suicidal person is a hypocrite and everyone else
does
the opposite of what they say, this is not a new thing
Life is like an escalator, it keeps moving even if you
pretend to take steps
we're all just a bunch of timed out blinks and breathes
conspiracies are like sex
fun to do at the time but we're all not the best
there is no family
just mowed grass and cracked open gnomes
we climb step mothers and step fathers
to get to the attack and hang ourselves atop a broken
home

Visit [Calm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.