

DJ Signify f/ Buck 65

"Red to Black"

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[Buck 65]

sounds like an air conditioner, the pounding of pistons
bodies negotiating, a dog barks in a distance
crickets and bullfrogs quietly graphic
the turning on pages, the droll roar of traffic
the pencil on a paper, the wind in a chimney
thoughts in my head, hollow and (thinny?)
alarmed clocks' sirens, the creaking of floorboards
surf on a rocks, echoes in corridors
(?) riots, head on collisions
the ringing of telephones, the cooing of pigeons
after new playground voices next door
defining stillness and starewells I explore
electrical hum of anger and fear
clothes hitting the floor, a bug in your ear
the turning of concrete trucks in a soil
trees in a forest, a (pattern?) full boiled
I can hear myself blink, where did she go
down in the hole, buried in snow
under the water, should I fail to care
I go out and I follow a long trail of hair
what if I'm caught, what if it goes wrong
what was I thinking, I forgot to put clothes on
there's a crack in the sky, a pain in my shoulder
when I was a kid, it's the same when I'm older
I'm out of control with a crow in a shoebox
out in the street wearing nothing but two socks
now I'm confused from brighter to duller
the long trail of hair has begun to change color
from red to jet black, I just don't get that
the last thing I need at this point is a setback
my heart and my (?), it hurts when I swallow
I got to stay focused and continue to follow

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