

## Jehst

### "1979"

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[Scratches]

[Verse 1]

I bleed liquid gold and slur speech in a cryptic code  
My feet slipping on this twisted road  
Only the mystic knows the lone figure in the distance  
No bigger than the sum of his inscriptions  
Or the extent of his conviction  
I sip vitamin enriched liquid diction  
And digest fiction for culture  
I'm force fed, behold the monster  
My head and it connected by bulb  
Tryna hold things together like the skins I fold  
And take my food for thought with a pinch of salt  
Chewed to form, my sin results in self doubt  
Look into my eyes, I don't need to spell it out  
You can see it, how I tripped and fell down  
And picked myself up, turned myself round  
From the cliff's edge, and staggered home like a  
misled  
Piss head, and put up a fight till my fists bled  
I choke on lead, until my spit's red  
When I step outside to get a quick breath  
Of fresh death, now there's no air left  
And fifty percent of us couldn't care less  
I bare flesh, exposed to the cancerous  
Light like tearing the film out your cameras  
I'm still ravenous, I feel my stomach acid  
Keep burning as I work towards another classic  
Melt your plastic chap, snatch your comfort blanket  
In this cold world you're naked and unattractive  
And your tactics are underhanded  
I hibernate through the winter, and wait for the summer  
madness

[Scratches]

[Verse 2]

Call me the dirty ?, feet is on the couch  
Stout on my breath and a bad case of desert mouth  
Forever drown in my pain in the pleasant sound

Of whispered words and rainfall on level ground  
Gagged and bound with no hope of getting out  
Save the secrets and lies, I'm tryna settle down  
But like the weather now, I'm unpredictable  
My hate's bitter but my love's unconditional  
Living in this digital age, these are strange days  
My rage taints, but freed on the same page  
I make waves, till I wash away the refuge  
God of the sea, these are the eight wings of Neptune  
I make moves to refuge, but don't sleep  
And walk the streets, with a rose in my teeth  
And a bittersweet song in my heart, I take heavy steps  
The hard-headed Jehst climbs his own Everest  
So till the very end, I won't ever rest  
I'll serenade my angel with every breath  
God sends, your remembrance of lost friends  
Whenever my top ten drops, I'll know what went on then  
Provokes me to focus ahead  
Close my eyes and get close to the dead  
I'm the ghost that's meant to be released from limbo  
Between two worlds like the thief at the window

[Scratches]

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