

Jehst

"Die When U Die"

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[Verse 1]

Every dialectic shapeshifts a makeshift shield of
hatred
I spit fire, quick fire, twist higher
Roll a roach from a ripped flyer
Tip toeing over ego trip wire
Soft steppin on eggshells as hell beckons
A bed of black rose petals on my twenty second
With twenty seconds on the clock I kept many guessin'
A game of death threats met with defiance
So I bring stones for the riots
While the right side of the brain extends through
computer science
Flicks fictionalise our lives
In alliance with the Queen in the core of the hive
Breeding parasites
The wise read and analyse the scrolls
Stolen souls dissolve in alcohol
Master drunken pole
A cold-hearted defence in this dungeon hole
I hold hope for the globe in a closed palm
Locked in a gold heart
Lost and emotionally charged
I chart progress through this pain staking process
Elimination of the grotesque (no less)
This overblown mess left grown men stressed and
suicidal
Cyanide drips from the vinyl
My vital signs fade, I'm trapped in a pessimist's mind-
state
A frozen emotional ice age

[Verse 2]

My words form pictures
Jigsaws built from torn scriptures
A warped image, a collage of small figments
Inter-related, creative with raw English
I walk with born sinners who talk business
Subs and permanent fixtures
Medicine man sippin elixirs
Wettin my lips and lickin the rizlas

Listening to enemy transmissions
Sittin' here pickin the splinters out of my flesh
The fresh script inker
Indica stick sticky fingers
Balanced on the brink of drinking binges
While friends sink syringes into their skin
and it could all end in an instance
With no one to discipline the infants
Walking the ledge I stay nimble as ninjas
My pen nib inches closer and closer
The ghosts in my dome stay closed in a coma
Crows overhead twisted as the trail we tread
Most failed or fled, ended up jailed or dead
But never me
Eyes in the back of my head for any enemy
Ready for them backstabbers
Suited and booted on this black Sabbath
Truly polluted by the pain I paint the blues on a blank
canvas
We're all judged by the same standards
Saints, gangsters, to base heads in St. Pancras
It's plain madness
My brain strains to make sense of
We blaze ten spots
This games deadlocked

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