

Trick Turner

"Existance"

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Some suffer
some thrive
some live
some die
some love
some hate
some find nothing in common
some relate
some sin
some are innocent
some are good
some are bad
All i want is to understand

All my life i've searched for answers
why can't i go the reasons we live
who is this god that we all worship
or will we ever know

some think, some drink, some sink into a hole they
can't let go
others bleed for their sins, some draw blood for them
ends
some steal, some deal, some peel off their skin
and try to start again
the rest fiend, the rest still dream my heart pumps
just to feel that cream
i'm elevated cross faded with a bag of tricks i'm in the
mix since '96
shoot the facts and relax, we melt on wax,
on top of the world is where we at
when i trip i slip my cons got grip
to the left and to the right shit is tight
'cause i'm an addict addicted to music
it's a habbit ou know i choose it

Scrape the pieces off the walls of my hate
clean the slate but its far too late
i stich my own skin you can't penetrate
Don't look back its all fate

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