

Lines In My Face

Chronic Future

Lines in my face are becoming more apparent
I stare with the same eyes as my mom's parent
People I can be scared with are the ones to cherish
And I hope someday to be able to say that I shared it

Here's a bottle opener pop open your coping mechanism
Cold turkey and poke up at your personalities
Bind them together merging spring and December
Lending an effort to your own hand reaping the benefits of your amenities
One by one binding simple brown
Sky blue ice color Antarctic episode of the world spinning itself around
Tuesday turned itself to Wednesday numb sound
Of voices and dreams turning out to be trains making the rounds
I planned this I'm going to where I've seen supplements
Causing glaciered items to form and melt under my skin
I am an auction of faculty, a reaction to this pasty planet's purpose
And honestly, sometimes that makes me nervous
But through wrinkles on faces, grey hairs, and slow downs
Through chords, shelters, meetings, molars, gold crowns
Ghost towns, sold out shows to no one around
The lines on my face will undoubtedly have become their own sound

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This goes out to those that answer the questions I have
And this one goes to growing old inside of my mask
This one is for the 20th day of consistency
That marked the point in time when my principles lifted me
One must acclimate to their mud if they don't know their own dirt
And be fascinated with the blood, sweat and tears it takes to work
And if one forgets the three liquid rules for too many years
They'll have a hard time treading water in their ambitious pools with peers
Quite a bit of bottled up pressure involved with corking issues
According to the finish line one should never persist and misuse
You might just get to where you're going and pause on all your scars
And not ever want to go anywhere else out of fears of it being too far
Let's make a conscience effort to kill or deadweight paths
And drag the carcasses along the carpets of those that grew our math
So everybody can see firsthand exactly what it takes us
To acquire the impressions of the journey's on our faces

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