

# Cycle of Nightmares (Let It Go)

E-dubblе

Living through a cycle of nightmares, and they don't fight fair  
But I'll be right here, hands up high, with my parry arm up  
Til' I carry on up these dreams out the box up the right stairs  
And I've been fighting for a minute, a long list of givens  
That we chisel even if they cause schisms  
Or a crack or a break in the mold we make  
Pay tribute to the motherfucking tolls we paid  
I'm gone til' November, a long list of members  
That we missed on the list apologize for December  
The long winter fell on this game of thrones  
But I be living out the box til' I'm HBO  
We all fall, we all rise, we alright  
With the bumps and bruises proving to em' we all tried  
To do something with the gift, something to uplift  
Eating chicken noodle soup until my soul gets fit  
The biggest loser in the world or the duke of fucking earl  
Both poles represented while we looking for our plurals  
The we, the us, and all beings  
Who're sick of being cynical and trying to find a meaning  
To this life that we cooked up, then we shook up  
Recipe we scratched cuz' the past got looked up  
The scars we took that we keep, cuz' the tat doesn't cover the fact that we bleed

[Hook:]

The things we saw when we were young  
The time we did things just for fun  
I'd hate to lose even just one  
But I'll let it go  
We learn the practice what we preach  
And practice, we still seem to cheat  
Practice preaching and practically  
But I'll let it go

Life stories that take shape and then get dented  
Veneers for the fake smile from that dentist  
The cheers from the crowd for the introspection  
Airholes in the pain til' we all feel vented  
But, we can't slow down the timeline  
The mirrors got ears and the ears are allies  
We listen real close through the years and outline  
The parts that we love then repress those hard times  
Time we keep and time we lose  
We all hit delete when defeat stops snooze  
Or are the real dreams the day-mares  
Waking up longing for the ways of the day care  
The innocence gone, the renaissance song  
The cinema we live to pop-corn  
Amazed by the maze that we took for granted  
Put the dreams in the mail but forgot to stamp it  
And now they want junk, the postage went up  
And your rent check probably got stuck  
The lord of your land probably quite concerned  
Both sides of the aisle got to fight the urge  
To just fight for first, and then fight the curse  
That was made on the day that they felt the worst  
Cuz' that ain't the truth that ain't what's you

March to a different drummer til' you break the loop  
And Like

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