

# Mercury – Ghostemane

Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique, aye  
Ask me if I give a fuck about a diss, yuh  
Ask me if I give a fuck about fame, yuh  
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing, yuh  
Ask me if I give a fuck about a diss, aye  
Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique, yuh  
Ask me if I give a fuck about fame, yuh  
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing, yuh

I just decided by the grace of the god Poseidon  
That you're so dead to me I dug a hole for you to lie in  
I'm sick and disowning  
All the moments  
And the key components  
That led me to follow hollow promises from empty monads  
It's 11 degrees  
And I can see my breath so I know I'm breathing  
But I got no pulse I swear to Thelema  
My heart ain't beating  
I better get back to the black hole sun  
Leaving my gun  
I don't need it for this one I'm  
Finding the silver lining and I'm mining for hope  
Trying to keep my wrists closed

You are toxic  
My blood, your lips  
You are toxic  
My blood, your lips

I'm about to pass and I know I'm not (No I'm not)  
Not comin back till I resurrect (Resurrect)  
Scatter me so I don't ever come back  
I was alone and I never wanna go back

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Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique, yuh  
Ask me if I give a fuck about a fame, yuh  
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing, yuh



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych