

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
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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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Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing, yuh



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych