

# 3 Colours Red, Mental Blocks

I've been thinking about this wasted time  
Straight to middle age, I'm last in line  
So I drug myself to get smoe peace  
Cos you turn it like it's my last leaf  
It don't feel right  
Don't taste right  
Living in Mental Blocks  
This is the concrete nation  
Don't fuck with our sedation  
We're alive  
So I walk into another room  
And sister pain is with me too  
Out tongues are anaconda twist  
Cos we're holding out for what we missed  
It don't feel right  
Don't taste right  
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Our sedation