

Embodiment, One Less Addiction

I fight this with
Two closed fists
Under a purple sky
Naked trees
Are clawing
For the air

This won't pull on emotions
But it's something to do
Go ahead
Try it
If you dislike, refund's at the door

I always fell for
The sucker punch . . .

I confess the changes
Maybe I'm growing up
From the shoes on my feet
To the stench in my mouth

I'll remain transparent . . .

And while you speak in codes
I'll speak in spirit

I confess the changes
Maybe I'm growing up
From the shoes on my feet
To the stench in my mouth

And while you speak in codes
I'll speak in spirit
I'll remain transparent

I tasted
I did that
(I tasted)
Now I'm hooked . . .