

Hatesphere, Trip At The Brain

I gotta gotta take a trip, gotta take a trip out of this place
I gotta gotta get away, get away from the human race
I don't know what I'll see, don't even know what I'll find
I don't know what to pack, never been to a trip at the mind
Trip at the brain. Trip at the brain. Trip at the brain
Do you know what I'm saying?
Trip at the brain. Trip at the brain. Trip at the brain
Well I'm going insane
I took a wrong turn and ended up at my heart
I t could barely even pump no blood it was so thrashed and
torn apart
Thank it for working overtime in pain and misery
Then I set back on the trail, headed for my destiny
Fly with me
Flying free
Tripping
You must be tripping
Trip, trip, tripping
Ya ya ya ya you're tripping
I cannot stop this trip, I forgot to pack the brakes
Crashed straight into a concrete wall of my mistakes
Ended up in a cemetery of a thousand wasted days
But that's alright with me, cause that's where most of my
memories lay