

# Kevin Max, Existence

You come into the threshold of another starless night of fear  
You're running from the "demons" that would drag you down again  
Illusions of the world are spinning out of time and frame and synchronicity  
You're so sad  
You're such a sad-eyed girl  
You're so sad in your sub-plot

Chorus:

What is this, what is this, this mess of my existence is  
All these politics of life and death and relevance  
It's my existence

Another morning it comes running up your bedpost with the wind  
You face yourself just like you always do, time and time again  
The mortal coil of image, inner peace and satisfaction  
And so you keep it on the down-low  
Hiding all the secrets that are down below  
And so you keep it on the down-low  
Tell me baby was it worth it all

Wassup Girl

It's my turn  
You cry and your eyes burn  
What's your life's turn  
Beautiful girl  
Who all the guys yearn  
What's more to your story  
You still learn  
Despite why your eyes burn  
Soul-Searchin'  
I seek and find the ole merchant  
The high beacon  
Your eyes talk  
When you ain't speakin  
And at school  
You cry out  
Why does water deep dry out?  
Your getting gyped  
Flat out

Chorus

Oh just take it all, make it work and make some sense  
Just take it all,  
You're my existence  
You're my existence

I LOVE YOU BAILEY - from Kevin