

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