

# Acumen Nation, The Downshined

you harp like a screamer  
you lie like the rest when you're in your sleep  
you polish the dreamers  
but you die like the rest when the cutter comes to creep

you wish for it fairer  
but you collapse on me just as i relate  
you forget i'm a stander  
waiting for something to come and deliver me grace

just like a dirty movie  
in which you want to rescue  
the girl in the tailspin  
even though she belongs there

scrape the gutters at the edge  
cut like flowers in the alley  
burn the lula divinia's ashes now  
who's that lurking in the shadows  
scrape the gutters at the edge  
cut like flowers in the alley  
burn the lula divinia's ashes now  
who's that lurking in the shadows  
begging to bleed

you made a believer  
out of me when i most hated praise  
you cost me the failure  
that i prepped myself from a life in pain

you gutted the mother  
complex in me as i shot from the gate  
you scratched at my third gear  
waiting for me to catch up and catch fire

just like a dirty movie  
in which you want to rescue  
the girl in the tailspin  
even though she belongs there

i begged you for stronger  
command as i sank down to my knees  
but i couldn't be wronger  
as i followed your hand to a much much darker place

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