

Cage, Shoot Frank

(feat. Darryl Palumbo)

"Cage:"

One last vein to poke made it too dark to see this
Scenery slips then line up to go in the ground and leave us
So repeat this till I'm sick and I won't feed this
To my little girl who kept me in this world to beat this
As a little kid taught to follow Jesus
Get to the front of the line I'm bein' lead by elitists
So when I speak words that I don't mean
It's like I'm only in a cloud to wonder what serene is
Unable to wake and delete the reasons
Or be the same bed I made up to sleep with demons
Whether sick sane of a pattern repeated
If I spit pain I knew how to relieve it
If at sixteen I had started to treat it
Till my shit changed whether or not I would need it
To trace back to the face before the fetus
If the departure was wrong from the gate then she is

"Daryl Palumbo:"

Trigger finger itch
The son of a snitch
I'm the rat's favorite son
Last to pal and cut
Slit to bleed the rust
By the last heart I've won
We roll under covers waiting
I've tied off a limb debating
If all of the names forsaken
Spell out what I'm takin'
Watching the skin pop

I would do anything to
Tell you what I've been late to
Fix up my head and escape to
Where I can rest my eyes

"Cage:"

The sun says wake up with a beam in my eyes
Clutchin' the bed like she's still by my side part of me died
Even when I prescribed still just to be ostracized
'Cuz she don't really know if she wants to ride or drive
While no nooses long enough to hang my excuses
Whether I'm dead, gun to my head, or reclusive
The end is close almost no need for money
Yet when I wished for death nobody took my life from me
If I cannot see what's right in front of me
And the lights on there still wouldn't be enough to leave
I fixed me when I broke the aggression
But I'm still attracted to my beautiful depression
If I felt emotions I learned to suppress 'em
Till I'm ready to sleep I'll have found a place to rest then
No thanks to angst I learned my lesson
And can erase the face that can't answer the questions

"Daryl Palumbo:"

Trigger finger itch
The son of a snitch
I'm the rat's favorite son
And by the time I'm back
That heart that beats so black
Let it shine like his gun
We roll under covers waiting

I've tied off a limb debating
If all of the names forsaken
Spell out what I'm taking
Watching the skin pop