

Celestial Season, Retrosky

These are the eyes of the in between, the voices in my mind
cut the light and break the screen untill I feel allright
got the touch to free myself from smoke in my belief
these are the eyes of the retrosky, so baby, set me free

Don't let it go
don't let it go
besides the choking I feel fine
I've got to focus on my rhyme
I've got my hands on solid ground
my retrosky won't let me down

Do you remind me of the ride abroad when the grass turned blue
as we zoomed through?
You put this thing in me and now I can't break loose