

Grimes, Delete Forever

lying so awake
things i can't escape
lately, I just turn 'em into demons
flowing to the sun
fuck*in heroin
lately I just turn 'em into reason
but it refuses

always down
I am not up
guess it's just my rotten luck
to fill my time whit permanent gloom
but I can't see above it
guess I fucking love it
but I didn't mean to

I see everything
I see everything
don't you tell me now that I don't want it
but I did everything, I did everything,
white lines on a mirror , in a song

funny how they think
us not even on the brink
innocence was fleeting like a season
cannot comprehend lost so many men
lately, all the ghosts turned into reasons
and excuses

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I am not up
guess it's just my rotten luck
to fill my time whit permanent gloom
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guess I fucking love it
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