

Kyle Riabko, Before I Speak

What's mine is yours
Though you were never mine
My gracious doors
Are open wide

I gave my hand
I gave my whole life too
But you took my plan
And turned it into bad bad news

I need an explanation
An emancipation
From this revelation that I can not bear
I need some information
I need a real foundation
You gotta have some wisdom
That you'd like to share

Tell me, how
Can you judge me
before we meet
Tell me, how
can you hear me
before I
Before I
Before I speak

My heavy head
My heavy mind
My skinny self
Is working overtime

You ate my words
And spit them out
And those who heard
Are left without a doubt

Mold me
Fold me