

# None More Black, Majestic

Twenty-nine years into life. Some things, I still can get right.  
Priorities may never be straight. That's always a topic for debate.  
I've made up my mind. I shouldn't be loved.  
I play in a band, I work when I'm home.  
Why do I feel guilty for the shit that I have done?  
I've opened some doors. Slammed just as many.  
Opportunity's knocked. How can you blame me?  
I'm trapped in a life that I have chosen.  
My heart's growing colder yet harder to be broken.  
Again and again. I'm chipping away at nothing.