

# Orange 9mm, Touching Skies

Mole-hills or mountaintops,  
look at us fly by thru the shell-shocks  
I dream on cloud nine no alarm clock,  
only wake if I feel the pain might stop  
Bird's eye view, flocking to this hope spot  
Everyday, every night seeking jackpots  
Rescue minds till you find us and combine this  
Nothing like hurt as a reminder,  
sometimes the truth does  
Feeling high with my eyes closed,  
Being told by these no-shows,  
how my life goes  
Suicide was my old clothes,  
realizing now how to think tactful  
I hate those that would grapple  
and try to choke my potential,  
make me feel existential  
Planting bugs in my mental,  
I erase you like a pencil  
I won't crumble

Be what you want there's no excuses  
so be who you want there's no excuses  
so be what you will  
Grow roots and wings

People fool you a lot or a little bit,

you never know ideas blooming in their cockpit  
Personalities mesh or they're a tight fit,  
friends that I love rather clash than forfeit,  
and lend a crutch as we pass  
Luck cries wolf lies took as truths bend you from your roots  
shake you down like a confession in a church booth,  
a priest waits mute,  
your eyes then shoot but the set is bulletproof  
Outside the sky is blue,  
the sun don't shine for you  
I begged you for the glue,  
before I broke in two  
Emotions drooled

Afraid of ourselves till,  
cooped up in our world we would talk shit,  
Still bitter?  
Not even a little bit  
I wave goodbye with a smile to our friendship  
See me fly while you cringe like a little bitch  
I wish you best at hitting curves,  
that's your Life's pitch  
As a submission here's advice and you might listen  
Caught in a vice of honesty my soul keeps sque