

# Race The Sun, The Vanity Score

perfection, we cannot live as prophets  
we cannot sleep tonight  
given life's breath everyday's a privilege  
nipping at our heels attempting to lead us off these cliffs  
heartache navigate  
we're taking the long way home  
chalkline's traced but i haven't hit the ground just yet  
looking up, they formed a circle/it starts to pour  
this ledge is slippery when wet  
i've got my best shoes on  
tied so tight  
reflecting light  
they're waiting  
they're planning  
black umbrella day i wake to you  
blind sided  
sidestepping  
my eye lids have been sewed shut  
i can see between these threads  
success, trial without a jury  
i stutter indefense  
focus on these veins  
like highways, they bind and they twist  
this witness bench has been empty  
cells have clashed like head on collision course  
chalkline's traced but i haven't hit the ground just yet  
looking up, they formed a circle  
it starts to pour this ledge is slippery when i got my best look on  
smooth and suave  
they push to shove