

Wither (feat. Corey Taylor)

Tech N9ne

I don't care, they say my angel glow is subsiding
I'm sliding outside of these high beams and I won't dare
Try to mend this tear, I love I'm fading
The good once there is just dying
So I'm withering away and I'm a trigger when I spray
And I'm attacking everybody till the feeling's gone! All my life I loved with people, so passive
back then
I thought I'd be above this evil, my tolerance level
Then was up with doves and eagles, currently I've
Hit ground zero under bugs and beetles
I'm tilted, inside my head's a lettuce but wilted
Serotonin, dopamine, and norepinephrine I spilt it
Could it be how many times I've been ran over and jilted?
That makes me wanna totally detach from light and just kill shit
I'll know when the pain is gone
It's just a matter of time before my bosses win
And I can feel the wrong
Coming up through the cracks of my heart again
I'm holding on, I'm going
Straight into the mouths of makers
Everything that keeps me calm was taken
I'm letting go, I'm burning through, reserves are low
Just pushing on these old restraints
My time is up cause it's too late I'm about to blow up on anyone in my way
My anger's set to show up, at any time today
I'm about to blow up on anyone in my way
My anger's set to show up, at any time today
I am lookin' for some fire, yeah, putting on my gang attire
Drooling and blood I can taste, so get the fuck outta my face
I'm a killer with a quick switch, yeah, all I ever really wanted was bliss
Look at me wither to waste, so get the fuck outta my face
Find another one to get bent, yeah, and it ain't no stoppin' this
Lovin' the thrill of the chase, so get the fuck outta my face N9ne's a nigga with the sick-ness,
yeah, and it ain't no blockin' this
It doesn't matter the race, just get the fuck out my face
Going, withering away Going, withering away
Going, withering away
I gotta say, when my mother died, I really did inside
And that's the other thing that did it Turning my crazy on a hundred babies gonna plummet
Maybe I should be committed
What am I supposed to do?
Do I just keep faking? fucking forsaking everything I am?

Another pissed mother fucker with a fist and a plan
Oh but you're making me do this
I can scream while you stand there clueless
If you're listening I've made up my mind Take another step and I'll snap this time!
Something please save me, I'm losing myself
I don't think I wanna stop it, but the feeling inside is nauseous
I get really exhausted off it, gotta find a way to wash it lock it
Profit matter so I got to drop it, ain't nobody in the cockpit
Toss this lostness, people from the office boxes
If you cross this boss live cautious
Don't make me, don't make me repeat myself
For your safety, because a pilly is beneath my belt
But I don't wanna do anything bad to anybody But I'll never be perfect
So I'ma say to the people that got a little evil comin' at you from me I think they
deserve it
Going, withering away Going, withering away
Going, withering away
(Down)
Straight, you don't really snap it out My lady backin' out cause I'm becoming really mean and
vicious
Watching me wither, how can I give her
Blood when I been so tainted round these bitches
We are the antidote
Chemically inbalanced, completely dependable
Soak blood on my knuckles and taste it
Another sick kid labeled as wasted
I don't forgive, I don't forget
I haven't got time to regret
Everybody else in the world can hate me
Nobody but me can save me!
Shit, Yates, hates, this, place
If they close enough for me to hit the switch
I'm willing to never turn it on
I got the feelin' I'm gonna be comin' and killin'
There gonna be reelin' the evil in front of a psycho
And them who mentally gone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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