

Too late...

I'm just above a flat line dreaming of it.
It's like a place where my fam can get free with a grip.
Nothing fancy we just want a little bit and we'll work for more if we sometimes need it.
It's heated where I'm at and these cats want to spray there's ammonia on the wind almost every other day.
Like Lenny Kravitz baby! I want to get away.
but the money's too short, and they call it good pay.
The lies told to me... they're deeper than the stakes holding up the street lights over all calamity.
And vanity is rampant like a sinkhole in a sandpit.
Humanity's a river where they built a God and damned it.
(Church) Pamphlets blow through the boroughs to the gate... I'm seeing all this wrong but it's never too late.

It's never too late!
It's never too late!
It's never... too late!

Lately I've been warm, feeling this strong, sense of direction but I don't know where I'm going.
I was born here, but I'm feeling so foreign as I listen to the world we exist in snowing.
Blowing my mind like a bullet hole's showing.
I look the same size but the inside's growing... out to the tips with the nicks, cuts and shit.
I sanitize my hands cuz these germs wanna kiss.
I don't know man... I'm just a fan of the free.
I guess sometimes a name can be what it be.
And honestly they sleep when they're walking on their feet, that's why I'm neat the seed I carry in my speak.
I'm alive and trying to do better than survive, another ocean tide leaves a few open minds.
These pearls of the world got my mind in bind,
I want you to get yours, but I've got to get mine.

It's never too late!
It's never too late!
It's never... too late!