

BELIEVER

First things first

I'm going to say all the words
my head

I'm fired up and tired

Of the way that things been

The way that things have been
things second

Don't you tell me what you think that I could be

I'm the one at the

I'm the master of my sea

The master of my

I broken from a young age

Taken my sulking to the masses

Writing my poems for the few

That to me, look to me

Shook to me, feeling me

Singing from heartache the pain