

White pale face
Breathing in the snowflakes
Burnt lungs, sour
Light's gone, end
Struggling to rent
Long nights, men
And they say
She's in the Class A Team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this since 18
But lately, her face seems
..... **sinking, wasting**
Crumbling like pastries
And they
The worst things in life come to us
'Cause we're just the upper hand
And go mad for a grams
And she don't wanna go outside tonight
And in a pipe she flies to the motherland

Or sells love to man
It's too outside
For angels to fly
Ripped gloves,
Tried to swim, stay afloat
Dry wet clothes
Loose change, notes
Weary-eyed, dry throat
Cool girl, no
An will die, covered in white
Closed eyes and hopin' for a life
This we'll fade out tonight
Straight down the line