

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 agrams

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

Anwill die, covered in white

Closed eyes and hopin' for a life

This, we'll fade out tonight

Straight down the line