

Freedumb

Sadistik & Kristoff Krane

Kristoff Krane

I feel alone and depressed, I miss my best friend
My wife's a thousand miles from home, the road I'm on's a dead end and
So I lie to smoke choking shove my fat grin with a bag of preservatives till I purge in a napkin
In the back of a van with no backup plan
Just some lower back pain from holding up this avalanche
If I had the chance to change I probably wouldn't take it
I preferred the benefits of learning how to communicate it
I miss the Mrs. so much, I hold a picture of her
To bridge the gap between her touch and my vision of us
If it wasn't for your love I couldn't trust the rush of endorphins
So thanks for reminding me about what's important

Sadistik

I'm one van nap away from coming just a sliced throat
From that path I take I'm struggling to find home
I'm on the right road leading me to nowhere
And I don't know where I learned to juggling knife show
But I hope it's embedded on my gravestone
Brainstorm so much that my head is filled with rainbows
There's no pot of gold, leprachauns and fables
Just another hollow soul with death upon his facial
I'm just a vagabond who never had a mum
Who ever had a bond except when it was painful
So I never stayed close
I stayed sharp with the crayons in my paws sketching all the angels

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My God - if I do not change the way I'm living I'm a
Die young - but at least then you could say I did it like an
Icon - left them all uplifted and constricted like a
Python - sipping on elixirs just to fit in with the
Life long friends who helped me paint a pretty picture so when
I'm gone we can all pretend I made a difference within
My songs ride on
Ride on Ride on to that distant sunset till the butterflies in stomachs learn to fly on
Top of the puddle till I reach the light at the end of the tunnel I'm blind from
Caught in a struggle I'm trying to fly with my head into trouble my mind's numb
I know I'm low, high hopes I focus my sights on
Divulge my soul I'm so hopeless in my thoughts
Before sky high beanstalks
Tied tongue sing low while I sweet talk
We walked a thin line between self destruct and detox
Cos these scars are deep enough to rob us of our freedom

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>