Mercury: Retrograde

Ghostemane

Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique
Ask me if I give a fuck about a diss
Ask me if I give a fuck about fame
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing
Ask me if I give a fuck about a diss
Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique
Ask me if I give a fuck about fame
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing
I just decided by the grace of the god Poseidon
That you're so dead to me I dug a hole for you to lie in
I'm sick and disowning
All the moments
And the key components
That led me to follow hollow promises from empty monads
It's 11 degrees and I can see my breath so I know I'm breathing but I got no pulse I swear to
Thelema my heart ain't beating I better get
Back to the black hole sun
Leaving my gun
I don't need it for this one I'm
Finding the silver lining and I'm mining for hope
Trying to keep my wrists closedYou are toxic
My blood, your lips
You are toxic
My blood, your lips
I'm about to pass and I know I'm not (No I'm not)
Not comin back till I resurrect (Resurrect)
Scatter me so I don't ever come back
I was alone and I never wanna go backAsk me if I give a fuck about a diss
Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique
Ask me if I give a fuck about fame
Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing
Ask me if I give a fuck about a diss
Ask me if I give a fuck about a clique
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Recently I just don't give a fuck about a thing

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