

WHY (INTERLUDE)

Why is everything ive been told been half a truth
Why does shit feel manipulative what parents tell to youth
Why do these questions make me pull em all-nighters
Why it feel like im going against gods ghostwriters
I have no fighters, by my side, its only me
Why it feels like there was never definition of free
I cannot live in this world that is only 3D
i can escape from my mind and dive in endless sea

Why is sky blue, why is grass green
Why is nothin true, and why are lies clean
Why is empathy taken away from us through small screen
Why do i even bother if imma be back at the same routine

Why is that im always stuck and i cant ever be better
I was never really a type to be a go getter,
Never a center, only on side, may god decide
If my vision was true, or i was blinded inside