

# Deep End

## Swollen Members

(Prevail)

What begins with an 'a' and ends with "asphyxia"?  
Me, Prev One, the microphone cripple  
A life on the edge of the walking dead  
You either talk in black or you speak in red  
I can't help you if you don't have the language down  
It's either sink or swim and the average drown  
Some of us stay afloat and respect the wave  
With your mouth full of sand, burnt by sunrays  
Five Ways to Sunday, A Fistfull of Dollars  
A barrel full of commerece, blasting the somber  
We always stand guard over the late shift  
The cause and effect of the light and the mist  
In the world of mixtapes and other sick breaks,  
I spit like my life depends on what I make

CHORUS:

Work at late night, not that we hate light  
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight  
Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
It's the deep end, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light  
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight(Mad Child)  
Hand to hand combat, gone far beyond that  
Armed to the teeth, this is a bomb threat  
Graveyard shift, way past obnoxious  
We play to win, you count your losses  
An awesome roster, original designed rhymes find time  
To make the shiver up your spine climb  
This ain't theatrics, we rock with tactics  
Smash on you plastic actresses for practice  
The fact is I'm violent by nature, don't hate ya  
Like most people about as much as they like me  
Haven't found a way to say Fuck You politely  
These days I stick to myself, but sometimes get sick of  
myself

Got my own circle, love my people, bleed for my people  
Need no replacement, Mad Child's life unfolds with bold  
statements

CHORUS:

Work at late night, not that we hate light

Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight  
Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
It's the deep end, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light  
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight(Mad Child)  
I'm not a vampire but I'm walking on a fine line  
over fire tight-rope, barefoot on barbed wire(Prevail)  
I'm not a werewolf but I force my fangs onto the townfolk  
Drain a little cowpoke until the city's bloodsoaked(Mad Child)  
I'm not a goblin, a hobbit, a ghost, or ghoul  
Swollen Members ain't fuckin' with most you fools(Prevail)  
I'm not a phantom, a banshee, a witch, or an ogre  
But my crew's got the best chance of taking over(Mad Child)  
Yo, I don't transform and I don't change shapes  
Don't take the bus, don't shoplift tapes  
But I used to, and if you choose to,  
Here's something to pop inside your walkman and cruise to(Prevail)  
I'ma pay dues and blues, that's the truth  
If there's one thing I've learned from life, it's what's  
to lose  
I know, that's why we never duplicate shows  
You're just an imitation, you can die like white buffaloCHORUS:  
Work at late night, not that we hate light  
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight  
Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
It's the deep end, people are sleeping  
Pull words out of their dreams, it's the deep end  
Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light  
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>