

# Wither (feat. Corey Taylor)

## Tech N9ne

I don't care, they say my angel glow is subsiding  
I'm sliding outside of these high beams and I won't dare  
Try to mend this tear, I love I'm fading  
The good once there is just dying  
So I'm withering away and I'm a trigger when I spray  
And I'm attacking everybody till the feeling's gone! All my life I loved with people, so passive  
back then  
I thought I'd be above this evil, my tolerance level  
Then was up with doves and eagles, currently I've  
Hit ground zero under bugs and beetles  
I'm tilted, inside my head's a lettuce but wilted  
Serotonin, dopamine, and norepinephrine I spilt it  
Could it be how many times I've been ran over and jilted?  
That makes me wanna totally detach from light and just kill shit  
I'll know when the pain is gone  
It's just a matter of time before my bosses win  
And I can feel the wrong  
Coming up through the cracks of my heart again  
I'm holding on, I'm going  
Straight into the mouths of makers  
Everything that keeps me calm was taken  
I'm letting go, I'm burning through, reserves are low  
Just pushing on these old restraints  
My time is up cause it's too late I'm about to blow up on anyone in my way  
My anger's set to show up, at any time today  
I'm about to blow up on anyone in my way  
My anger's set to show up, at any time today  
I am lookin' for some fire, yeah, putting on my gang attire  
Drooling and blood I can taste, so get the fuck outta my face  
I'm a killer with a quick switch, yeah, all I ever really wanted was bliss  
Look at me wither to waste, so get the fuck outta my face  
Find another one to get bent, yeah, and it ain't no stoppin' this  
Lovin' the thrill of the chase, so get the fuck outta my face N9ne's a nigga with the sick-ness,  
yeah, and it ain't no blockin' this  
It doesn't matter the race, just get the fuck out my face  
Going, withering away Going, withering away  
Going, withering away  
I gotta say, when my mother died, I really did inside  
And that's the other thing that did it Turning my crazy on a hundred babies gonna plummet  
Maybe I should be committed  
What am I supposed to do?  
Do I just keep faking? fucking forsaking everything I am?

Another pissed mother fucker with a fist and a plan  
Oh but you're making me do this  
I can scream while you stand there clueless  
If you're listening I've made up my mind Take another step and I'll snap this time!  
Something please save me, I'm losing myself  
I don't think I wanna stop it, but the feeling inside is nauseous  
I get really exhausted off it, gotta find a way to wash it lock it  
Profit matter so I got to drop it, ain't nobody in the cockpit  
Toss this lostness, people from the office boxes  
If you cross this boss live cautious  
Don't make me, don't make me repeat myself  
For your safety, because a pilly is beneath my belt  
But I don't wanna do anything bad to anybody But I'll never be perfect  
So I'ma say to the people that got a little evil comin' at you from me I think they  
deserve it  
Going, withering away Going, withering away  
Going, withering away  
(Down)  
Straight, you don't really snap it out My lady backin' out cause I'm becoming really mean and  
vicious  
Watching me wither, how can I give her  
Blood when I been so tainted round these bitches  
We are the antidote  
Chemically inbalanced, completely dependable  
Soak blood on my knuckles and taste it  
Another sick kid labeled as wasted  
I don't forgive, I don't forget  
I haven't got time to regret  
Everybody else in the world can hate me  
Nobody but me can save me!  
Shit, Yates, hates, this, place  
If they close enough for me to hit the switch  
I'm willing to never turn it on  
I got the feelin' I'm gonna be comin' and killin'  
There gonna be reelin' the evil in front of a psycho  
And them who mentally gone

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