

Ziegler Stardust

Haden Sightz

I am the kid who
Never had shit
Poverty stricken
I don't know about you
But where I came from
There was never handouts where I lived
Just broken dreams
Broken locks on broken homes
Somebody broke in and stole my shit
When I find out who it is its over with
Meanwhile
Momma stressing while making the ends meet
Crack rock got her high as the rent be
Hurting me deeply
But what can I do about it?
Won't run, won't hide, pick up a knife, or cry about it
When it comes to mine
You're fucking right I'd die
I'd rather be dead than living in fear
Look in the mirror
And it becomes clear
I'm losing my mind
Losing my health
It's so difficult staying faithful in Hell
That I've been considering killing myself
What am I saying?
That wouldn't help
What am I saying?
That wouldn't help
But I feel like I tried everything else
I'm at the end of my wits
To stubborn to quit, I lose
I've got to much shit to do
And shit to prove
And suicide is pitiful
So that's not how I'm going out
My momma still need a house
And I can't let my bro and sis grow up alone

Without that big brother around

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