

## KIDDO GRAM

Washing your face front of “yourselves”  
Black butterflies fly through your chest  
Well, never think to not look forward  
Your heart is just trying to spell a word  
You will keep strong your teethes and tears  
You’ll be destroyed on violin  
Slowly, “gloatly” and for the best,  
You won’t even notice about the rest

And you will try to keep yourself  
But you will cry front of us  
People around will criticize  
The little kiddo broken as a doll  
You think you’ll fall but you’ll just fly  
Your extremes scare you such they’re wild  
Your extremes fright cause they’re inside  
You think you’ll fall but you’ll just fly

The wheel will never stop to run so, you don’t care how will it end? ...  
The butterflies will do their best to fly and burn against and over mess

You never cried all the way!  
Kiddo! you shall try that someday!  
You keep your voice stuck in your chest  
Fighting with bones, walls and reflex  
You want to cry gram by gram  
The fancy mask you’ve got to wear  
You want to try to disappear  
You want to try; you want to fly

And you will try to keep yourself  
But well, you will cry front of us  
People around will criticize  
The little kiddo broken as a doll  
You think you’ll fall but you’ll just fly  
Your extremes scare you such they’re wild  
Your extremes fright you cause they’re inside  
You think you’ll fall  
...  
But you’ll just fly