



LOVE



Sadrick in England

Grime Norteño

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Sadick in England feeling so grey
 Clouds above him all night all day
 Wanderin' streets no path no goal
 Lost in a world taking its toll

Old city lights they don't inspire
 No warmth in his heart no flicker of fire
 Sipping cold tea in a room so dim
 Loneliness creeps up the chances slim

Sadick is boring he's tired and sore
 He stares at the walls he's craving for more
 England's his prison his mind is his cage
 Trapped in a story that's stuck on a page

Once vibrant dreams now faded to air
 Hopes once thriving now stripped down bare
 No escape from this monotone life
 Cutting him deep like a sharp little knife

Sleep doesn't come when the night is here
 Thoughts keep on spinning in his weary sphere
 Raindrops tapping on the worn-out pane
 Watching the world through a curtain of rain

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Sadrick 在英國

英格蘭的 Sadrick 感覺很灰暗
 雲整夜整日在他頭頂上
 流浪街頭沒有路沒有目標
 迷失在一個正在付出代價的世界中

舊城區的燈光不激發他們的靈感
 他的心裡沒有溫暖，沒有火焰的閃爍
 在昏暗的房間裡喝著冷茶
 孤獨使機會渺茫

Sadrick 很無聊，他又累又酸痛
 他盯著牆壁，渴望更多
 英格蘭是他的監獄，他的思想是他的牢籠
 被困在一頁紙上的故事中

曾經充滿活力的夢想如今已煙消雲散
 曾經欣欣向榮的希望現在破滅了
 無法擺脫這種單調的生活
 像一把鋒利的小刀一樣深深地割著他

當夜幕降臨時，你卻無法入睡
 思緒在他疲憊的領域繼續旋轉
 雨滴敲打著破舊的玻璃
 透過雨幕看世界

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