

Leonardo

Chicago Underground Trio

Ab antiquo, ab integro
Audi vide, tace si vis vivere in pace
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Audi vide, tace si vis vivere in pace Why cannot man also fly? He's chained down to the earth
Not like birds in the sky, soaring from birth
Devices of destruction, devices of death
Find out their construction, give them life, give them breath Which God may I thank?
Making art from a canvas, blank
Paintings from the Holy Book
Depicting Christ and the chance He took Oh, tell me, when will you ever learn
The true depths of my work?
Future is my concern, you know, art is my church Gaze inside the quest of man and find a new machine
I learn everything I can, dig it up, cut it clean
Always tried my very best to find what lies within
Put myself to the test, judge me not, it's not a sin Which God may I thank?
Making art from a canvas, blank
Paintings from the Holy Book
Depicting Christ and the chance He took Oh, tell me, when will you ever learn
The true depths of my work?
Future is my concern, you know, art is my church When I'm dead and I'm gone
Will you remember me?
I've seen beyond the sun, reinventing machines Ab antiquo, ab integro
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