Warming Up the Brain Farm

Lo Fidelity Allstars

Dear God,
The patient's best intentions have sadly faltered.
Despite his newly installed, varnished brain, and being
force-fed gallons of viscous demented liquor, he is
determined to obtain the new drone spiders' trophy.
He dreams of becoming the scorpion who never sweats.
Quite frankly i'm sickened to have this individual infiltrate
my headspace.
He talks of lascivious laughs haunting his every second
as the clock spits, clicks, and time speeds by in the
form of a neon snake.
Massive delusions?
Very probably.
I fear for my safety.
He is as weak as his fellow man.
I am now surrounded by hypocrites, liars, drunks,
clowns, fools, sycophants and the desperate.
I insist we barter with the moon to sell the patients
cohesive lyrical maps in exchange for a vision of the
future.
Stricken with grief, I have no choice but to turn to lethal
toxins
Hardcore Punk Paste.
Allstars takin' over...Early draft of lyrics taken from Radio 1 Breezeblock DJ set
Dear God,
The patient's best intentions have sadly faltered.
It has of late become apparent, he's driven by lust and
he's as weak as his fellow colleagues.
A hypocrite, surrounded by liars and bed-wetters.
Stricken with grief, he turns to lethal toxins, hardcore
Punk Paste.
Goodbye Lord
Allstars takin over...

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