Soul Searching

Dafuniks

Oh no, its happening again.
Trouble sends him waiting for the dead begins.
No doubt, im making dollars make sence, but it really doesn't matter that much in the end.I grab the pen, what gets me off the madras is the music, the love is deeper and its everlasting.
it follows me from the cradle to the casket.
Because satisfaction gathering my soul shattered fragments.
...
At times man, i wish i was alliterat, then i couldn't read all the letters that are slipping through my letter slit.
Nothing but bills, using an agressive rhetoric.
saying" give us the doe", or we got other means to settle it.
And, just as i get to thinking that i'll better quit, i start practicing verbs, nouns, adjectives and predicates and when im in that zone, you better step back a bit. Sometimes i feel inadequate, but when i rhyme, i laugh at it.
Then i'm in control by the insole becomes a hole, ____ a nose?
Like a magnetic pole, i got mad methods, of delivering my flow.
when the crowd starts shivering - yo, its not because they're cold

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