Conspiracy Theories Without Mel Gibson

Weerd Science

I'm just a ghost of my former self
Formin' a non-formidable more bionicle toxin of mental health
Was never born into wealth
I jumped out of my mother with two horns stickin' outta myself
God is in the details
Relay my message now from what planet he hails
It pales in comparison to mix with the fuckin' beat
Like Wookies and Harrison did it
Rooky be handlin' his business
Rottin' your fuckin' brain like the box that you're starin' in
The unescapable, unexplainable, band-unbreakable, unmistakable
Scent of hatred stuffed up in my nasal
Breathe it in and leave it in, let it soak in these heathens
And these demons could really use a good ass reamin'
So I give it to 'em, spit it to 'em
Apocalyptic visions of cities in ruin
I'm doin' whatever it takes for the sake of argument
Show you that the target's us
While you lay on your back beggin' to fuckNow ha ha ha ha
Laugh if you want to
Just when you think you're safe
Uh-Oh, they got you
All the other sheep are dead
Who you gonna flock to?
Get in line motherfucker before they pop you*The CIA plants the chip inside your body
from a needle that they stuck you with at a crowded party
How would you know it, there were so many people around
I know it sounds crazy, trust me, believe it*I been all over this Earth to search for somethin'
And since birth I been cursed to dispurse the substance
And accusations, relations and it cause hesitations
My blood pressure rise like the state of inflation
I'm pacin' two steps, turn around fast
But I'm one step to late, sand in the hour glass
I'm standin' here like an asshole and wastin' my chance
While I live here in this black hole, see it at a glance
You'll miss it, gauranteed, you'll never get it
Let it eat away at your skin, ooh God bless it
My vision stays hidden like telephone women
I give it everything I got and I'm so tired of livin'

Get 'em wild and I feel it's my duty to tell the truth
And I'm sorry that all I got is warnings and no proof
And I know that none of you beleive my conspiracy theories
I say 'em loud but nobody hears meHa ha ha ha
Laugh if you want to
Just when you think you're safe
Uh-Oh, they got you
All the other sheep are dead
Who you gonna flock to?
Get in line motherfucker before they pop you*The FBI'll make certain to know your whereabouts and all your contacts ???
Barely scattered high-rolling gangsters
You're sadly mistaken, it's all of us, believe me*It's like the Brains in DC, man of police
Somebody stuck HR, now the man is crazy
Maybe it just helps to have an explanation for myself
I shake in public on me the eyes I felt 'em
On my back like Eastpacks watchin' over my actions
I can live with that
But the inside of my brain, fuck I can't have that
They couldn't possibly understand the thoughts of a simple man
Who's a simpleton, got a simple plan from a simple fan
Well damn, this is higher-ups
Don't touch what doesn't belong to 'em
I'm on to 'em
Paranoid? Yes
Anxious, always
The moment is upon us 'cause they slippin' in they old age
No matter who run up on us we run it right back at them
We attack 'em with the cyber fiber-optics sarcotic
Chronic induced spasms
Yeah I have 'em, I punch and I jab and I grab at 'emNow ha ha ha ha
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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