Synplicity

Zug Izland

[Reversed]Kings and Queens, just show us where we should be (you motherfuckers)
Is my mind explicit cause I hang with a sinner?
Hand and hand with the hatchet but its nuttin familiar
Nonbelievers keep walking till we finally arrive
Black smoke around the family with the red in our eyes
Cold chills from the death holding on to the past
With a pistol to the temple cause your lifes movin fast
Devastated by the anger that you need to escape
Right hand on the book, flip the page, choose your fate
Kiss the dead, on the red moon night
Will they cry? Well I think they just might
Torturing! What's a frozen tear?
This ain't Hell, but I'd rather be there
Spider web, makes it hard to move
Death awaits, yet I have nothing to prove
Twiztid souls, in my mental game
Murder comes, and goes with no kind of blame
Power drains, as the dark becomes light
Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight
What will ever become, of this book that I hold
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity
Rain drops fall from the dark night sky
Bodies crawl from garbage cans and alleyways alike
You can find me there in the shadows without a doubt
Time for my people and me to come about
Children of the River, and the misunderstood, downtrodden, and forgotten but
It's still all good
What you throw away is ours to keep, you know the children need a pillow

When they go to fuckin sleep
Your disease, quite infectious
Once I know, your the object of my lust
Acid rain, come on and stick out your tongue
There's enough, for each and every single one
Right or left, come follow me
Pyramids, lobotomy is necessary
Crystal ball, it's just Synplicity
Kings and Queens, just show us where we should be (you motherfuckers)
Power drains, as the dark becomes light

Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight
What will ever become, of this book that I hold
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity
I was running with a hatchet down the block, my leg got popped
When I copped a dub at the dope spot
Everybody out to get me everywhere I go, is it a sin to get your dick sucked
By a foe? (fuck no!)
What about the fact that I bring the dope guns, stay outta my way and don't
Make me have to use one
Can't help the feeling, my head overloads pull the trigger and unload
Power drains, as the dark becomes light
Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight
What will ever become, of this book that I hold
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity
SYNPLICITY!

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