Metamorphosis

Methods of Mayhem

A seed become a flower
A cocoon becomes a butterfly
Winter becomes spring time
And love becomes a childThe clouds become the rain
The sad becomes the pain inside
Cryin' becomes a game, yeah-e-yeah
And smoke becomes the flameI'm a father to my son, yeah
I'm a son to my father
You cannot dismiss
I'm living proof of metamorphosisTimes are changin' minds are re-arrangin'
It doesn't matter if you're Black, Buddhist or Asian
We all possess the power, concrete like a tower
So delicate seed becomes a flowerTimes are changin' minds are re-arrangin'
It doesn't matter if you're Black, Buddhist or Asian
We all possess the power, concrete like a tower
So delicate seed becomes a flowerA boy becomes a man
A song becomes a memory of a time in your life
A river becomes an ocean
And life becomes undoneFeelings become emotion
A marriage becomes a devotion for the rest of your life
The boredom becomes the same
And guilt turns into pain, yeahI'm a father to my son, yeah
I'm a son to my father
You cannot dismiss
I'm living proof of metamorphosisTimes are changin' minds are re-arrangin'
It doesn't matter if you're Black, Buddhist or Asian
We all possess the power, concrete like a tower
So delicate seed becomes a flowerTimes are changin' minds are re-arrangin'
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We all possess the power, concrete like a tower
So delicate seed becomes a flower[Incomprehensible]I'm a father to my son, yeah
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So delicate seed becomes a flowerTimes are changin' minds are re-arrangin'
It doesn't matter if you're Black, Buddhist or Asian
We all possess the power, concrete like a tower

So delicate seed becomes a flower

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