

Beautiful World

Archive

Progress is methodic, meaning step by step
Too much, too long, too many minds have slept
As the world grows gray, throw away mass produce
What are we to do now all hell has broken loose?
The noose in the gallows is shallow like the man
Who mean and selfishly brings about the master plan
So the rich get richer and the poor get suppressed
Killing off the lesser like a parasite or pest
In the beast we dwell, never my soul I sell
Will I kiss and tell?
Check the next episode as the plot thickens, minds stricken
With dilemma from the hand of the wicked, the bad meaning wicked
I'm on the other frequency for the time being
Everything's okay as long as my third eye seeing scenery
Through the retina translated by the brain
Then conveyed to the soul, we must seize control
All mistakes in the past, I try and shut it out
I can't be taking it no more so won't you cut it out
All of this driving ambition, I must let it out
Sometimes I gotta do for self that's what it's all about
Making light steps on the ground, touch down in the west
Unless I be mistaken, I see many bows are breaking
But I was only shaken my cerebral stays stable
Lay my hands upon the table 'cause I'm willing and I'm able
When the time comes, I travel over to the top
Climb higher, embark like the spark in my veins bloodfire
Try again to try my patience and you never will succeed
My inner space attacks the master race
My profession that is the most
'Cause you're the listener and I'm the humble host
So welcome to the distorted alternative view
As the mind showing the way to the few
[Incomprehensible]

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