

# Threehead

## The Most Serene Republic

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bless you all who made laughter  
Labs creation in head  
Thanks to those who wrote novel  
Efflorescence from the dead Troubled is creator  
Whose mind is always dancing Dance, your forehead  
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats  
Numbers one to  
Numbers one to six does not exist Dance, your forehead  
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats  
Numbers one to  
Numbers one to six does not exist Goodness, me the painter  
Every view a light  
Hugs goes to the steeple  
Efflorescence from the life Dance, your forehead  
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats  
Numbers one to  
Numbers one to six does not exist Dance, your forehead  
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats  
Numbers one to  
Numbers one to six does not exist I know the way to life  
Past the twenty-seventh birth date  
Your theories are crazy, brings nothing but maybes  
Your problems are building, twenty floors said and counting Yes, but you know not of the mind you speak  
My strength rises in dreams and in life, grows weak  
The artist, the raper, the candlestick maker  
Myself and I, put dreams to life The artist, the raper, the candlestick maker  
Myself and I, put dreams to life

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