

# Communion: the Crop Circle Thesis (1996)

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1: El Eloh]

I am he who walks beyond the cycle of Tan  
A guinea systematic survey  
On the heavens long before the spells of Kimet  
I had advanced cosmos journey apologist  
Substantiate statements  
I commands the aspects of creation  
Astronomers cant even interpret my ancient civilisation  
Of Andromeda  
The Dragon of Dracos come touch the inner sun  
I went forth, a life force out of the core of Epsu  
Bring forth the possibilities of solar energy into infinity  
Like a Nimbo; endless, trapped it, Kingu;  
A myth too ignorant Like the Sumerians  
Explorer of the solar system like Galileo  
Bring the mist of Mahabharata  
Celestial God symbolic to the disagreeable complex mathematics  
Of the Hebrew bible  
Receive and transmit the letters of the Rasqiniaans  
Who have seen the 3rd suns  
I am like Milton Milankovich  
Who outline the theory of ground philosophies  
Messiah of all biblical tablets  
Watch how the process of creation  
links with the measurements of Tan  
Scientifical like a geologist  
I bring the geological changes to the world  
Like the prophecies of the Book of Revelations[Verse 2]  
The compartment allies  
Now my device shatters the fusel anomas  
And for my dialectical, destroyed innocuous sinconquent  
Travel beyond 5 dimensions  
A cipher cytoplasm or phantasm  
An Orc's sight;  
Antithetical to atoms  
I leave you vacuous like an Organtoron, pulses  
Facilitate my brain waves, determining what planet I'm on  
CyberTron transmit my Mhakabaraso over the sea of influence  
Never neglect My lobular units

Stereo-material movements  
Painfully Cranials statisticals giving your Cerebral Cortex  
Damaging Demigods  
Crushing egos, into which a wench began by  
Extracting a Trans-cordial  
Connections of Macros-manic animals  
Caves of sleek stature, once sabbatical  
Once bring drama  
I'm bright on harrowing lava  
Within the Plexus from my anatomical  
It gets darker  
A sense of urgency  
Enters the atmosphere with my excursion  
In this Microcosm, a third version!  
Specifically a generation  
Of Mutated  
Warriors from the Nether;  
That's 'Neva Antiquated'  
My flux is like somatic stimulation  
As macro-electrolytes converge  
Eternal recurrence  
My mentals merge; its cyclical  
But it revamps its own thesis, Reaching  
The premium blend in the communion[Verse 3: Rasul]  
Follow me beyond the cloud  
In the stratosphere, to the House of El Huul  
It should lead you to a place opposite my heavenly throne  
In the temple of ancient Kimet  
Who discovered the wonders and the 24 elders  
These beings, the Rasqiniaans  
Come to enlighten you  
With supreme Mathematics  
Dramatically stood  
12 disagreeable  
12 agreeable  
7 feet tall in diameter  
These elders sit  
On the flight in the craft Niburu  
Passing through the universe density levels  
Heading straight for the wrath of Andromeda  
Elliptical physical galaxy  
Containing beings in the line of Dracos  
Stomping on negative snakes like Broncos  
Create magnetic field around my aura  
Incapacitating ships

Negative energy creates the spiritual slaughter  
Where you dwell in the physical world is horror!  
My mind returns to El Yeum  
To inform the elders of the incident  
In case of the need for assistance  
To return to my epic form  
From my physical;  
And see my soul arise into a sham  
Hitting the arcs of Cumulus clouds of Annun  
I left my image of a crop circle in the form of a galactical star map  
Perhaps to another plane of consciousness[Verse 4: Ikon The Verbal Hologram]  
Through a series of psychological tests  
I have been declared a demon  
Traveling through dimensions fatal weapons leave you bleeding  
Dissecting gray matter, doesn't matter in my cathedral  
But how could you stand my timberlands in your cerebral  
Faces of space probes be scattered through my mental  
Acoustics in my chamber just endanger instrumental  
Fundamental rhythms are symbols of paternal power  
Get devoured, by my infinite skills to disappear  
Getting lost in the holocaust that rage between my ears  
Complex like gravity  
Tragically and mathematically  
I defeat ya squadron black magically  
Analyze the tangle  
As you get mangled by my triangular rhythms...  
Systematic rotations of my words cause cataclysms

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