

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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