Brains

RIBS

Talking to yourself
You say things no one ever hears
Knowing yourself better
Than anyone ever couldBet you never thought you would
Honesty prevails in thought
You just can't lie to yourself
A patch of lucrid decisions
A thought of fame and wealthA caravan or process if you will
A stream of conscious waves
A prostitute of ideas
A maze of tracing knowledge
First and foremost feed your headRetrieve all that flows with memory
Obtain all you know with sensories
Approaching every act with contemplation
Attacking every-vision with indecisionConditioning is a routine of minds
Recruiting all the intellect it finds
Insecurity is merely your fear
Of maybe the outside hearing what you hear
Can't let 'em see, don't let 'em hear
Projecting like an airplane in flightI dream of things
That just aren't quite right
A projector shines on the back of my eyes
So my position of perception can riseA caravan or process if you will
A stream of conscious waves
A prostitute of ideas
A maze of tracing knowledge
First and foremost feed your headInsecurity is merely your fear
Of maybe the outside
Hearing what you hear
Don't let 'em see, can't let 'em hear

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