

# Brains

## RIBS

Talking to yourself  
You say things no one ever hears  
Knowing yourself better  
Than anyone ever could Bet 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 wealth A 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 head Retrieve all that flows with memory  
Obtain all you know with sensories  
Approaching every act with contemplation  
Attacking every-vision with indecision Conditioning 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 flight I dream of things  
That just aren't quite right  
A projector shines on the back of my eyes  
So my position of perception can rise A 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 head Insecurity 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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