

All right  
I can hear the ocean in a shell, but,  
for the life of me, I never heard your surges  
more than raindrops in a well.  
Paladin tribe, break beat elitists.  
Element five, fully sold on operation,  
jeopardised on my survival.  
I will survive when sprayed by heavens liquid  
ammunition,  
I'll survive when betrayed by my brethren's wicked  
ambitions,  
I'll survive when grated with shut-eye sticky thickets  
and thorns,  
born clutching a fistful.  
It hurts: morbidly blissful,  
forms spiraling.  
Sovereigns bring the rise from the funnel;  
a chorus line of blind crazes  
tap the water, find the tunnel.

As skinny clique mechanics flock to block pick of the  
land,  
we stretch the earth around the canvas  
dragging stick in the sand  
and pan the hell out!  
Amid your tireless bold,  
behold that iris spits clips  
subtly on supremacy, therefore, blemishes me.  
Oh, the treacherous penalty centers me, renders me  
vague,  
skating slalom through this churning murder columns

I am not entirely trained to undo the shame,  
and all I got's three pennies and a rusty mic unto my  
name,  
unto my game, the father Siamese approach  
to whose delinquent dichotomy  
cops Emerald City in wonderous novelty.  
Drink drum, sip a snare to spit a rigid sequence,  
that's when freak sons Fade to Black,  
like these pretty pink lungs, slugger.  
Paper dolls facade as swash buckler. (yeah)  
Bounty hunt the front to document the frosh cluster.  
I am structure with a smoke ring, militant distinction  
with a cloak-and-dagger stagger prime directive,  
and all else burrows itself amongst drunken  
perspective. (c'mon)  
Fade me. I flee the scene,  
grippin' the missing link  
like chain gang escapees.  
(I'm sayin')  
BUILD ME (me)  
KILL ME (me)  
We cadets hold determination  
as property undeniably divine;  
we leak passion for the noise.  
There is not a track to cherish

from he who lacks merit.

And all I think about's the motion,  
exerted to color mavericks alerted.  
Herd a billion nervous lost child prodigies home to  
flourish.  
Now taciturn facets burn open to yield malarkey  
navigator  
when wrestled on fancy driftwood out the vessel  
and I settle.  
A conquest:  
stamp it,  
label it  
fresh. (fresh)

I, in turn, apply policies which require intrinsic  
merit. (uh)  
Try to wallow down these yellow bricks with yesterdays  
appendix on hold;  
spot it like sky horizon, exposed to bar-codes.  
Load your fantasy.  
Interject a bad dream candidly,  
blue in the face, through in the chase  
between myself and fame's embrace.  
Face engaging,  
presence resonant with  
chiaroscuro atmospheric traps  
inhabit the land of denied clearance.  
(yeeah)  
Pigeon hold styles, drop similar.  
The course the corpse patients  
lacing non sequitur's that spittle off the chin.  
(spittle of the chin)  
Upon the recognition, pilot soften up the grin  
spinning me dizzy, cold. Bending my city to hold water.

Yeah, we got affiliates. Cadet merit and brilliance.  
Clever corporal[?] king-thing, crooked  
I shrink, I sink into my book.  
It's, like, fury blew the scaffolding askew,  
and tainted curiosities allowed the freak show to  
continue.

Forty thieves received the cue: commence blending a  
plan (yeah and that was spooky)  
and decorate the dusk like henna to hand.  
We unknowingly sketched the pentagram by sending clans  
of caffeinated couriers upon a quest to run the perfect  
circle around a star.

Bizarre pattern with a bad vibe  
like Jafar to Aladdin;  
pardon the carbon-based blaze  
amongst the stagnant trend frenzy,  
it offends me.  
Wait, ain't it the liquid soul therapy?  
I sip to grip a stationary pillar  
yet we slipped these boogie nights,  
sucked wattage from rookie lights.  
Now you proud.  
I'ma be there when you rush in,  
just to touch the mushroom cloud.  
Drink failure

Lord have mercy on their dreams...  
pretty pixels tend to trickle down the screen.

Know what I mean? (I scream)  
BUILD ME (me)  
KILL ME (me)  
We consider fresh soundplay we seek frighteningly close  
to extinct.,,  
My life line is an assignment:  
to feed the arts my spirit and to bleed merit

The conclusion is subtle:  
Huddled amongst hermitic gutter-bugs,  
peasants, and drunks,  
junkies to critics,  
sick dictators, haters,  
kings to alley urchins,  
monarchs, narcs to liars  
circling the wild fires, (fires)  
live wires; I tend to plan an action less than orderly  
in, with an otherwise uncommonly primer to normalcy  
torn, (torn)  
these trades fade as cadavers due to conflicting data  
matter.  
First heard as remarkable is now labeled as  
unmarketable.

Damn, thorn in my side...  
Now the high five hives despised from feedings of alien  
seedlings, retreating...  
Burst the threshold, make the vessel capsize,  
then the hollering's of buoyant survivors  
treading evoke dreaded Leviathan!  
Dead it.  
Headed to crunch the world of MC etiquette  
by dismantling mics prior to passing towards  
degenerates.  
How do you like that settlement? You feel that?  
A maverick like myself bottles the creativity  
till the cocoon naturally peels back.

This little light of mine shines  
at a hundred billion times  
the magnitude of every star  
within an ample sky sample.  
I alerted  
my sole crusaders  
to trade the games;  
prescribed them strict diets of DDT and Kelthane

It fester when ingested,  
Glorious vellum  
addressing helots to zealots,  
to Jezebel's to hellish felons,  
granted my span of attention is not what it used to be,  
but most of y'all delinquents ain't amusing me no  
more...

Get Merit.