

## Thru The Rhythm

### 13th Floor Elevators

Thru the rhythm of darkened times  
Painted black by knowledge crimes  
And repetitions pointless mime  
Instilling values the sick define  
That keeps the fabric that keeps you blind  
And ties your hands and cloaks your mind  
But on my stilts, I'm above the slime

Come on up if you can make the climb, but who am I?  
Who am I? Who am I?

I've smelled the stench from the fumes that rise  
From the books that rehash the same old lies  
I felt the panic that they disguise  
In the forms of laws of every size  
I've heard the teachers whine and make me drop out like flies  
But you know they teach you nonsense, cause they can't blind yo  
ur eyes  
I've seen the fools gold that they pawn off as their prize

To the average standard the norm supplies, but where am I?  
Where am I? Where am I?

You've gobbled all the blessings they caused you to digest  
They may be hard to swallow, but they keep your tongue deprese  
d  
Your scattered whims were born depressed  
So when something slams your chest  
You flutter about, you're sleek distressed  
And when you stop to ease your breast  
A scattered rim leaves you obsessed

While solid thoughts are soon suppressed, but where are you?  
Oh, where are you? Hey! Where are you?  
Where are you?  
Where are you?