

I forever wallow in glitches grimly distributed by side effects  
Consumed, cocooned in antisocial trenches drenched!  
Gridled between dense pillars of polar value lies  
a grey so blueless it's got eye fiendin for the sky  
Synthesized lies rise synthetic  
Sittin inside solidified plastics who's latteral burns germ compatible  
My firm's radically piloted, dodging a fire swiftly  
Yellow brick stalker walking shifty  
I am but a prototype metroid programmed to holocaust style  
while you're soakin in the stages of denial  
Your petty soldiers seem fragile like Jaquemetti sculptures  
Embedded in aramatic cultures. We's rock steady vultures  
Plus I's the guise of rowin a soul  
My wingspan stands flags in the snow of the poles  
Bezerk  
Swerve my alignment towards solitary confinement and jade it  
Stripping, color my passion mitigated  
Slipping

You always seem like a small grey cat to me  
Sleepin underneath the silvery moon  
Paws curled beneath your head  
'til the sun came round just around noon  
And you would greet me, purring in your doorway  
Drawing up your tail around my hips  
And I would go to your mouth wide open  
waitin for my nourish to come from your lips  
And I move you  
And you like it  
Just enough  
To let me  
But I hate you  
Cause you're lonely  
And you know how  
To forget me

For the love of my personal practice I reside  
where obstructive fluxes and societal withdrawl collides  
Slide fuel by the fury  
Spun a ring around my honor  
but the opulence took shelter in my horror  
Melancholy masquerade  
Cast amongst the braiding of biligerence  
and blazing terror that blew the lock down off my placement  
I stay special agent till the sky falls  
Reverse the curse till my fellow lost children disperse

And your footsteps leading down the pathway  
never seem to be quite like my own  
Your mind is smokey circles  
it blinded me till I turned towards home  
And you would watch me far in the distance  
hands held high above your head  
I only leave the territory where there's nothing left, to be said  
And I move you  
And you like it  
Just enough

To let me  
But I hate you  
Cause you're lonely  
And you know how  
To forget me

'You can come, I'll leap right over''

I make music and connect color to canvas  
Swoop down from the trees with potpourris and other bandits  
Landed randomly upon the valleys of the grimace  
Saw my planted leaf stars burnin from the ouside in  
Meaning your clout lies thin  
Salt prep the blades prior to five phase in my ever changin underworld  
Serate a day to decorate a traitor  
That sting never fades like belly wounds from sling blades  
Follow my portion, Im gonna swallow distortion and spit the filter

'You can come, I'll leap right over  
Any day you like  
System 605, Union 91''