

## Eye Of The Storm

Bliss n Eso

You see time stops still  
In the eye of the storm  
The foundation of my home  
Where my rhyming was born  
It's a rhythmic reality,  
A remedy through riddles  
Where love's a hurricane  
And you meet me in the middle

It's the good, the bad,  
The house I furnish  
The crystal clear sea,  
The sound I worship  
The rush of the city,  
The calm of the Outback  
The film called Life  
Where my heart is the soundtrack

It's that lucky streak  
Without no warning  
It's the memory of cartoons  
On Saturday morning  
It's that classic culture  
That connects the country  
Through raw energy  
That reflects we're hungry  
It's that timeless feeling  
That I get on stage  
It's those government bills  
That I'll never pay  
It's that fun I have  
Free-styling with my mates  
My little getaway  
That only music can create

You see time stops still  
In the eye of the storm  
The foundations of my home  
Where my rhyming was born  
It's a rhythmic reality,  
A remedy through riddles  
Where love's a hurricane  
And they meet me in the middle

It's the exotic breeze  
At the festival night show  
That hot sweaty air  
With the twist of that hydro  
It's the power of my passion,  
The picture my pen paints  
Caressing the canvas  
To put my click in a zen state  
It's that zone with my thought,  
The peace when it's starlit  
That blazing fireplace,  
Bare feet on the carpet  
Or sitting on my porch

Where this one sways freely  
And right through the night  
Until the sun rays greets me

It's the past love  
Still cooking inside  
It's that warm fuzzy feeling  
When I look in her eyes  
It's pouring out my heart and soul  
When I'm flipping the gems  
It's catching my dreams,  
Lost in Pulp Fiction again,  
It's like

I'll tell you what gets me by  
And gets me high,  
It's watching flicks with my chick,  
Making love on the sofa  
It's the bread that I can't afford  
To chuck in the toaster  
It's the real,  
That nothing comes close to  
It's finally getting Bliss  
To puff on the dohja

Yeah on more then 1 occasion,  
We're sure to come and blaze 1  
When It's heavy,  
Hit the hay at home,  
My horizontal haven  
It's that echo through eternity  
That still hits live  
It's life, a beautiful journey  
On a Bill Hicks ride

It's the chemistry,  
The brightest light,  
The 8th wonder  
The recipe of dynamite  
And Blade Runner  
It's the truth,  
That justifies this  
It's the father I have  
And the mother I miss

It's the love through my pencil  
When I feel the beat  
It's 40, 000 going mental  
On St Kilda beach  
It's 3 kids, in a club,  
Down a allley,  
That were sounding ill  
To march on through the Valley  
Of a Thousand Hills