

## Music Music

Eyedeia

I'll be writing till I'm dead or maybe till I'm alive  
All the emptiness I've bled has only helped me survive  
Something melted inside when the tones hit my pulse  
And stifled the idle eagerness to grow into my clothes  
No one that I know is any longer good at actin'  
Like they comprehend the motive uncoated to feed the corroded passion  
Actually needs to stay eye level with the rest  
That's the least I deserve for the love that I've shed  
I've trudged through the sediment in search of the rhythm  
Dove soul first to bathe nude in it's abyss  
Paid dues and made music my religion  
Now I listen, close my eyes, and forget I even exist  
I sing a bastard's tune, inspired by the noise  
The ship made before it sank and was finally destroyed  
I flaunt the grin of a man made for disguising a boy  
Who tried to avoid showing the cry in his voice  
But there's something special about the notes that he hears  
Those scales are redemption, unraveling repressed memories  
And when he breathes, a new energy enters and consumes him  
To heal his wounds and unseal his doom  
If only I could make you understand  
But words are just words so I can't  
The universe's deepest art form keeps my heart warm with influence  
I tell ya  
Ain't nothing quite as beautiful as Music

To be an angel, you gotta earn your wings  
To control your own, you gotta burn your strings  
To hit blackjack, you gotta turn a king  
But to live forever, all you gotta do is learn to sing  
I get a pleasure that's inevitably immeasurable  
And I won't let it be rejected by no man  
Why does it have to be so damn difficult  
To live in the frame of a game that will slit your throat?  
But I've dug in the mud in search of the drum  
Dove soul first to bathe nude in it's abyss  
Stayed true to the music, now my favorite thing to do is  
Close my eyes and forget that I even exist  
I hold this fistful of degenerate ideas  
For every genius that was murdered in the name of Jesus  
Still deaf to the bells that claimed to free us  
But I pay homage to my melody 'cause she's the sweetest  
The core of our spirit is naked  
The form of it's lyrics are sacred  
Blanketed by the original sound of the inner vibrations  
I'm floating on the soft clouds of positive creation  
See, I can look at a painting and admire the colors  
Or appreciate any type of art that I discover  
But what I dig's invisible  
It's my teacher and I'm it's student  
I tell ya  
Ain't nothing quite as beautiful as Music