

# Soundtrack Of A Romance

Eyedea

I could vividly recall my mood the day that art was murdered  
The wind blew a thin layer of dust on my garden bird  
Everything you knew was sideways and phallic  
The highways traffic added to Friday's madness  
The warm wrinkled skin loosely hung of earnest cheekbones  
Below eyes designed to bury the wolf under a sheep's clothes  
Some peoples sang, a few begged for change  
A young girl skipped a long with her hand glued to a candy cane  
I, however, walked with my back to it as usual  
Wanted to turn this dark comedy into a musical  
I'm used to reflecting the sorrow the world reflects at me  
We're forever intertwined as the anxious and angry  
The gloom moves into oxygen, consumed to keep me lost within  
A mushroom cloud of toxins deposited to leave the prophets doomed  
There I sat on a lead infested picnic table  
Waiting to be born, carefully evading mating season's evil horns  
I keep performing for the poets and philosophers  
But they don't know I was insane before and became popular  
I lose something every time I leave my house  
Trying to gain something by running my mouth  
My conscience don't hold a grudge against my impulse  
Honesty should be the best policy but it's not that simple  
Have you ever had the sky inject a cloud into your lymph nodes  
So all you see is how she gazes through a frameless window?  
Everyday I have a new argument with myself  
Wonder how I got this far up the ladder  
But by now I should have failed  
Can't go to heaven, never learned how to pray  
Oh well, Rather be in a place with less people anyway  
Somewhere between a snare and the extra-tire hogwash  
I got caught in a motion of a sex-inspired god talk  
My long-lost lover left me to date a real artist  
Ain't it strange how the whole story can be told through a guitar rift  
I'm a pretentious vendor of invention  
A sentimented way of staying the center of attention  
Take my advice and never take my advice  
I haven't left my own head long enough to really know about life  
But I dug dirt out of the ground and found Plato's time capsule  
Inside was a note that said, "sorry I lied"  
Part of my pride was dead the second that you talked to me  
And I knew that no matter what lied ahead you wouldn't walk with me  
So alone I traveled  
Clown shoes through dirty speed infested tourist colonies  
Tricking revolutionaries into thinking my records  
A new age life-insurance policy  
Then I'm off  
And before they get the chance to give me a dirty look  
Their money's spent at Borders on a brand new Christian Amerdy book  
A sturdy hook deserves a better catch phrase  
But I'm only still here because they can't detect  
Neurotic tendencies with x-rays  
It was a perfect day to sit and watch the wind  
Cause the recognition of my insanity  
Made me want to be hip-hop again

I make music to ride to, to cry to, to die to,  
Times two, and finally realize you're alive to

I make music to vibe to, to close your eyes to  
Break your mind from each vault that sits inside you

I make music for survival, to find you  
To hide from the landscape humanity went blind to

I make music to rhyme to, to waste time to  
To die to, to realize I'm alive to