I'm the fire bearer Holder of the sun The Earth and the universe combined as one An everlasting energy taking all forms Blue skies on sunny days, terrible the storms The one who tears down what you adorn And curses the material things that you mourn But look up in the sky 'cause I am the dawn And the light that empowers your flesh as you yawn Strong, undeniably so Lif better known as a society foe The deity glow reach into my center I bet you feel pleasure and pain as you enter The tormenter, pleaser, embracer, squeezer As your skeleton crush Your physical turns into gelatin plus Due to over stimuli You liquify I send you back to the earth soil to quench the turmoil When the ground splits To swallow of corporations and cops Give birth to rocks So we can have solid ground on which to walk Stand strong and talk And write down theories in chalk on the side walk

"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell Look into the eyes of a \*nigga\* who fell" ----> Buckshot "The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell Look into the eyes..."

My style orbits Around nine planets of forces Ominous metaphorics in vision of devil corpses Lying order, mad scientist slash author Present the type of horror that boils your holy water Get warped with the knowledge that folds the holy father Hard boys become toys inside the real saga So why bother My whole flaw lines is harder So bring the drama We all know that science is smarter I set off crowds, style wild like a circus I seek through souls when I walk past churches Allah praise you, stay true to a devout purpose Seeking out the wise wherever the God searches Flows that I embark and leave your squadron shadow dodging Lyrics assault men' like slugs that fill harkness No option, narrow odds Fucking with god is straight gambling with your tarot cards

Open the gates of Midian
For the fangs like the flesh
Three cyborgs who Bang like Ladesh
We hang the best
Spit venom until your face burn
Yet the critics are parasitic like a tape worm

The hate burn, scathe the urn of a Buddhist Snake turn and fake yearns the kiss of judas We take lives with knives steady abusing ya With the vicious intentions of denting your uvula Bruising ya with text of a Harvard class Ikon will smash into shards of glass To reform into a whirlwind of sand Then reborn into the word Hologram A solemn man with plans to intwine matter Mind splatter from the grind of my divine hammer