

Scatagoria

Masters of Reality

The pill with a will the crush or the pull
The shepherd that leads brahma into the bull
With our eyes to the ground like a divining rod
A pulse that is weak for failing odds
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Baby wake up baby don't cry
Now if I wasted my wish in a flash you'd understand why
Natural law supernatural call
I could go spiraling up to see what's on top of it all
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