

# Metamorphosis

Methods Of Mayhem

A seed become a flower  
A cocoon becomes a butterfly  
Winter becomes spring time  
And love becomes a child

The clouds become the rain  
The sad becomes the pain inside  
Cryin' becomes a game, yeah-e-yeah  
And smoke becomes the flame

I'm a father to my son, yeah  
I'm a son to my father  
You cannot dismiss  
I'm living proof of metamorphosis

Times are changin' minds are re-arrangin'  
It doesn't matter if you're Black, Buddhist or Asian  
We all possess the power, concrete like a tower  
So delicate seed becomes a flower

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A boy becomes a man  
A song becomes a memory of a time in your life  
A river becomes an ocean  
And life becomes undone

Feelings become emotion  
A marriage becomes a devotion for the rest of your life  
The boredom becomes the same  
And guilt turns into pain, yeah

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