

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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