

Through meditation I program my heart
To beat breakbeats and hum basslines on exhalation
I burn seven day candles that melt
Into twelve inch circles on my mantle
And I can fade worlds in and out with my mixing patterns
Letting the Earth spin as I blend in Saturn
Niggaz be like spinning windmills, braiding hair
Locking, popping, as the sonic force
Of the soul keeps the planets rocking
The beat don't stop when, soulless matter blows
Into the cosmos, trying to be stars
The beat don't stop when, Earth sends out satellites
To spy on Saturnites and control Mars
'Cause niggaz got a peace treaty with Martians
And we be keepin em up to date with sacred gibberish
Like "sho' nuff" and "it's on"
The beat goes on, the beat goes on, the beat goes "ohm"

And I roam through the streets of downtown Venus
Trying to auction off monuments of Osiris' severed penis
But they don't want no penis in Venus
For androgynous cosmology sets their spirits free
And they neither men nor women be
But they be down with a billion niggaz who have yet to see
That interplanetary truth is androgynous
And they be sending us shout outs through shooting stars
And niggaz be like, "Whattup?" and talking Mars
'Cause we are solar and regardless of how far we roam from home

The universe remains our center, like "ohm"

I am no Earthling, I drink moonshine on Mars
And mistake meteors for stars cause I can't hold my liquor
But I can hold my breath and ascend like wind to the black hole

And play galaxaphones on the fire escapes of your soul
Blowing tunes through lunar wombs, impregnating stars
Giving birth to suns, that darken the skins that skin our drums

And we be beating infinity over sacred hums
Spinning funk like myrrh until Jesus comes
And Jesus comes every time we drum
And the moon drips blood and eclipses the sun
And out of darkness comes a
And out of darkness comes a
And out of darkness comes the