

Makeshift Kingdom

Sweatshop Union

Welcome to my Makeshift Kingdom, spaceship engines
Inca, Maya
Lakota, Tsimshian
Africa risin
Middle East churnin
We don't give a fuck, let the griddle keep burnin
Truth be told we nuclear souls
Indigo, in the cold, new to these zones
Carbon based body make a suitable home,
my temporary temple, I'm soon to be gone
Fly, pelican fly to the moon
Jupiter, Lucifer, high from the shroom
Underworld chillin with Osiris and gloom,
you in the jungle runnin like Elijah's platoon
Watch us rise from the tomb
crystalline dreams civilized the baboon
You liars are doomed,
I'm standing in the fire sayin I am the truth, let's go

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Everything that was
Everything that is
Everything that will be, everything is this
Welcome to my Makeshift Welcome to my Makeshift Welcome to my Makeshift King
dom

None of it even matters
Cause we ain't even matter
We takin it makin it,
just from repeating patterns
Reenactments
Tryin to see some truth,
but it's buried far deeper than we can reach and path this
The same fabric of space we inhabit where we imagine these elaborate dreams
and haven't even ever seen
a fraction,
of what we really are
It's silly all we care about is cash and
Other such attachments,
keepin our minds absent,
and inactive,
trapped in the same place we have been for so long,
confusin territories with the maps in our minds,
too distracted to find where the path is
Blind to the vastness
Tryin to move forward just inclined to go backwards
Time just elapses
Searchin for the side where the grass is,
greener til we leave our bodies lyin in a casket

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Whatever happens, happens
Whatever doesn't, doesn't
I guess it is what it is, what it was wasn't
What I thought it was, it wasn't what I thought it wasn't
What I thought it was, it wasn't what I thought it wasn't

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