

## Dream In

Virtuoso

[Chorus]

Dreams! things aren't all that they seem  
Dreams! life's not all about cream  
Dreams! please say it all was a dream  
'cause the fight for real life's  
like a horrible scene

[Verse]

(Virt wake up!)  
the enemy's here  
they trying ta' take us  
let 'em see how the weaponry  
makes their frame break up  
it seems threads of life  
make up our stitch in time  
after the bomb dropped  
dawn got a different shine  
I find that it burns  
like a fire on the hearth  
I learned this day would come  
they were liars from the start  
my pride is in my heart  
so you'll never know  
how far Miguel will go  
until they digging up your skeletal  
remains I see change  
on the horizon  
or is it just the next bomber as it flies in  
wise men once let me know  
if it's not worth it then let it go  
or pop first and dead your foe  
now it seems like the options are dropping  
there's no more talking  
smart bombs are locked in  
and more often than not  
innocent people gotta get dropped  
for their leaders horrible plot  
while the one calling the shots  
fly free as a bird  
words they speak are absurd  
though they're frequently heard  
'cause they control the radio  
it's crazy though  
the dj's won't play me though  
unless I line their bank account  
with crazy dough  
and even corporate labels  
deep into debt, through spending in deficit  
bootlegging and internet  
meet the new me see a brain that's been cloned  
silicone flesh meshed with titanium bones  
I'm aiming my poems, at dictators  
reigning on thrones  
who raised their seeds cold  
in a cradle of stone  
then cast them in the street  
never gave them a home

the ones who shun the path  
that our saviors have shown  
we stole all of the crops  
that the natives have grown  
we must stick together  
no one made it alone  
'cause radiation give you cancer  
in your face from your phone  
or your throat from the smoke  
when you blazing a bone  
when you don't agree with leaders  
and behavior they've shown  
speak out there's no effect  
if your state is unknown I got sick of talking  
and caught aids in my poem  
now I spit from a coffin  
and a grave is my dome  
I grown by own body  
from dirt and grime  
it blows my damn mind  
like my brain was a landmine  
and I can't find  
a path out this nightmare  
does it end right here  
or extend for light years?!

[Chorus repeat]  
dreams...etc.