Archive, Beautiful World

Progress is methodic meaning step by step
Too much too long too many minds have slept
As the world grows grey throw away mass produce
What are we to do now all hell has broken loose
The noose in the gallows is shallow like the man
Who means and selfishly brings about the master plan
So the rich gets richer and the poor gets suppressed
Killing off the lesser like a parasite or pest
In the beast we dwell never my soul I sell
Will I kiss and tell? Check the next episode
As the plot thickens minds stricken with dilemma
From the hand of the wicked the bad meaning wicked
I'm on the other frequency for the time being
Everything's okay as long as my third eye seeing scenery
Thru the retina translated by the brain
Then conveyed to the soul
We must seize control
All mistakes in the past I try and shut it out
I can't be taking it no more so won't you cut it out?
All of this driving ambition I must let it out
Sometimes I gotta do for self that's what it's all about
Making light steps on the ground touch down in the west
Less I be mistaken I see many bows are breaking
But I was only shaken my cerebrals stays stable
Lay my hands upon the table cos I'm willing and I'm able
When the time comes I travel over to the top
Climb higher embark like the spark in my veins bloodfire
Try again to try my patience and you never will succeed
My inner space attacks the master race
My profession that is the most
'Cos you're the listener and I'm the humble host
So welcome to the distorted alternative view
As the mind showing the way to the few.