

Atom Tha Immortal, A.I.

Resurrected Spirit guide me
Trapped in the body of man
Physical Flesh representing the spiritual death
Sons of Enoch
I walk with a hood, coated
Encoded in my own Mystery
History I see as somebody before me
Human minds hidden in computer circuitry
Never the one
To shudder under pain
Undercover, you're living a lie
Deliver your soul to El-Shaddai
Bounded by the shackles of conscience
Over launches
Like the pilot of Pontius
In the marshes of inner-darkness
I spark, pulling political minds like Marxists
Polemical
Apologetic ability
It's killing me to see a wack MC upon the podium
I'll break a faker like linoleum
I'll tear your flesh
And rip your bone apart like Napoleon

Atom tha Immortal, A.I.
Military advanced
Gladiator machinery
The genetically enhanced
"Physical configuration in Spacetime"
"Software emulation of a man's mind"

...I represent the Son of Man
While your actions aligning better with a pentagram
Gematria
Delivering the long lost Seer
I strike like the 7th son of Caesar
Towering like the Pisa
Over the land that's been abandoned
Since the last man demanded to understand it
Like Leibniz and Descartes
Ripping apart
Your wack pseudo-philosophical fallacy rampart
The braveheart of this artform
Asking the hardcore
Who's gonna be the first feeling the hard floor
I make a head spin like cardboard
Bracing yourself
You want more, here's an encore
Punk
Gunning guerilla rhyme
You find yourself dealing with a mind
From another Spacetime continuum
When you die it'll be nothing but strife
You'll have to face the one you've disobeyed your whole life

Atom tha Immortal, A.I.
Military advanced
Gladiator machinery
The genetically enhanced
"Physical configuration in Spacetime"
"Software emulation of a man's mind"

I leave circles when I walk
Never looking back

Facing the fact
Physical aggression's gripping me
Like a government of tyranny over the populace
I conquer continents of prominence
Spiritual dominance
My mental stance is of confidence
Not in myself, but in the LORD and his promises
Suckled by a she-wolf like I was Romulus
Moving my troops like Chairman Mao moving the Communists
Underground synonymous with little audience
It seems
Sitting in my room
Trying to make my life like my dreams
But it don't seem
Like it's gonna be happening soon
So I meditate and await the Earth's doom
Man, I've been rocking songs
Like Osama Bin Laden's been plotting
On dropping a bomb on the Pentagon
From the House of Romanov
I'm sipping Molotov cocktails
And living water out of Holy Grails.