

# Dream Warriors, Dreamwarriors.com

[King Lu]

Well it's the year two thousand

Well it's the year two thousand

Well it's the year two thousand

Ninety has ended

Those who pretended

Now it is time for all

My noise organizes internets like protocol

Now it all makes sense

Now it all makes sense

Now it all makes sense

'Cause we are all warriors

I'm indiscreet like H2O inside air

'Cause you don't see me, doesn't mean that I'm not there

I'm not there

I'm not there

I'm not there

I'm not there

You need no eyes, I rob those like the eclipse

As you now pay attention to the end apocolypse

Pick a my, peel a my, pring a my foe

You discover now what we let go

The way your toys hear, they will help you not

The beads and guns are of a far-kind forgot

You are now intune

You are now intune

You will now stay tuned to my new lyrical pen strike

Blows as it grows like the balance changing

Resembling too that of a slow explosion

For hate runs deep inside the souls of city men

That must die with swords inside the souls of city men

I place love deep inside the souls of city men

men, city men serenades of violence

To forever be sung on the tounge of basteon