

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