

Eyedeade, Music Music

I'll be writing till I'm dead or maybe till I'm alive
All the emptiness I've bled has only helped me survive
Something melted inside when the tones hit my pulse
And stifled the idle eagerness to grow into my clothes
No one that I know is any longer good at actin'
Like they comprehend the motive uncoated to feed the corroded passion
Actually needs to stay eye level with the rest
That's the least I deserve for the love that I've shed
I've trudged through the sediment in search of the rhythm
Dove soul first to bathe nude in its abyss
Paid dues and made music my religion
Now I listen, close my eyes, and forget I even exist
I sing a bastard's tune, inspired by the noise
The ship made before it sank and was finally destroyed
I flaunt the grin of a man made for disguising a boy
Who tried to avoid showing the cry in his voice
But there's something special about the notes that he hears
Those scales are redemption, unraveling repressed memories
And when he breathes, a new energy enters and consumes him
To heal his wounds and unseal his doom
If only I could make you understand
But words are just words so I can't
The universe's deepest art form keeps my heart warm with influence
I tell ya
Ain't nothing quite as beautiful as Music

To be an angel, you gotta earn your wings
To control your own, you gotta burn your strings
To hit blackjack, you gotta turn a king
But to live forever, all you gotta do is learn to sing
I get a pleasure that's inevitably immeasurable
And I won't let it be rejected by no man
Why does it have to be so damn difficult
To live in the frame of a game that will slit your throat?
But I've dug in the mud in search of the drum
Dove soul first to bathe nude in its abyss
Stayed true to the music, now my favorite thing to do is
Close my eyes and forget that I even exist
I hold this fistful of degenerate ideas
For every genius that was murdered in the name of Jesus
Still deaf to the bells that claimed to free us
But I pay homage to my melody cause she's the sweetest
The core of our spirit is naked
The form of its lyrics are sacred
Blanketed by the original sound of the inner vibrations
I'm floating on the soft clouds of positive creation
See, I can look at a painting and admire the colors
Or appreciate any type of art that I discover
But what I dig's invisible
It's my teacher and I'm its student
I tell ya
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