

311, The Continuous Life

When things are outta whack
And they might collapse
And at the end of the day
You still can't relax
And physically you ache
Like a cavity feelin' the bind
On your mind and the rest
Of your body
Listen to your heartbeat
Flow and imagine
Become Jackson Pollack
Air brush Chinese dragons
On a sky blue conversion
Van or an electra
Buick of the mind full of
Fuminous matter
And slowly all the pressure
Recedes and you stop to decay
Naturally think clearly
Ultimately though your grace
Will give way to traffic jams
Submachine guns in hand
City red-necks who think
Like the Omega man
Feelin' the extremes
Of the times we're livin'
Stockpile spaghetti-o's
And cheerios plannin'
To survive that fall-out shit

It's not ambuguous }
It be continuous }
It's all about us }
It's for real my man } (2x)
The continuous life there is no end }
Movin' through life }
Movin' through death }

My radio emits a signal form
A loud noise the kind of which
I've never heard before
I scan the dial for more stations
But all I get is an eerie feelin'
I'm not dreamin' this is the real dealin'
There's nothin' like this trance
I'm caught in a daze
Cuz I'm finally out of my body
The blue lights are ablaze
Yeah I'm really amazed
And feelin' so light that's right
Lift off and I'm into the sky
As if a hologram were created
To shift my conciousness
Changed again and I'm flung
In the riff
I wanna be free I wanna do right
I move through the portal
To be purified

It's not ambuguous }
It be continuous }
It's all about us }
It's for real my man } (3x)
The continuous life there is no end }

Movin' through life }
Movin' through death }