

# 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 ambiguous }  
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 consciousness  
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 ambiguous }  
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 }