

Atmosphere, Prides Paranoia

"This was the year he fell to pieces
& ironically this was the year when more people than he even knew existed scrambled to p
and as they tried they didn't notice that he was smiling .. smiling his ass off .. no pun intended
oh what have we become? oh what have you become
not allowed to kick the feet up and sleep until its done
ground control ground control to major tom we found a hole in your theory and named it Sean
& when the leave fall then land looks more human
its got me questioning the essence of my farm boy blues
hence I never wore the fashions of the know what I'm doin
but their won't be no alarm when we sound up the movement
a river runs through it UNTIL I'm made outa fluids
my fathers name is Art & my names pride
& while my destiny reading the recipe for confusion I'm lookin for who ever writes so emp
as the panneling comes un-glued I'm averaging a camel every hour for as a substitute for food
out standing in this field waiting for the storms trying to teach the alphAbet to the children of the cor
yo the music aint loud enough I can still hear the voices in your head
the choices theyv'e chosen to choose have temporarily impalRed me
I'm terribly proud if you don't turn it up louder I'm breakin out
I face the sun when I talk and I hold his hand as I walk him across the street
got caught inside a self taught it jus don't stop
& I'll trade you a pARAbLe for a probably
kick this one for St. Paul & this one for MinNeapolis
& kick this one hear for me and my super hero complex
& WHEN I CAN I'M GONNA BUILD A CASTLE THAT TOUCHES THE CLOUDS! NOT T