

Atmosphere, Prides Paranoia (Spoken Word)

This was the year he fell to pieces

And ironically, this was the year when more people than he knew even
existed scrambled to put him back together again

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 it's done

Ground control, ground control, the major Tom
We found a hole in your theory and we named it Sean

And when the leaves fall, the land looks more human
it's got me questioning the essence of my farm boy blues

Hence, I never wore the fashions of the know what I'm doing
but there won't be no alarm when we sound up the movement

a river runs through it until I'm made out of fluids,
my father's name is art, and my name's pride

and while my destiny reads the recipe for confusion,
I'm looking for whoever writes so empty inside

As the paneling comes unglued,
I'm averaging a camel every hour as a substitute for food

outstanding in this field waiting for the storms,
trying to teach the alphabet to the children of the corn

and yo the music ain't loud enough,
I can still hear the voices in your head,

the choices that chosen to choose temporarily impaired me
I'm terribly proud, if you don't turn it up louder, I'm breaking out.

I face the sun when I talk and I'll hold his hand as I walk
I'm across the street I got caught inside of a self-taught it just don't stop

and I'll trade you a parable for a probably

kick this one for Saint Paul
and this for Minneapolis
and kick this one here for me and my superhero complex.

and when I can I'm gonna build a castle that touches the clouds,
not to get closer to God but to get further from y'all