

Bushwalla, Mayhem Is Beautiful

So I'm told
As the story goes
I unfold to a boy who's aware
Of a rocking chair
That put him fast asleep
So he dreams of amazing things
So unseen
Like a boy who's loved
By everyone including me
Watch him breathe
Exhaling
Mayhem is beautiful

Birds fly and they die
And I with you wonder why
Wonder where
Truth be told
I don't care mayhem is beautiful
Mayhem is beautiful

City of dreams
And dreamers
How could all this occur?
Whats it for?
Nothing more
Than to up hoard the commands of the gods
Who are not there
But truly scare
The mass that we make of us
Why do I cuss?
Well it's because
I've grown up to speak fuck the man
When you can
Mayhem is beautiful
Mayhem is beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
It's beautiful
Mayhem is beautiful
So beautiful