

Canibus, Barbarians

(Canibus)

Alien Warfare' aviators in the sky
Barbarian pride created a beat for my rhymes
Deep below covert, completely ensconced in my work
My work takes place below the dirt
A color darker than black, what's darker than that
I tell you, a light gradient that does not refract
I sit on a stone bench completely undisturbed in a sense
At the bottom of the Marianas Trench
In a Plexiglas cube with a three hundred and sixty degree view
Spinning in a giant megaplume
Contemplating death or doom, trying not to behave consumed
But I can't seem to do it, can you
Don't be anti-patriotic, long winded and short sighted
Your logic is probably composed of counterfeit knowledge
Go to college, learn how to build a nuclear rocket
Learn how to live without it after you learn how to survive it