

Tricky, Hell Is Round The Corner

I stand firm for our soil
lick a rock on foil
Say reduce me, seduce me,
Dress me up as Tootsie [in Stussey].
Hell is round the corner where I shelter.
Ism's and schisms, we're living helter skelter [been livin' on a study]
If you believe and deceive common sense says shouldn't receive
Let me take you down the corridors of my life.
And when you walk, do you walk to your preference?
No need to answer till I take furthur evidence.
I seem to need a reference to get residence.
A reference to your preference to say,
I'm a good neighbor, I trudge,
So judge me for labour,
live version of the song. The bond on me ensures [lobotomy] my good
behavior
The constant strum insures my insanity.
Passing the ignorance ensures the struggle for my family
We're hungry beware of our appetite.
Distant drums bring the news of a kill tonight.
The kill which I share with my passengers.
We take our fill, take our fill, take our fill.
[repeat first four lines]
Confused by different memories,
Details of Asian remedies
Conversations, of what's become of enemies.
My brain thinks bomb-like,
So I listen he's a calm type.
And as I grow, I grow collective.
Before the move sit on the perspective.
Mr. Quaye [Mr. Kray] lay in the crevice. [Distant cradle in the crevice]
And watches from the precipice.
Empirical passage.
Heat from the sun someday slowly passes,
Until then, you have to live with yourself (x2).