Predormitum (Prologue)

Cunninlynguists

I am floating happy not knowing nautical course tie a wristwatch in slipknots and dock at my porch time is of no essence, the presence becomes presents peasants become pheasants and soar past acceptance current currencies worthless, fodder for feeding purses with iron clad words I solder together verses I'm trippin like I'm eatin' the fungi leaving me cornered like the puss that crusts in ones eyelisten there's no light, just never ending night and the weather's like a hurricane when land is in it's site the sand within my hourglass could vanish any moment and i'm trying to read the signs within the symbols and the omens from the motions of the sea, to the color of the dark this ocean of my dreams was more than cover for the sharks recovering these parts is like discovering my art I wonder as I wander through my heart Cus it starts a dream defferred A clipped wing on a white dove Seems absurd, a smudge on a white glove Not seen nor heard like screams from the night's lungs Cling to words so much that you won't budge Fiends in herds who yearn for the white crumbs Getting high like the city sky when it lights up Thats what the night does

It hits your mind with the right stuff

To keep you blind with a slight buzzThe mind is like a puzzle that could never be completed

we scuffle through it's pieces, strugglin for peace it's

hard for us to sleep and even harder to awake

the image in my mirror's gettin harder to relate

I see me harbouring my hate and bartering with grace

but I couldn't be farther from my faith, or my face through this waste of my mind, may i find direction

nrough this waste of my mind, may 1 find direction

I'm a waste of my time if I don't find it's lessons

So all welcome to this generous helping of self reflection

night thoughts brought to life with incandescence

as the twirls on the tip of our index

staring into space one's vision is endlessbut glaring at the ground you can see where the end isso just close pupils and be pupils and listenthe headset's your desk the test is what's missindigest these notes of quotes of keys written

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/