

Atmosphere

"The Wind"

Visit "[The Wind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The wind that made the grain wave gently yesterday
blows down the trees tomorrow.
It's nothing It's only a little wind
a distinct somewhat discrete approach to the maze
come on keep up the pace
you already won the race
cute baby hamster let's try to make him run in place
Look at the wounds, it's destined to die soon
And the way I see it, we're obligated to eat it
So treat it With grins while it's standing on it's last limbs
Feed it to fatten it up for when the feast begins
I drew the blueprints out on the sidewalk with chalk
So when the rain starts they won't be able to read our
plans
And I'm compiling a list of demands
So let me get a show of fists and hands to see who's
down with the program
Party over here Free love, free truth, free care Care
free
Bring your whole crew affair
Freedom of speech and thought
Scot free Free your mind
Forgot to pack a spine?
Feel free to borrow mine
I'll be the thorn in
the side of drama
Comma
It's cool because we died with honor
Comma
Don't worry honey I ain't goin' hurt you
I'm just trying to strip you of your pride and your gear
and your virtue
[Hook]
It's not clear
Proceed with caution
Cause fear, is no longer an option
[Verse 2]
And maybe, and maybe my issues are not your issues
But everyone has to sleep and everybody carries
weight
You can't escape regret but you might regret escape
If you closed your eyes and held it would you recognize

the shape?
Regardless Give my regards
To the inner child that managed to break
free from the confines of this skull sized cell
The taming of the shrew
The high hopes fell
The shaming of the true
Made your own private hell
And maybe I'm not here for you to listen to
And I'm I'm not here to steer you just share my vision
Maybe drop a hint or two
Maybe a few opinions
Maybe learn from you by watching you and studying
your positions
The mission started off as nothing but better living
instead of giving truth
Better living was found through keeping secrets
Enlist me as a crunch
Spreading the message of funk
Lettin' the rest of the spunk
Clog their veins with that junk
All limp Swingin' like the willows in the wind
Moving like the mountains when Armageddon begins
Vampires You're all a bunch of demons
When you talk I close my eyes it sounds like your
screamin'

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I no longer have the patience to do with most of these
patients
Ignore the preferences and relevance to they favorites
I look for love and I identify deceit
Within the facial structure of every human I meet
I can smell your contempt when you enter the chamber
So I act apprehensive and pretend that there's danger
As I watch from the tower everyone looks like ants
They all scramble to be Appears as if as they dance
Well for all of y'all keeping y'all in hell
I'm only tryin' to help Peace out to one self
And if I did have a car I would speed down the road
Until I reached my goal or my engine explodes
The glass was half full so I drank it
I got impatient and anxious as I was waiting for the
raffle
And when they drew the number it pulled me under
Cause I was sitting on the seven
Which had never made the entrance (x2)

[Hook]

'The wind that made the grain
wave gently yesterday
blows down the trees tomorrow.'

Visit [Atmosphere](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.