

## **Eyedea**

### **"Void (Internal Theory)"**

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Silence is what we all need for a minute  
Dyin' is what we want to avoid while we're livin'  
Life and tryin' to make some noise  
The screams sort of seem like we're cryin'  
Reaching towards our dreams, I offer an exhausted sigh  
And rhymin' keeps the posture of my back in fair condition  
But why in the world do I do this music when so few people listen?  
Climbin' a mountain that might eventually crumble  
It's a bumpy ride into that light side of life where no one goes  
Violence saturates our surroundings, my heart is pounding  
I am one of the strong that noticed the sirens sounding  
Strivin' to wake you up, so we can grow to maturity  
While we're all buyin' the government's repent from social security  
Wine and cigarettes promote good life, bad health and tax  
I am one of the strong, but also in the same trap  
Exercisin' my brain  
Realizin' that pain will be arrivin'  
If I dive into the cesspool of my mind  
So I'm rewindin' the recorded version of my conscience repeatedly  
Not easily blinded  
Nor do I find it hard to ignore you weakling's weep  
I shine with this terrific, twisted piece of metal  
Strangely changing climate as they increase the level  
I said I wouldn't sign shit, 'cause I don't want to meet the devil  
But I lost my mind, and I'm tryin' to find it in the dimension of space  
Between bass and treble  
Shattered is my existence, in so many pieces I can't count  
Chatter is the substance that comes from most people's mouth  
Matter is what you don't to me, he don't to she, we don't to we

But hopefully we can gather together and figure out  
what life's about  
Patterns of emotion change shape from different  
situations  
Lanterns she'd light on the dark side of imagination  
Scattered is good and evil, through various people and  
areas of the ego  
But we know we can be peaceful with the right  
participation  
Now batters, stay behind the base and get ready for  
the pitch  
Rappers mold their soul into plastic and get filthy rich  
The ladder to paradise is infested with parasites  
And if you don't ride in the carriage right, you would  
swear that life's a bitch

[Refrain x6]

Nothing gets you nowhere  
But everything gets you somewhere  
One pair of shoes is great compared to two feet tryin'  
to run bare

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