

Fields Of The Nephilim

"Subliminal"

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[Hook]

Invisible to your visual eye
Critical to your physical signs
The principle behind your animal cry
What you say is predictable, Why?
What you listen to conditions you rhyme after rhyme
Pickin up subliminals time after time
Programmed musical individuals you are
Programmed musical individuals you are
Programmed musical individuals you are

[Verse 1]

Lost in a romance wills and this pain
All of our children have now gone insane
Getting raised by television
Crave the television
Commercials gonna make em turn a slave to television
They made them televisions
Controlled them like a puppet
Kids just watching ?scenes? instead of Muppets
Little girls is gonna grow to be strumpets
Young dudes will sell drugs
Throw a bandana on and play wannabe thug

Now ain't it bugged out the old shit
Is back as the new shit
Turns into a new hit
And then it gets old quick
Recycled ways in these recycled days
On your radio station where some psycho plays just:
The same 40 songs from
The same 10 artists on
The same 5 labels
Slinging lies and fables
And your money gets stuck to the gum under the table
It's the same bullshit be it magazine or cable so

This year we declare war on rap radio
Shut down the system
Free your mind from the prison
Got you sittin there passified

Oh Shit, another rapper died
Emcees don't know whether to laugh or cry
What are you standing for?
What are you here for?
Just another worker and
Caught up in the circumstance
And they make the circuits dance
Till you crave ass, titties, Mountain Dew and some
fuckin Gap circus pants

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Welcome to a world full of love, light, and black
That stem from triple dark before they strike the match
For addicts spaced out on status
Full of these emcees who claim they own mic apparatus
Braggin to see who's baddest
But what for?
Full of war
Full of peace
Full of panic too much for our planet to manage

Mark of the beast
Code of the streets
Guard your mind, hands and feet
Cuz when the chips released, privacy will cease
Do you see what I see?
Full of hate
Full of crime
Full of HIV
Full of skippy nickels and dimes
Full of artificial highs
Full of American pie
Full of true lies
Full of blue skies
Full of biggots claimin they color blind
Full of private eyes
Full of gossip and bribes
Full of fall guys
Full of hard rocks that get liquified

The truth I inscribe on your mind
Then I watch that imprint rise
From night to day light
Ignite mics within range of sight
Who am I?
Focus on the rhymes tight
No need for image spite the fact
That most acts just bite the money makin tracks
That's they right

I choose to take flight
Through the mind's eye
Enlight myself in darkness to see your bright sparks
spit

[Hook]

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