

Frenzal Rhomb

"Illuminated Sunlight"

Visit "[Illuminated Sunlight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dante]

You get mystified, on how history lied
and when the troops came around they had to come in
disguise
Unvail some tales of days when the sun failed
and blind with minds thought we all went to Hell
Free energy dwells in deep thoughts like wells
In the age where knowledge is born, clientel
Let it work for you, buy and sell
But make sure it's true cuz I could see your lie in braille
My niggaz lie in jail but can't wait to try and kneal
Elevatin the higher stimulation of dyin, brain cells
I'm dead, I can't tell, yo my think-tank is swell
The invisible indivisible bank sales
Through outputs, I smuggle my views without hooks
Educated myself, work for delf without books
or school, it takes an idiot to educate a fool
We make history while you search for clues
Dirt for tools, genetically alter perfect crews
so they falter and can't offer a damn thing to they
culture
Natural blends, God body, actual men
reclaim the name and make Paegan stations bend in
one breath
I take you hymns off of energy through my skin
and I'm blacker than the Indian, attacker in the wind
I depend off the fouls and sins of a thousand men

[Prodigal Sunn]

This is the final chapter of devastation, fatal steps of
termination
Set up states, deminishin emcee's behind the ancient
gates
The burnin seven arsonists out the Heaven
Severin competition, snitchin the word infliction
Now it's my fiction to tell the truth about the
contradiction
Pay attention, understand my main-dead plan of the
devil's mission
Causin division, collision through Hell's prison
Before you sin again -- stop, look and listen

Foes that wanna taste the flame, I'm slitin veins
Spittin octane, now you're wounded from the hurricane
Fuckin with G-O-D can be a deadly game
Don't be a fool, fake moves and face and ever-lastin
dead pool
I 'scape from the in-forest scene, loaded machine
A beam of stream ignite your elements with gasoline
The radius supreme, AH! Sunn mercinary
Escape the black hole, demolishin, burnin a worth
adversary
Penetratin through the myst of the Abyss
The hired vocalist, mental biologist, the alchemist
Devils combust when the enter the God's region
I'm like your skin meltin, it gets the body swellin
Eternal bleedin!

[Chorus 4X: Mood]

Sunz of Man and the Mood, livin life divine
Genuine, ever-lastin light, sunshine

[Main Flo]

Tortured like army heads or centipeeds, we build on
our centuries
Solar definity, true signs of our enemies
Life-forms beyond the stratus, and halosatomos
with spaceships, we mic-storm planets
They wanna vanish my under-sea labs, no wonder we
laugh
My number-leased staff, my hungerly draft
For decades stored, marks the comin of my sword
My quest is the healin from the lord
Mentally my seed is planed in every mind of the livin
Suprise those who rise, often drifted
I makes a tapes with crystal guides
Like full moons my words are meant to rise
Who the fuck you think sent you the lies?
Before bread I store lead, de-floor Feds
and transport plans throughout foreheads
My ability to warn off the uninvited
Illuminated Sunlight, make moves through planetary
eyes
and doom rise through a storm tide
Balloon wise and also roam skies
of both halves we cause math through the dome staff
Like army war drafts travelled Ghost's path

[60 Second Assassin]

BLOW! Hold fast with the gas, come and flaaaame at
that ass
As thought enters the clip all turentials lift
Set it, I raise yo' asssss like diabetics

Brings the dark to light of hemmoridges, hit the clip
of the magnetic gift, foooooes with the tongue swift
Sharp as ever, slip, WHAT? WHAT? The juggler
Who's next in line, in chime to suffer?
My rhymes waaaave from under the gutter
Below the grits I smotther, there's too much dirt to
cover
Beyond the under, 'vasion, body snatcher
Endin your what? Chapter, chapter
Rapture, niggaz catch Falls like Niagara
Buried so deep that when you peak you see Alaska
Savin chatter while climbin Assassin's ladder
I'm wrappin rubish, graze y'all full with buzzards
But reign refutious once two thoughts converge
and when I chop into your dead meat like stew
like the vultures on the d-low comin at you
Heat is oooooon, word is boooooond
Plus this fable's splittin your dome piece like the wings
of an eagle
The fore one who keeps it on a roll like a seagul
Makin more moves than Ex-Lax, style is the diamon
needle
My people fuckin plus I'm drunken off that cherries
See God beat niggaz down, Earth style, you know my
steelo

[Chorus 4X]

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

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