

Hasker Da "Crystal"

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Avalanche looms overhead
Airplane flies overhead
Important man sits by the window
Sucked out of the first class window
Images run by, thousand miles an hour
But the time seems far away
Folding clothes in a folding closet
Folding money in a resume

Time to let off some pressure
Time to let off some steam
All your notebooks get thrown away
And you start your diary clean
Crystal glass lined up in a row
Watched over by the g.i. joes

Sugar in your coffee doesn't taste quite right
Feeling the effects for a hundred thousand nights

When civilization falls in it's grave
Technology throws on the dirt
You realize the finest things in life
Are the ones that can never be hurt

Shatters your brain in a million tiny pieces
The sounds you hear aren't coming out right
You think it might be mystic, you think I might be cryptic
The crystal in your china case is breaking in a million
tiny pieces

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