

Inner Thought

"Respect, Pt. 3"

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Banging rocks together makes sunshine
Banging heads with rocks 'till blood comes: the writing
process
Everything has diapers on and smells like
It's time for a change
Or for some holes in the flag
My whole perspective relies solely on questions
That can't have answers
Like everyone oin their assumptions
A big bigpen driven by dead dogs;
If that's your site
Put up a superhero with a better pokerface
This noble cause reeks of self-gratification
But it's more like no satisfaction
So when I die
The fessin' go to college
And the writers go to Heaven
If you wasn't born on this planet
Blame the World for being there
I'm not assuming responsibility for everyone lost in the
shuffle;
My whole philosophy is based on moodswings
Limited attention spans and an expansion pack for
everything
Am I feeling it?
Mostly full of it
Selling my cuts for the art of it
Placed all of my faith in these heretics
We're all futur presidents;
Nobody knows it yet
That's the beauty of it all
Welcome to my desert island
The wheather is glorious
Take a picture
(No one reads the articles)
I need music with texture and
Someday, a happy meal
Rude awakening after rude awakening
I'm asking y'all to be police until
I match the blood on the battlefield
With the gleam in my eye

If I could make it stop raining
This whole damn place wouldn't know
What to do with all the sunlight
I've been saving up for a life like this
Your God is booing you offstage
And your heroes don't respect you

It's all in vain and can't be bought:
Hung from the ceiling and often attached to the first
thought
She gave me a handshake full of empty promises
Now I'm thirty minus something
Plus I wrestle demons down to the ground in my spare
time
It's a new day
The pigeons no longer fly yonder;
They make rappers out of messengers and text from
all the classics
Meet the archangel with two minutes to live at all times
I hold a mirror against a mirror against a mirror against
a mirror
What I'm saying is:
Word is deceased
Work is slavery
They're saving asses for the big layoff
Where they lie you down to take it like a native
colonized
By search and seizure
The grass is always greener and when you make it
there
It dies (if getting there don't kill you)
And the people there don't share
This is what your bones will sound like when they play
'em in space

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