

Jed Madela

"The Apostle's Creed Feat. Apathy The Alien"

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[Apathy the Alien Tongue]

I sit upon a cloud of nuclear waste, this haste
The orgasmic juice of a goddess with her lips spread
on my face
As I speak in space touching a damaged piece of a
satellite
Resembling wrecking remnants of a 2010 soliloquy
Entity, centuries from the time of man designed a plan
Of a time span of seconds to an immortal
Transport immortals in portals toward an Egyptian land
To then erect complex architect structures and
pyramids
Melted parted rock with acidic chemical blood samples
From reptilian females' periods, I travel like the Iliad
But my ship sails amongst cosmic whales and
intergalactic pirates
Telling tales of trails left by the gods
Through the center of the sun when they passed the
spot
Jesus Christ was really an ancient astronaut
I attacked mastodons when I crashed upon thrown in
the Ice Age
And twice laid men's caves with a system of sound
waves
And psycho-kinetics, you can't escape the wrath of
APATHETIC
The time has come for man to die, not project
prophetic phonetics
Fugitive prosthetic limbs for hairy ??? rejects
Exoskeleton extensions of cybernetic inventions
Moving swiftly like a Thundercat, my hunger tracks rats
on the train tracks
And when I rap on tracks I attract tremendous energy
sources
Changing force through metamorphous
I travel darkened corridors with orbs of light and
torches
We ride away on apocalyptic bear-horses
And disappear as shadows in the forest
And disappear as shadows in the forest...

[HOOK - Sampled from "OC - Time's Up"]
Non-conceptual, non-exceptional
Your whole aura is plexiglas

[Yan the Phenomenon]

I take hold of truth eludes me like sand through the
cracks in my hands
Retaliatory silhouettes in apocalyptic lands
Nomadic by the second, but I can't let this stress get
the best of me
Though it test me on a daily basis
And traces the tracks of my tears down my cheeks and
over my lips
Taste the freedom though it seems like gravity
As we're chained to this pathetic land like Satan's left
burning in Chaos
But yet I continue on with no tendencies in my
subconscious
So right there's a contradiction, because I'm aware of
these tendencies
So that ain't my subconscious anymore
More like forces that I conversate with, halves thirds
and fourths
That I sliced my soul into a percentage
I know you wouldn't recommend it, so I wrote this letter
and never sent it
'cause my pain, is my pain, I won't trouble you with my
own
Now I swim through waves of asphalt with no place to
call home
Yan on the lonely island and see a plastic smile
speaking gibberish
At varying frequencies, burn out the radio and
television transmissions
Or simply audible voices who wear the robes of
righteousness
Equilibrium is fucked up from data overload
Enhanced by the fact that I walk on a narrow road
That's more like a tightrope between wisdom and
insanity
Seems like clarity is the ever elusive goal
When insanity has the help of the omnipotent force of
gravity

[HOOK]

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

On the battleground you can go to war like Sudan
But I'm half-man and so you have to ovastand
That the other half of me is made of liquid and steel
Ain't you sick and tired of people screaming "keep it

real?"

I'm powered by the ancients, spirit in the soul
It's war, and Ikon carries crossbows
But I toss foes through the center of the planet
When you battle me, you best be praying like a mantis
I will send you, through the depths of the Atlantic
To study transcripts of rhymes by the enchanted
Hologram, the verbal war paradigm
Traveling back in time to change the way y'all wack
rappers rhyme
If I don't succeed you will bleed
The just punishment of the Apostle's Creed
This is hip-hop kid, shit is straight from the heart
You's a actor with a record deal trying to play the part

Like THAT, like that one time like that one time like that
one time
Uh, my man Stoupe in the house like that one time like
that one time
My man, Chico in the house like that one time like that
one time
My man Yan the Phenomenon, in the house, like that
one time one time
Ikon the Verbal Hologram, up in the muthafucka
Open up that third time before I open it for you
Word is bond, Jedi Mind, '97, '98
Rappers, I decapitate like that
FUCK ALL Y'ALL!

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