

Deep Puddle Dynamics

"Heavy Ceiling"

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* (Slug)

Where those two walls and that ceiling meet
Where you'll be peeling me from when the dreams
become abilities
The trilogy of growth, I'm at the second level
Where every word is special and I'm lost inside the
echo
So when it settles I touch that third stage
I shut these mental shackles and blast my way out of
that birdcage
Earthquake signifies an active foundation
Its got the posture aching keeps my head out of these
constellations
From this high I may identify the obstacles
When I get this high my head becomes a hospital
Voices bitching and bickering, complaining that they
sick and injured
bleeding and hungry (give me my tourniquets)
Feed 'em nourishment and included
with a diluted juice and bruised fruits I distributed
Who knew they wounds would heal so quick
Who knew the passion would become fashion
and get them fastened onto the dick (shhh)
Might as well have let them penetrate
The view from here has shook me
Looking at rookies that try to emulate
Take the time to break the rhymes down for what you
gather
Only after will I climb to the rafter without my ladder

(Sole)

Stability, overseer, stand over, ability
Hover, provide contraceptive in meteor showers
The sky is falling, the earth is collapsing, seas freeze
Seize my support structure you stammer
I may shake up, provide shade upon your living mass
Granted 'em granite with a limestone trim
So your epicenter splinters to shambles while the lights
turn dim
Sheep stop bellowing hug your teddy bears
And stand towards the light in my center
Cynical minds mind your master

It's only a shame to live off slide landing on your
backside
Who needs to walk?
You lame men spend all of your time inside
I see it all
I saw it all
I encase it all
And with all my power they should have built more
columns for me
The ball still rolling
There's only two pins left brother
With above or upon, I promise to always provide some
cover
Quit breathing so much
This ain't comfortable for me
But I was more affordable than the ones they built in
the early 90s
Oh my, look at those memories, listen to them
complain
Some bitch about champagne
Others talk about how they should have took the train
Regardless of your stature, status or economical
bubble
I'm still on top of your world even if it's a pile of rubble

[Chorus]

Dripping through (Dose One)
Dripping through (Slug)
Walking On (Dose One)
Walking On (Slug)
Hanging From (Dose One)
Hanging From (Slug)
Peeling Off (Dose One)
Peeling Off (Slug)
Repeat

(Dose One)

What in the name of human built these ceilings?
How industrious it must have been
Awful continuous to span those reaches and rings
Not a wall empty space, only between
No corner, ceiling, the lid perceived on a system of
physical laws
How high, height being among the first three
You can't touch it goes on to stretch an unexplainable
Linear roof of instance
To relative for shelter
Its protection purposes our challenge to existence
Hold, will it hold?
And for how long?
With such holes tearing into nowhere

Justifies nothing we define
Or travel as fast as to distinct
To make it vast it surrounds our absolute upper limits
Our reference comprises are synchronistic
Tock, tick tock, thank it for your fears
And lows know if it starts or stops
Tick tock, rest beneath the safety
It can only prop
It's not sturdy
Old weep, the honorable made of tick tick tock
It's above with under, in, structure and stronger than
our nails, words,
ages, beams, any watch
Tick, tick, tick, tock, tock, tock, tock

(Alias)

I've experienced been a witness to many happenings
up to this point
Life and death have passed my eyes on both occasions
they anoint
In the beginning I looked down and I witnessed birth
But confined to my position I never realized what it was
worth
I never realized the beauty it expounds and the
emotions it induces
Never realized what true love
What sometimes no love at all produces
Never realized what I was going to see in my
adventures of now
But realized I was in for a lot of sightseeing so
somehow
I didn't pay much attention to the positive aspects of
things
Only victims of stabbings and shootings to who the fat
lady sings
They say they're on their way out as they pass through
me
Hoping each time they could take me with them so I
could see
A different aspect of the world perhaps above the
buildings
But letdown every time they told me
that they were not willing to take someextra baggage
As they chillingly referred to I
Perhaps I'll never leave this place
So now all I do is sigh and think who was I? But I was so
misled
That I only showed my interest in souls that were
covered in red
Now I look back and I feel I was cheated with precision
The different aspect that I had longed for was so

clearly in my vision
Got sick and tired of negativity and I was due for a
change
But never figured out that I needed not to rearrange
It was all before me and I could have seen life as well
Now my one-track mind has only stories that no one
wants me to tell

[Chorus]

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