

The Most Serene Republic "Threehead"

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Bless you all who made laughter
Labs creation in head
Thanks to those who wrote novel
Efflorescence from the dead

Troubled is creator
Whose mind is always dancing

Dance, your forehead
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats
Numbers one to
Numbers one to six does not exist

Dance, your forehead
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats
Numbers one to
Numbers one to six does not exist

Goodness, me the painter
Every view a light
Hugs goes to the steeple
Efflorescence from the life

Dance, your forehead
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats
Numbers one to
Numbers one to six does not exist

Dance, your forehead
Dance, your forehead, forehead sweats
Numbers one to
Numbers one to six does not exist

I know the way to life
Past the twenty-seventh birth date
Your theories are crazy, brings nothing but maybes
Your problems are building, twenty floors said and
counting

Yes, but you know not of the mind you speak
My strength rises in dreams and in life, grows weak
The artist, the raper, the candlestick maker

Myself and I, put dreams to life

The artist, the raper, the candlestick maker

Myself and I, put dreams to life

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