

Josh Martinez**"La Rambla"**

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I just wanna rock it for the best

See, in the aftermath of the lantern light

There was the lighted laughter

After he had ignited

The night life came to a stand-still

Till dawn

Still-life captured in my quills

Still quivering hands

Holding my pen

And holding man

Did become one with the unfolding Zen

And then and there I'm cold

And don't know how to sell my shares

In marionettes made from gold

Who wants to be a puppet?

Raise your hand

Drop your head

And grab a bucket

Cash the liquid tears and cop a couple of droplets

Fuck it

Where's the water when I want a drink?

Where's the slaughter when I'm on the brink?

I want to think about leaving heaven for the very first
time

Never felt the same way when decay disbursed this
line

And time is no longer an object of my desires

I want to live in between the lines

I want to give in and live in a shrine

Promote the art of peace and feel increasingly genuine

Our loving can taste the ocean

It makes an awful good tapestry

The soothing motion for my mind's apathy

Happily changing time zones and subject matter

The latter meaning a decrease in chatter

And more patterns

And more live drums

And more new friends

More dependant on myself for more mental growth

But it depends

On more genital gropes

How good I'm feeling

More importantly is how I'm dealing

With the people I'm meeting

Hearts I'm stealing

Kiss kiss my sweet biscuit

I'm basking in the insecurity of your slit wrist

Lying listless

Not even on the guest list

Not a member of the most pious

Post fliers

Kids my age still on stage

Will never mean it all

Full of rage

Crafted in a cage called high school

Foolishly accepted my foolish roll

Roving along the hallways

Strolling past the Key-master

Whose locks I'm holding

Halfway to Hell in a basement

Taking shop

Pacing myself or else

Have to stop

Slow down

It's the middle of the night

And might we get a little light

Put your hands up for insight

Ahhhh

Throw your hands up for insight

Uhhhh

Throw your hands up for insight

Lights out

Handcuffed and stuffed in a closet

Fight and shout

And drag them all the way home screaming

"Insight

Insight

I got to try to get it

Insight

In flight

Overwhelm me

I won't let it."

Please everyone

Seek to be smart at least once a week

If you can spare the time

It bears doing to your brewing mind

Beaten black and blue and blind

Boast of that in most situations

You and I close hugging

Telling secrets

Want to keep it

Mind over matter

And those who don't believe in peace

Will have their

Knees shattered

Ask me

"To where the trees scattered?"

It's not like it really mattered

Cause feet splattered
Muddy chunks on the walls of concrete jungle
With asphalt floors
And doors that stay locked
And humble men living in fear
Guns cocked
Tears running
Crops grow of sadness
Seeded in the springtime
Sowing a harvest full of madness
Uh huhUh huh
When I yell "Insight"
You say "Psychosis"
Insight!
Psychosis!
Insight!
Psychosis!
When I yell "Kiss me"
And you start to kiss me
I'll feel it then I'll flow it
It's raining
It's pissing
A glistening liquid
That's my brain and
If you're straining to wipe your face
And

Craning your neck to check your game

And

It's not the same no more

That's for sure

I'm shocked at the skills exhibited

As a derivative

Of uninhibited

Uninhabited

Avid

Given at Scribble Jam

I saw art walk

It's living culture

Locked mind

A one-way door

And you're trapped inside my vision

Art could and should be without

Inhibition

To those who inspired my enlightened condition

I was thinking of you just now

I hope you listened

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