

Atlas Sound

"Arrival"

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[Slug]

[whispered]

"I'm not really supposed to talk about this.....but..."

With the excitement of a new born
Came to join the main event and fight against the luke
warm
With nothing but they word and they history
Take a can of paint and try to decorate their dignity
It's not what they anticipated
Fuck, it doesn't matter. Put your fists up and instigate it
And they can't save the planet
Or the children of the bandits
Or themselves god damn it
I'm just a man that loved rap
So much in fact
I put every piece of myself inside these fucking tracks
What is that, you whisper something from the back?
You think your personal attacks
Make up for what you lack?
I'm just a cat searching for a clean lap
To crash in a world hurting, waiting for they turn to take
a nap
Sorting through bills, fan mail and life threats
Wondering why the postman ain't delivered my wife yet
They call me Sean, this is Anthony
No need to act hard cause we got extended family
So I smile while I try to use my words wise
Say what I meant just in case this is your first time
Via child of the wings tired
Smilin' like a couple of fools that the queen hired
Can't wait for the vibrate to thicken
So we can watch the world tip side. WAIT!
Even the dead's getting live
It's a little deeper, you can float, come on baby dive!
To fall in love with this bitch
From the petals on her flowers to the pimples on her
tits
Fuck the insults. And fuck the compliments
Just wanna see the mommy free the honesty and the
common sense

Stop following the win that you swallow
Cause it's too simple to aim for a target sitting on a
fence
We do it for the candle in the sky
Here's a toast to those who can't handle their high
You and I, we can swim into the tide
And watch these other children lose they mind
(I'm doin' fine)
And they landed safe and sound
Better try to take 'em out before they make your
saviors proud
So fix your beef, quit actin' like a sheep
Either spit your speak or sit there and git your teeth
To spread the info to the kin folk
Fucking with the climate on the inside of the windows
They're here, the baby farmers gonna take it farther
Make a mark and break apart your fake martyrs
Planted firm, let the planet burn
Understand the terms, you don't wanna open up this
can of worms
I'm trying to keep the prize on the eyeball
But people wanna see you fly all to watch the sky fall
Who's to blame for your lack of conviction
I wasn't drafted, I asked for the mission
Put your name on the list at the bottom on an empty line
And hold in plain sight what ever gave you the right to
question mine?
The night prowler, gonna crawl past all the rap politics
You can put that on your last dollar
Wake up, it's bigger than a pay stub
There's the door, get the money, go wash off your
make-up

[Muffled]

And they don't need to love it
If you don't wanna give it, keep it
Doesn't really mean nothin'
Come and beat it 'til it stops breathin'
No need to even try to reason
When they not leavin'

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