

Eyedeas & Abilities

"Music Music"

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Artist: Eyedeas & Abilities

Album: First Born

Song: Music Music

Typed by: milkeeway247@hotmail.com

I'll be writing till I'm dead or maybe till I'm alive

All the emptiness I've bled has only helped me survive

Something melted inside when the tones hit my pulse

And stifled the idle eagerness to grow into my clothes

No one that I know is any longer good at actin'

Like they comprehend the motive uncoated to feed the
corroded passion

Actually needs to stay eye level with the rest

That's the least I deserve for the love that I've shed

I've trudged through the sediment in search of the
rhythm

Dove soul first to bathe nude in its abyss

Paid dues and made music my religion

Now I listen, close my eyes, and forget I even exist

I sing a bastard's tune, inspired by the noise

The ship made before it sank and was finally destroyed

I flaunt the grin of a man made for disguising a boy

Who tried to avoid showing the cry in his voice

But there's something special about the notes that he
hears

Those scales are redemption, unraveling repressed
memories

And when he breathes, a new energy enters and
consumes him

To heal his wounds and unseal his doom

If only I could make you understand

But words are just words so I can't

The universe's deepest art form keeps my heart warm
with influence

I tell ya

Ain't nothing quite as beautiful as Music

To be an angel, you gotta earn your wings

To control your own, you gotta burn your strings

To hit blackjack, you gotta turn a king

But to live forever, all you gotta do is learn to sing

I get a pleasure that's inevitably immeasurable

And I won't let it be rejected by no man

Why does it have to be so damn difficult

To live in the frame of a game that will slit your throat?

But I've dug in the mud in search of the drum

Dove soul first to bathe nude in its abyss

Stayed true to the music, now my favorite thing to do is

Close my eyes and forget that I even exist

I hold this fistful of degenerate ideas

For every genius that was murdered in the name of
Jesus

Still deaf to the bells that claimed to free us

But I pay homage to my melody 'cause she's the
sweetest

The core of our spirit is naked

The form of its lyrics are sacred

Blanketed by the original sound of the inner vibrations

I'm floating on the soft clouds of positive creation

See, I can look at a painting and admire the colors

Or appreciate any type of art that I discover

But what I dig's invisible

It's my teacher and I'm its student

I tell ya

Ain't nothing quite as beautiful as Music

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