

Common Market "My Pathology"

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Aiyo Â– below the terra firma's the murmur of many
men
Resonatin' the predication of RA's eponym
It requires a higher degree of thought to transmit
Elevate above the base and retrace the semantics
Incommensurately we've been held incommunicado
From commoner to commodore Â– they breed bravado
I exercise authority over the lesser ranks
We rally and tally up at the shores of the West Bank
The shottie lick the body politic Â– feel the kickback,
Son
Pardon the warden to remit that one
Sinkin' solemnly into the vein of my pathology
I maintain the etymology of "I" defy chronology
Copy me, cosmically I seek to be laconic and terse
The meek shall admonish the earth
While the merits of inheritance are gainfully peeled
They symbolism of nepotism is painfully real
The provisioners of policy are plottin' my demise
In addition, the aristocracy's blockin' the uprising
The commandant's callin' for change by any means
I've seen heaven and hell; it feels strange in between
Never settle Â– the medal pacifies rebel troops
But truth is the honor in the eyes of the resolute
Press on Â– employ the pen to postulate upon it
Verily I perform the pass summarily Â– you wonder
why?

They say that he was born that way
They can't imagine havin' to go on that way
Maybe if you pray for him he'll be drawn from the fray
Or maybe Â– maybe he's OK... (X2)

Sharin' hymns with the seraphims Â– praise in
polyphonic

Fashion
The action reanimates the catatonic
Aid the abject and abjure the apathetic
Positive polarity and the draw is magnetic
They lurch and reel tryna reverse the field but can't
Manage

The pull of my sign aligns planets
Secrets comin' out in the wash of the ebb tide
Those who sought found; those who fled died
To the sight deprived sound might provide solace
The scholars of applied sciences supply the knowledge
Upon the foundation we erect the edifice – make it
Known
We dedicate the corner stone to Aeschylus
Fortified with more than 45's – master the art of war
You blast trouble, but the struggle endures
Emaciated, the contemplative will kill for a drink
If not methodically restrained by the chain link
From my solid form I liquefy to be absorbed by the
River
Stand re-delivered to mi amour
Chant "freedom" in their face and abase my captors
With grace I placate and await the rapture
In this colony I've seen atrocities personified
Still unable to affect the sovereignty of the allied
It's the balance – they're challengin' your will to
Achieve
Imprison my coalition but the vision's still free...

He had to have been born that way
A great many show envy towards the Lord's
protégé
And maybe if you pay for it he'll perform a display
Or maybe – maybe you're too late... (X2)

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