

PM Dawn "Comatose"

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Pas quand j?etais une femme solitaire, j?ai pui?epp
Oh, never mind me, man, I?m just rhyming here
It?s an old one that no one knows anyways
That?s the way it goes
Kisses directions through my mind every time
Guess he likes to collect blue hickies, I dunno
I remain the same, comatose anyways
So whatever

Ask me that question again
Who am I? What am I?
Look at my face, the eyes don?t lie
If I was with a smooth tongue used for fun
I?d take a look at myself and ask myself why I got a
thread
A thread that I?m holding on for Sandy
My mind?s taking things that are going on
Close to the soul and actually steppin? on
These people are doing wrong
The list can go on and on for ages

Tangled up through mazes
As lost as a meal that?s pushed to a panther
I keep my eyes on those who pass by
They look to P.M. Dawn the quest for the answer
Mercy mercy me till I see
The end of the human race is grand prix
Mr. Red knows I pose a threat
Yeah, I?d like to see him sweat

Dr. Vibe tends to get hypnotic
Reality thinks the prince be is erotic
The magic wand seems to be misplaced
I can?t see it if it?s covered in lace
The best way to keep your word is not to give it
I don?t make promises 'cause promises die
But those who use hate just won?t participate
So that?s why I choose to use my eyes
And stay comatose

Yeah oo
Yeah oo

Yeah oo
Yeah oo

Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo

A positive and negative impression on your brain
Whatever remains, whatever stays the same
Results from an inside view or perspective
Other than that persona snaps under strain
But what remains to be seen is
How you chose to use your time
And still the point blank calculations unclear
Of whether your text can catch these lines

Or toss 'em to the side so you can't realize
Illusion only lasts until the scene is through
Approachin' this scenario, what would you do?
Lose your noodle or try some voodoo
Accept defeat then what's the next phase
Rely on the brave, rely on the copious
The secret of any victory lies
In the organization of the non-obvious in a comatose

Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo

Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo

So they tell me a lie to keep my head straight
But view sets the fronts like an unseen crime
I like to watch a watcher close and see what they might
take
A tick from a tock, a line from a rhyme
A leaf off an elm, a move might yell bold
An unseen realm or what that realm holds
Is nothing, nothing that makes sense
They walk with small talk

And I watch the consequence swell up
And overflow into a large brook
Maybe it's the undertow of what the tide took
The put together scenes, make it all seem clean
A pacified pictures, the life-fiend dream

Till it's tried by the spies that's when they realize
The rose ain't red and the violets ain't blue
But those that are swift will pin point the trip
And everybody else? I think it's deja vu
Except the comatose

Yeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeah

Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Yeah
Yeah

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