

Psycho Realm

"Show of Force"

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We exert power with metal showers at all hours
While they devour with mental prowess and kill ours
Show of force for harm it's main source
We divorce our current leaders with no remorse
Crash course position the miniature plastic soldiers
Onto the carefully drafted, disastered dirt war
What is it for we hurt your group
And every troop that's with me will work toward
Damaging your central areas with eventual pain
The rain is repeated to gain essential upper hand
Needed to stump the plan we land
My artillery shoots when let loose shoots and
My bullets rams piercing the skin of other men
In battle we rattle the shadow of death no win
Thin chance if you're trying to survive the grim dance
When the bomb lands your odds for death and
enhanced
Soldiers stance warriors tranced with drug spells
We advance through burning sands in slug hells
Chemical warfare gasmask is the savior
Temporary relief, release from the danger
Silence is a stranger, anger commanding demanding
Other sides surrendering to the strangler
Show of force we cross and aim higher
Knock'em down then we cease fire

Take time to consider the bitter sweet no glitter
Or glamour the hammer drops in any manner
The scanner detects the weak speak up for yours
Any cause of revolution and evolution of law
Draws the conclusion of people abusin' their roles
Hold on to the controls
Your soul's slipping into darkness
Heartless individual start this and part this
Connection we bought this and sought this out
We about it - the message -
You never re-route or doubt it
People might even shout it louder to gain power
For many frustrated for truth and knowledge of self
Wealth plays the back shelf
What's delt, you melt
To false livin' and misgiven and misguided

Paths you take to make bread, break bread
While others are tryin' to stay fed
Where you head at
Can't believe I said that
But it's a dead fact
You can't run from reality homie
Judge me but you don't know me
Only the lonely can lay claim the same
Go out to the people sleepin'
You better wake up
Take up the whole make up
Insert the data a matter of fact
Scatter the chatter of every lop
Who gather in flocks batter up
The game's on, put your frames on
Look at the names on the wall
Suckas are ready to fall

In the war story
We find glory with blind fury
Hurry up let out the power without jury
Blurry eyes fire the weapons
And act purely out of survival
Rather be free or get buried
Symphonies soundtrack the march of those daring
Walking through the firing ranges with guns glaring
Injustice scaring the masses to stop caring
Tell us apart by the masks that we're wearing
Show of force

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