

## Primitive Reason

### "Dust"

Visit "[Dust](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Can I get them word's outta you,  
you were talking about the accomplishment  
of returning to the accompliceness of earth and man, a  
shaman.

The daemon of constant creation is bringing in the  
nation of nature  
with imagination, hit, through nurture I found it, I  
am it.

Forever I will fly for the lives of the infinite minds  
despised,  
that were taken from the ones that fly high with I,  
High, good High, I.

I am like them a mind with a spirit that inhabits us,  
too right, were we to feel as it inside we'd not die,  
weed not die.

Fierce are the dreams that awake, uplift take the mind  
weight.

From body weight to travel lightly on high terrain.  
Main are the millions of mountain peaks,  
that marry the valley deeps and carry the trees that  
release seeds,  
and these stretch to the sun and then breathe up a  
dream state.

We follow these and wait. We follow these and wait.

Well they shall love it and they shall leave it let  
dream be their destiny.

The ground that they step is the ground that they be.  
They live as dust and grow as dust and dust is what  
they be.

They're living off and dying on their own mentality.  
Circling past passed the man had lost the mask, the  
glass had shattered.

Now travelling negative acts he had lost the nerve to  
act untrue.

Bothering news hard to choose the truth through and  
illusion grew, disillusion kneeled that man, making  
him think he'd understand it.

So It came to him that night, that the past is past  
and the future's future.

One's made up and one's to make up, going from now  
to  
then awakened.  
Hey but if that ain't happened what has?  
Who are these people wearing masks?  
They terribly look like monsters, they terribly look  
like...

Fierce are the dreams that awake, uplift take the mind  
weight.  
From body weight to travel lightly on high terrain.  
Main are the millions of mountain peaks, that marry  
the valley deeps  
and carry the trees that release seeds, and these  
stretch to the sun  
and then breathe up a dream state.  
We follow these and wait. We follow these and wait.

Well they shall love it and they shall leave it let  
dream be their destiny.  
The ground that they step is the ground that they be.

They live as dust and grow as dust and dust is what  
they be.  
They're living off and dying on their own mentality.  
If each world is a place and each place is a world  
then where does that leave he.  
In a place in the ground in a group with they like  
he.  
In a group with they like he, he will share his  
energy.  
With the ones that are born to the kind that he be.

Fierce are the dreams that awake, uplift take the mind  
weight.  
From body weight to travel lightly on high terrain.  
Main are the millions of mountain peaks, that marry  
the valley deeps  
and carry the trees that release seeds, and these  
stretch to the sun  
and then breathe up a dream state.  
We follow these and wait.

Shadows of deeds reflect upon, a filter prong,  
that pokes and provokes on and on like bong hits,  
sacred or sacrilegious and naked in this.  
Fears appear as daemons in dream world,  
sins appear as evil in this world,  
daemons gang as packs in evil clans  
and rise within to battle man and  
fight for this world with might for this world is

powerful.

Visit [Primitive Reason](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.