

## **Bronze Nazareth**

### **"In the Air"**

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[George Carlin sample] That's right, I'm a loyal American and I'm not happy Unless I've let government and industry poison me a little bit every day Let me have a few hundred thousand carcinogens here Ahh, a little cancer never hurt anybody Everybody needs a little cancer I think It's good for you [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, and as he wrote his will, it gave me the chills Something in the shadows, you know how that goes And crosses don't share emotions, barely floating Holding in words that's causing emotion Just like the ocean breeze teases you with summer Something living under my consciousness, what's the next obstacle? The next platform is chains, but we act like everything is the same Everything's arranged as far as we know But I can feel it in my chromosomes Something ain't right, I always wondered what's the trouble at night What's the thunder feel like, when the cancer cells bite I'm like flights in the night, cruise with no eyes When the condition got me down, I tried to stay high Fuck Vietnam, Agent Orange and flouride I got sore eyes from the burn of a scorn life A chemo therapy, atoms you brought home those nights [Interlude: Bronze Nazareth (?)] I knew something was up, man (yeah the doctor said it'll be alright though) Feel it in my bones, man (you know that's life) How you feeling now? (you know, I'm alright baby) Everything good? (yeah, yeah) It's good to hear from you though (it's good to hear from you too) (I'mma be alright, man) aight [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, something pulling at me, my veins is drumming I know my blood pressure bust pipes, I'm a stroke of genius on mics Shit feel strange tonight, look out the front door, grass frosted Visions of Jesus carrying crosses, I'm kind of off it Shit is too heavy, my lungs tight Heartbeat steady, my palms sweaty, in the kitchen, she bitching Dinner almost ready, my shadow in the bay window Back of my skull tingles, can't find the fucking remote I hate these videos, same shit, different toilet deceiving Like I can ask Marvin Gaye Sr. why did you peel him? Damn, I must be blow, smoke clouds in the air Slumped down in the chair, heard the snare or was it a shot My girl said I

looked pale, and spilled my wine on the couch...  
Weeding out...

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