

Calm

"Help tha Medicine go Down"

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(AwareNess)

Chim Chim ma ne

Chim Chim ma ne

Chim Chim Charu

(Time)

My life isn't as simple as taking steroids to improve my performance

If you are what you eat then I'm half cooped up chicken mixed with clone cow

It used to be rub sticks for fire and farm with stone plows

Now it's stoned yuppies who go to grocery stores

And buy anything they need from the clerk with tattooed eyebrow

If you can relate to this that's great

If you cant it's probably because I'm fake contrived ignorant and pretentious

Either way I got something to say and insides the parenthesis it reads relentless

Life isn't a Thomas Kincade painting cause no beautiful paintbrush draws foster homes

No one looks like an airbrushed magazine model

And only soap opera characters don't need jobs and a house phone

The majority of the population is obese and ugly

We're not like those polite people we read about in poems

We're not like the polite newscasters who'd rather show numbers for deaths

Instead of all the blood involved in war and disasters

We used to have Indians and trees with trunks

Now we got businessmen and trees with stumps

We got ten years olds wanting to be like daddy "please can I get drunk?"

They were smoking cigarettes when they 7 and shoplifting by 11

But mommy told them you don't want to go to hell be good and you'll go to college

(not heaven)

graduate get a family

wait a month till you get divorced then repeat the
process
in the meantime you go to church and try to find god
but you learn that you're a sin and how to hate gays will
you demolish your progress
you decide to become an atheist and find that god is in
the mirror
crying naked and jobless
(you are in the mirror crying naked and jobless)

(AwareNess)

Chim Chim ma ne
Chim Chim ma ne
Chim Chim Charu

(Time)

Keep hope alive cause the rest of us are dead
I got a god and a church and they're both in my head
My heart is a tool, used for pumping blood
My soul is on the bottom of my shoe covered in mud

(Time)

Cartoons are violent are so are we
My life isn't a fairytale and Walt Disney isn't drawing
me
Things aren't always what they seem
Cause even the pope has wet dreams
I'm from America this is where TV and hand gun
deaths started at
Hello and welcome to the home of the Big Mac
Quarter pounded and teenage heart attack
Don't talk to me just give me pills and chemicals till you
fix the problem
Let my pupils dilate till I can no longer see
Cause my history told me, death is the cure for all
disease
Now days if animals talk to you then you're a schitzo
But not every Indian is red and not every white man is a
lumberjack with a zippo
Nor does every dreaded man sing calypso (buc buc)
drop an anvil on my head and I die
then watch a confused mob gather round and stand
still on their cell phones
looking for a helicopter in the sky
tell me who you live with and ill tell you what drugs you
do
sleeping beauty wasn't sleeping, she was in a coma
and when you got shot your head doesn't spin
and when you get hit with a mallet you don't get a lump
you get death
when you born, no one said once upon time

there's no such thing as happy ending
just murder rap, holocaust and an occasional lynch
and no kiss in the world is gonna wake the dead or turn
a toad into a prince
it's either love or fear
they say the world's divided between good and evil but
it's not that simple
cause both sides think they're right and kill anyone who
wants to oppose
just to give their citizens dimples
they told me to use my imagination so I imagined a
nation
Free of brainwashing radio and television stations
Everything has a purpose the media's job is to deceive
You are god, bleed for what you love
Close your eyes, smell the flowers and breathe
Find happiness in your delusions and just believe

Find happiness in your denial and just smile

(AwareNess)

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