

## Trybe

### "Gestation Of Consciousness"

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Cracks in the surface,  
Sealed in the sky,  
Defacing a small child's desperate eyes.  
I'm trapped in the womb.  
It's filling me with lies.  
Victims, a dead cause to realign.  
Overwhelm me before I decay.  
There's got to be more to this reality,  
This medicated metaphor.

Torn by visions,  
Dreaming again I'm awake for the first time.  
Fed by illusion,  
Breathing again it's imprinted in my mind.

Everlasting moments,  
Unable to find,  
Reasons a new thought to realize.  
Liberate me from these empty chains.

Torn by visions,  
Dreaming again I'm awake for the first time.  
Fed by illusion,  
Breathing again it's imprinted in my mind.

Torn by visions,  
Dreaming again I'm awake for the first time.  
Fed by illusion,  
Breathing again it's imprinted in my mind.

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