

Dominik Marx**"Cloud 9"**

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[Lyrics Born]

The past is a thing who approached you and asked if
he wrote you a note
and then he quoted you with poems
all the things you pursue, anything to see you front too
who's zooming who
It's a privelage that's known as lyricism
I must admit this is a bit embarrassing
but can I be characteristically caffinated
apple-cinnamon and licorice thoughts of jibberish
and we can reminisce about the history we're making
right now
live a little
let your whims control your limbs
let the wind uphold your wings
let your friends stay home again
just give into your sins and unfold your linens and
unroll your ribbons
don't give your body time to react, just relax
just lean back, your seat back
there ain't no need to freak out, just peep out
there ain't no one way to do nothing baby
sailing through the crab-shoot of life not knowing
where we're going
but don't evade me

Chorus

When I self-emerge myself into a microphone, hey
when I shoot the wind I drift away with oxygen and out
of sight I'm gone
there is no stopping time
I'm on cloud number nine
The Cloud of Dreams

[Lateef]

see it like this baby
like you got sunlight and then you got the shade
you got the grass bright green and then you got the
pavement
got your whole life for sights you've seen and things
you did

and the gravy
the only place you're staying is the changes that you
making
grow, hold on, try and take it on yourself
but when you do it, when you get it you become, thrown
away
But hold on
Know you're strong so keep your grip
cause they'll be trying there best to trip you
still, we 'gon carry it home
we've come so far we've got infinite future
keep the soul, the bloodline flowing on
it's like your mom says, baby-bubba
don't you worry, pray
you'll discover
a brand new place
somewhere or another
where you'll get your things straight
then in order
better have your issues covered like the world reporter
concepts over-flow over air and water
how many people missing this times importance
every moment that passses seems that time is shorter
then you reach your ultimate height will all the colors
represent your life, yourself, just know your culture
then you'll keep it rooted in your mind of polluted love
non-convoluted with the righteous result

Chorus X2

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