

**Fritz Beckmann & Peter Greuder****"Illuminated Sunlight"**

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[Dante]

You get mystified, on how history lied  
and when the troops came around they had to come in  
disguise  
Unvail some tales of days when the sun failed  
and blind with minds thought we all went to Hell  
Free energy dwells in deep thoughts like wells  
In the age where knowledge is born, clientel  
Let it work for you, buy and sell  
But make sure it's true cuz I could see your lie in braille  
My niggaz lie in jail but can't wait to try and kneal  
Elevatin the higher stimulation of dyin, brain cells  
I'm dead, I can't tell, yo my think-tank is swell  
The invisible indivisible bank sales  
Through outputs, I smuggle my views without hooks  
Educated myself, work for delf without books  
or school, it takes an idiot to educate a fool  
We make history while you search for clues  
Dirt for tools, genetically alter perfect crews  
so they falter and can't offer a damn thing to they  
culture  
Natural blends, God body, actual men  
reclaim the name and make Paegan stations bend in  
one breath  
I take you hymns off of energy through my skin  
and I'm blacker than the Indian, attacker in the wind  
I depend off the fouls and sins of a thousand men

[Prodigal Sunn]

This is the final chapter of devastation, fatal steps of  
termination  
Set up states, deminishin emcee's behind the ancient  
gates  
The burnin seven arsonists out the Heaven  
Severin competition, snitchin the word infliction  
Now it's my fiction to tell the truth about the  
contradiction  
Pay attention, understand my main-dead plan of the  
devil's mission  
Causin division, collision through Hell's prison  
Before you sin again -- stop, look and listen

Foes that wanna taste the flame, I'm slitin veins  
Spittin octane, now you're wounded from the hurricane  
Fuckin with G-O-D can be a deadly game  
Don't be a fool, fake moves and face and ever-lastin  
dead pool  
I 'scape from the in-forest scene, loaded machine  
A beam of stream ignite your elements with gasoline  
The radius supreme, AH! Sunn mercinary  
Escape the black hole, demolishin, burnin a worth  
adversary  
Penetratin through the myst of the Abyss  
The hired vocalist, mental biologist, the alchemist  
Devils combust when the enter the God's region  
I'm like your skin meltin, it gets the body swellin  
Eternal bleedin!

[Chorus 4X: Mood]

Sunz of Man and the Mood, livin life divine  
Genuine, ever-lastin light, sunshine

[Main Flo]

Tortured like army heads or centipeeds, we build on  
our centuries  
Solar definity, true signs of our enemies  
Life-forms beyond the stratus, and halosatomos  
with spaceships, we mic-storm planets  
They wanna vanish my under-sea labs, no wonder we  
laugh  
My number-leased staff, my hungerly draft  
For decades stored, marks the comin of my sword  
My quest is the healin from the lord  
Mentally my seed is planed in every mind of the livin  
Suprise those who rise, often drifted  
I makes a tapes with crystal guides  
Like full moons my words are meant to rise  
Who the fuck you think sent you the lies?  
Before bread I store lead, de-floor Feds  
and transport plans throughout foreheads  
My ability to warn off the uninvited  
Illuminated Sunlight, make moves through planetary  
eyes  
and doom rise through a storm tide  
Balloon wise and also roam skies  
of both halves we cause math through the dome staff  
Like army war drafts travelled Ghost's path

[60 Second Assassin]

BLOW! Hold fast with the gas, come and flaaaame at  
that ass  
As thought enters the clip all turentials lift  
Set it, I raise yo' asssss like diabetics

Brings the dark to light of hemorrhoids, hit the clip  
of the magnetic gift, foooooes with the tongue swift  
Sharp as ever, slip, WHAT? WHAT? The juggler  
Who's next in line, in chime to suffer?  
My rhymes waaaave from under the gutter  
Below the grits I smother, there's too much dirt to  
cover  
Beyond the under, 'vasion, body snatcher  
End in your what? Chapter, chapter  
Rapture, niggaz catch Falls like Niagara  
Buried so deep that when you peak you see Alaska  
Savin chatter while climbin Assassin's ladder  
I'm wrappin rubbish, graze y'all full with buzzards  
But reign refutious once two thoughts converge  
and when I chop into your dead meat like stew  
like the vultures on the d-low comin at you  
Heat is oooooon, word is boooooond  
Plus this fable's splittin your dome piece like the wings  
of an eagle  
The fore one who keeps it on a roll like a seagul  
Makin more moves than Ex-Lax, style is the diamon  
needle  
My people fuckin plus I'm drunken off that cherries  
See God beat niggaz down, Earth style, you know my  
steelo

[Chorus 4X]

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