

Tear Da Club up Thugs

"New Eden"

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My splintered stoned Medusa Lies in places by the
mirror.
Snakes alive, but I die laughing on a chair.
I'm juggling apples, I feel the grass grow 'round my
feet.
A perfumed candle plays the breeze that sweeps
From West to East
To me, to you.
Out here...in New Eden.
We've learned from our mistakes. This time around
we'll make things better.
I won't throw that stone - I'd rather send a letter.
If it seems we're being asked to leave,
Then I'll take you by the hand
And together we'll expand
From West to East.
From me. From you.
Out here in our New Eden.

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