

## Jehst

### "Alcoholic Author"

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"I'll tell you what I want... I want something now  
This is the life like I left, you know what I mean?"

[Verse 1]

Like Bekowsky the alcoholic author  
Son of the devil I turn wine into water  
My physical forms a metaphor for disorder  
Absorb the trauma, my state is before the light  
And I am short of time, short to find my keeper  
Alive within reach of the reaper  
The lights sleeper drifts deeper into darkness  
Read my palm and see the evil of my forefather's  
Born after the last generation of gypsies  
Move from the sticks to the city's  
Give me 26 characters for home sick travellers  
Bi-centennial men, hunter gatherers  
Who run with the scavengers and brave the dangers  
My tongue a labyrinth in this maze of pages  
Playin' David, I stand defiant to the last standing giant  
The android man, I walk silent and talk science  
The child who sought guidance  
The war cry echoes through these blood stained  
empires

[Hook]

"A man of many premonitions, Jehst"  
"... Scruffy little man from the wasteland..."  
"Moo jew sipping step children off the earth was...  
Fixing Smirnoff with anti-liner burner"  
"A man of many premonitions, Jehst"  
"... Scruffy little man from the wasteland..."  
"Moo jew sipping step children off the earth was..."  
"Speaking in barbed wire tongues"

[Verse 2]

Fascinated by the fire like a child try'na touch the flame  
I see change like a busk, everything stay much the  
same  
Cut the weather vein  
I hear blood water tapping out the lords morse code on  
my window pane

I rain dance 'till the harvest comes  
Brave hearts keep beating to the hardest drums  
Bastard sons are lost God's long forgotten  
Monolithic heads on this island gone rotten  
On top of the world or on the bottom of the food chain  
We stay the same but our fears take a new name  
We're all players so place your bets  
You made your bed, lay in it and pray for the best  
Death's door stays open to all without prejudice  
I'm the fifth element of war with my nemesis  
Brain storm genesis this is the start  
My whole world's overcast so I live in the dark  
I adapt now my vision is sharp  
Go home to my house made of glass  
And throw stones for a laugh  
The favourite that came in last  
I clutch at straws and I'm cut by a blade of grass  
I done enough for you, you've done nothing for me  
I'm puffing the tree, the bloodshed you're rushing to  
see

"Look we gotta hold ourselves together... we got to  
See man if we go to pieces somebody out there's  
gonna get us"

"Latest sports news off the street bite  
Our friend's are on second base and trying to make it  
all the way home  
But the inside word is that the odds are against them  
Stay tuned bumba ras, stay tuned"

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