

L'Roneous Da'Versifier

"Imaginarium"

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Ladies and gentlemen
Fairytale Theater proudly presents
L'Roneous; with the short entitled
Imaginarium
Give him a round of applause

[L'Ron]
Thank you..

I'm travelling through lyrical parallels
as my life spins like carousels
Apparent hell's weren't apparent
til I chilled and dwelled in myself
And melded the surreal with what's real
Then I slipped into a quarter where no mortal man
should follow now
in this mindstate I can't be touched cause I'm the
master
But I massed around the shadows of darkness, where
these images is
and voices, so many voices I feel trapped and had no
choices
Then like when lights go dim, the shadows started
moving in
like morphing darkness on the scene a dream from
which I can't wake up
So I shake up, the courage to speak,
"Who are you show your face? My name's ???"
I felt weak, no one here replied, but I felt breathing
next to my shoulder, a panicked person once I felt it
moving closer
And posed to, ball up in my shit
So I twist, turn and twist to get creating space
As my heartrate race beyond this normal pace the
place becomes uneasy
and a voice breaks the silence, believe me
"Those that creeped in darkness, were heartless"
Time seemed to jerk
Somethin hit me from the side and didn't, hurt
but it spurked and sparked to kick some ass, a light
showed

My eyes glowed
I saw a tattered broken man and clan of dirty dwellers
lookin old and pale, even the dark ones hale, well
the voice came nearer and the words sounded clearer
like a mirror image of mine, if a voice can cast
reflections
Then I drowned myself in vibes, and tasted the
inflection

Kinda like a soul connection.. yeah..

Then; my conciousness condensed, to a sense of
shiftlessness
in the realm of which my wits pit anxiety
with variety of loose emotions fighting me
through heightened speeds of plethora
Fallin deep into dementia, which sent a chill to my
vertabrae
Then a voice broke silence that I heard before
Like a nightmare during insomnia
Then a sihlouette cast over all of em
and this image appeared in my retina, he spoke
Said, "I'm Ali M'Dub, ruler of this place and caretaker
Now this may stray way WAY beyond the confines of
your mind so,
listen Son, see..
we are the deepest reflections of your innerside
You can't hide from us"
Just then a voice shrieked in the, distance
as I thought to myself this, must be nuts
like Gulliver, talking bout Lilliput'
Clear cut from the smut, of why's and what's
Still drilled by the ills, stuck in this rut
but the feelings formed deep inside my gut
Then.. darkness pressed again
Now I suspened in sensation
My eyes traced that place in silence, pilin in information
"You are ours and we are yours," he spoke
My tribulations, formed a mental ass-whup
Perhaps anything could've happened
but that equation's unsolved
Well all as it may be
that voice decayed and frayed to a distant, memory
see
In our world of reality, we cling to dreams as a form of -
- hope
So this memoir of madness is actually.. the psychosis,
of being dope

Imaginarium

See, in a nutshell it's not a wise tale
but a tale of the wise

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