

Lost Secret

"March of the Damned"

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[G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] I got the blues for strife of humanity
Vanity, greed and excess, material insanity is empty
But they don't know the hologram exists
Why my lord do they persist
Many questions we ask, but the answers take time
The fall of man seems obvious, but the puzzle remains
Mysterious anomaly... Fossilized lifestyles trapped by their philosophies
The moment you label it you dead
Ideals become idols in just a brief moment
Trapped by the desire and the comforts to which you aspire
Heads pray for money then wonder why they die, die, die
Take action and stop talkin' bout it
Frozen in time instead of infinite motion
Babies get prescription to a potion
Opiation population easy freedom lacking disciplinary conduct
Self respect is dead, so is self awareness
Too many rap singers be careless
Music stopped the planet but it used to propel it
tho Older cats know this but refuse to tell it so die young planet, die, die, die!
[Chorus 2X: Evanescence "Imaginary" sample] Don't say I'm out of touch
With this rampant chaos, your reality [Archangel Metatron]
It's the Metatron, giving you a warning
I'm forming from the ashes of suicide bombings
Ya'll pathetic, keep potential from getting kinetic
I'm shooting holes in your theoretic
I'm aggressive, ya'll is passively so
Meteorites, carrying SARS crash in your homes
They was thrown, cause your God thinks you wasting carbon
My angels ready for war, ready for all those marching
Towards damnation, my sword pierces digital graphic
Glitch the matrix, ya'll guilty
Of pretending you innocently ignorant
I shoot rhymes in light form from the tips of pyramids
My key's mystic, spit religious scientifics
Look at my eyes, as they shatter existence
Don't say I ain't told ya Cause this the voice of Amen Ra, Allah and Jahova
[Chorus 2X] [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] Are you such a dreamer to set the world to rights?
I took a trip exchanged real grips with knights
Now I'm ready to build uplift then drift on
Do my own thing, smacking you bitches so tragic when I sing
Songs from the key of life, it's for the blind
Turn ya foglights on cuz no future in yo front
I'm like a blunt, but no, you can't smoke me
I exhale ya planet,

broadcast it in a note, see? [Archangel Metatron] With
dope stee, what you believe causes laughter Punch
your moms, cause I want, I don't have to I block
thoughts, when I'm inhaling these flows Pack an Ankh,
when I'm impaling my foes Straight bumming, on my
forty-deuce new school Jesus Yes, I smile at whitey's
who walk by Jam they radar, pan handle reality
Papsmear your ear cause something nothing working
M-tron talk shit, priest want to murk him But can't, cuz
I'm the virus My funk pattern attacks like
advertisements Surpass the radar, but no I'm not Solo
Here with 'chiz, we the outer space po-po

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