Mandy Winter "Wine"

Visit "Wine" on MotoLyrics.com

The new wine is dying on the vine how much must you age before you're ageless? align yourself with the divine allow your inner sage to burn your rage less 'cause I find you're testaments of time there is no space for time within your mind if your looking for yourself, yourself you'll find through the crystal of your spirit you'll inherit the divine you are God, you best believe don't waste your time down on your knees it's everybody for themselves you have the fire and the cross don't save your soul it's sour loss collective soul, collective well

The new wine is dying on the vine how much must you age before you're ageless? align yourself with the divine allow your inner sage to burn your rage less 'cause I find you're testaments of time there is no space for time within your mind if your looking for yourself, yourself you'll find through the crystal of your spirit you'll inherit the divine you are God, you best believe don't waste your time down on your knees it's everybody for themselves you have the fire and the cross don't save your soul it's sour loss collective soul, collective well

Chorus (x2):

Now do you know how I feel tonight? Now can't you see I'm surreal tonight? See how I shine I'm a star, yeah Now do you know who you are, yeah?

I'm that atonement son that's like a bible and gun pea-cocked and ready aimin' steady as a ray of the sun my ammunition, intuition, full eclipse of my lung son, you could never guess what planet I'm from my emcee name is my birth name, my first name alias is all of us, soul of us, the fall of us to surely come when we deny it loudest nigga gets quiet prison of pieces of riot sell your soul if you wanna, but that don't mean I'mma buy it see I've been conscious of your nonsense they imprints have been quiet and I ain't gonna lie it be to hard to deny it I ain't from your block and never had to deal with your shit

never had a glock never kept it real with no bit and when I saw a nigga like you, son I practically hit 'cause you did what you did and I wasn't the kid don't give a fuck now, I be the first one to playa hate the eye of the needle set the record straight and I retire late, retire late, retaliate, retaliate and I be fishin' on that same star you be wishin' on make you move son, you know the mission's on so never question who I am, God knows and I know God personally in fact he lets me call him me in fact he lets me call him me

never question who I am, God knows and I know God personally in fact she lets me call her me in fact she lets me call her me

Chorus (x6)

I can recite the grass on the hill and memorize the moon

I know the cloudforms of love by heart and have brought tears to the eye of a storm and my memory banks vaults of forests and amazon river banks

and i've screamed them into sunsets that echo in earthquakes

shadows have been my spotlight as I monologue the night and dialogue with days

soliloquies of wind and breeze applauded by sun rays we put language in zoos to observe caged thought and tossed peanuts and p-funk at intellect and motherfuckers think these are metaphors i speak what I see

all words and worlds are metaphors of me my life was authored by the moon footprints written in soil the fountain pen of martian men novelling human toil and yes, the soil speaks highly of me but earth seeds root me poet-tree now, maybe i'm too serious too little here to matter though i'm riddled with the reason of the sun i stand up comets with the audience of lungs this body of laughter is it with me or at me? hue more or less though gender's mute and the punch line has this lifeline at it's root i'm a star this life's the suburbs, I commute

Chorus (x2)

Visit Mandy Winter page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.