

Muph + Plutonic

"Blinded"

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Blinded

When you can't see what's coming
But you sure you hear something
First reaction, start running
Gunning down the hill
Til the pace catches up, laces run a muck
Soon enough face tastes of blood spill
Drill drive and dentistry
Out spoken speaks up at assembly
Couldn't keep the words from drawing this destiny
Irrational is international
And it travels with your visa form of identity
Huh

Blinded

Dramatic overacted song and dance
Shakes your leisurely stroll, got your feet off balance
Now you jumping up and down
A rock and roll snare drum runs vibrations
Interlacing with your 2006 digital console
Control on the whole is only half there
Blindfolded, unaware
Of what the thin air had to offer
Not the Mocha that will wake you up

Blinded

Like right off your guts over the edge like your time is
up
Fired up on the cup, the brushes up your confidence
Start throwing around cue cards of all your
accomplishments
Common sense sinks to the bottom of honest
dominance
Now the arse hole within this claim in prominence
Wake up in the morning wondering where the hell my
wallet went

Blinded

When you think you know it all
Stubborn thick skin splinters can't penetrate
Let em make covering, smothering
Room for breathe, glad wrap surrounding the chest
Poke holes through it, never said sorry now you blew it
Left lonely in pain, holding the cellophane pane

And look through it, left em in the dark
Now you're the one who looks stupid
Look, excuses don't change the fact you lack the ability
to let go
Blinded
You ain't that considerate, we're X absorbing the
oblivious
Walking past cries of help, felt like happy music
The one way conversations with a - dead end
Muted, tutored by the best in their field
Everybody you knew, knew how to steal attention
Thieving their name to get a mention
But you're blinded by the fact that you do the same
thing
The lessons etched in your subconscious
A certain fondness, that goes beyond just being proud
of who you are
A super star ego, we've all seen those
Blinded
By the beauty and the beat that her cheeks make when
they speak to me
Back turned, gaining distance, I feel less free
She's really what I want, becoming something that I
fiend
Like something of a dream, stunning high beam stays
Forgetting what the hell I was doing
Sometimes confusion, inter-fuses with what we see
We've all had a time when the mind's been blinded
And now you see

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