

Mind of a Madman

Primitive

A sick fetish for replenishing damage
I inherited a sentence from a manic-depressive
Left the death in the wreckage and admitted defeat
... bitter at this quitter 'cause my limits were reached
I gritted my teeth, hell there was little relief
the image that I held was a prism of peace
peace, pieced in a fractured mind
captured fragments of the rapture with an axe to grind
written chapters in the havoc
scribbled passages of madness
hidden shackles of the black, cracked practiced lies
where I came from to where I am now
aware the flames from the same sun were wearing me down
aware the snare and the bass drum

BAR ELEVATION

level-headed, treble-spreadin' set to dent the basement
where I went to stay embedded in the Matrix
I shredded any relevance imperative to change it

I took a peak inside the mind of a madman
then took a seat beside the guy with the bad-hand
believed his lie then combined it with my bad plan
that's what I became, I found I was the same

I've never been in this position before,
I've never been so driven by the pistons of war
Spittin' raw writtens over thousands of hours
surrounded by sounds of insurmountable power
Borderline psycho, sorta nice rhyme flow
I fortified, organised, walked the fine tightrope
Keep it banging 'til the circuits in the mic blow
Circus in a lightbulb, search inside my mindscape
Close your eyes when the music starts
I guess it's: no surprise when a movement sparked
It's like I: shouldered time and I rolled the dice
and rose from the ice like a shooting star
the truth was hard, when it eventually broke
cemented loops and bars how I mentally coped
My head was a mess! From regular stress
The damage I kept suppressed in the cellular depths!

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4 years since I lit the pipe
4 years since my lips kissed kryptonite
I grip the mic, Looking for a different life
and my lyrics tell my journey as I crystallised
I synthesised, stripped the twisted pride
on that 9 point 5 'til I kiss the sky

Back from the dead, you could say my bars were raised,
things change but I still sit at bars for days
... from a dark place of masks and pain
sparked flames masquerades of party days
YEAH! From the fall came the rise
heard the call from the side as the walls painted eyes
from the crawl to the stride
I gave my all to survive
I learned from the burn and concern in his eyes
in the search there's a price; SACRIFICE
Sometimes all that you know isn't black and white

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