

Thru The Rhythm

13th Floor Elevators

Thru the rhythm of darkened times
Painted black by knowledge crimes
And repetitions pointless mime
Instilling values the sick define
That keeps the fabric that keeps you blind
And ties your hands and cloaks your mind
But on my stilts, I'm above the slime

Come on up if you can make the climb, but who am I?
Who am I? Who am I?

I've smelled the stench from the fumes that rise
From the books that rehash the same old lies
I felt the panic that they disguise
In the forms of laws of every size
I've heard the teachers whine and make me drop out like flies
But you know they teach you nonsense, cause they can't blind yo
ur eyes
I've seen the fools gold that they pawn off as their prize

To the average standard the norm supplies, but where am I?
Where am I? Where am I?

You've gobbled all the blessings they caused you to digest
They may be hard to swallow, but they keep your tongue deprese
d
Your scattered whims were born depressed
So when something slams your chest
You flutter about, you're sleek distressed
And when you stop to ease your breast
A scattered rim leaves you obsessed

While solid thoughts are soon suppressed, but where are you?
Oh, where are you? Hey! Where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?