A wise man once said We exist in a bizarre combination of stone age emotions Medieval beliefs, God like technology many people can reach

I can sit on the beach, watch the sky turn violet-red While moving through a planetary spider web See the jungle through the eye of a tiger's head

Black hat hackers fight from their lion's den While truth lives and dreams that go free We got rickety boats bursting at the seams with refugees (Check it)

While some kids fight just to make the honor roll Other kids fight just to claim the waterhole And you know it, the moment the air is motionless Compassionate emotions stick when your motion shifts

And I don't trust my TV news caster
My world flips likes a 3D view master
Look out the window and put it in a paragraph
Watching life travel past back in cattle class

Harness the beat and the passion that you heart gives The Noah Ark kid, captain of his starship Don't let him tell you different to all you school kids Being smart is cool, prepare your mental toolkits

And with this knowledge, start to get your bandwidth The architecture of science and I can chase the planet I got the fresh force I hopped and leapt forth So check it mate, I'm the palm to cross the chessboard

Sometimes they try to break me
(Hey, ooh)
Other times I feel safe and sound
(Hey, ooh)
And I don't know why I'm weightless now
But I'm guessing it's because we're running on air

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I was told that life is as easy as can be But apparently the tragedy is freedom isn't free I've been bleeding on this beat and spilling my guts At the last supper where the Gods fill up my cup

See the truth is, it's all in your head And time will only stop still when your wings are spread There's no map to buy for the trail to my heart So I'll be coming home after I sail to the stars And that kid hovers high, yelling live, love or die While he swallows caterpillars and spits butterflies

With a mic and a Molotov, missile's on a message It's a lunar eclipse when I listening to records I brainstorm to rid the taxes and change laws

I'm like the ever lit match when the rain pours
A legend to my friends coming back from a great tour
The true crusader stands up to the man
Mind over matter turns handcuffs into sand

It's contained in a flame and it lives in a heartbeat So fuck this party man, give me the car keys I wanna give like Mr. Smith in 'Seven Pounds' To change my brain to a plane that never grounds

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