Bliss Point

Busdriver

All you do is harness
An electric impulse
As you plant that withering body
In the rich mulch

And just leave behind
That glittery hindrance
Exhume that body
Take your insides out
Then get those innards rinsed

Now you can talk about more pressing issues
Like what's up with the state of hip hop?
Where exactly is hip hop going?
And did hip hop have breakfast this morning?
Does hip hop really have the body type to pull off that outfit?
Who is hip hop dating?
A holographic rendered Pac?
Or what does hip hop check in the gender box?

And other inane fluff
Your mind becomes an arcane tusk
So what you inveigh stuck
And overrides the brain trust

(And I'm about to get so rough
I'm about to get so rough)

It's what you say when you come through door

Some like to
Shoot the unheard
In the theatre company
Of the plucked nerve
And then maybe you can access one third of your mind
Some like the
Recipes for what lightning eats
On characters of my typing teeth
So I stay a skywriting links
To you show you to
Your enlightened peak

We, we always knew
How to reach the bliss point

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How to reach the bliss point

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Ooh La La
Goo Goo Gah
Inter-a-personal

Coup-de-gras

Loosen sod
Under the
Gall-o-ping
Hoof and paw

New gods get
Huge applause

Plutonium replace
Unleaded fuels

And you're lifting from
Tepid pools
As all the
Wreckage cools
Now you're a
Happy fuck
Cradled in hood famous
Khaki cuffs

So when corporate
Lacky grunts
Violate antitrust
I won't back
Hydrofracked
Grounds under
White snowcaps
But I will support the nuptials
Between punctual live show acts
(You've gotta be kidding me)

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