

4 Elements

Chronic Future

A microphone has an aura of sounds around it
When the lips make contact facts of fiction surround it
Unbounded noises founded, phrases mounted
But I get grounded.
Allow it and it will flow through the screen
Soft spoken or a scream will
stream through the means of time
That will amplify the vibe which I thrive for
Mental doors or windows open or close
Depending on which moments I chose

Guitars bass
Check your tone
Yo where's Mike B
I'm on the microphone
And Barry C.
He rocks hard like stone
The 4 elements Tokyo to Rome

Flows occur blank pages turn into rows of words
Or rows of phases in a particular matrix
The basis for this is instruments
with a microphone
Recycle tone through the cords
to clone the not shown
But heard so observe the superb yet absurd
Got no reason for concern

Guitars bass
Check your tone
Yo where's Mike B
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[Chorus:]
When I'm feeling this was
I just must play
I release me through the urgency
Our consciousness is collective
This force we've made
Will always remain

Music completes a certain part of me
But there's not enough words to express me fully
We've been pushing on the cord to the outlet
Of the electrical socket
Music transforms form into thorn
That's poking the old prick looking at kiddie porn
I scorn not born locked to mock
Not the flock so us four chose to rock