

## Feel It Everyday

Chronic Future

I'm in this body - A specimen of unknown  
I'm testing limits and the limits get way blown  
Out of proportion - eyes ears and nose  
Touch then taste but I'm faced with those  
Certain uncertainties  
Like where's my sixth sense  
And why all of a sudden am I not free  
I seem to be reentering a concentric section of another dimension  
I was just in the womb of a life form  
Saw the white light then I was born  
Being scorned for what I think is right  
By the fake prophesies of fright

I feel it everyday - Sometimes I say  
Things have got to change  
But they just maintain

I'm awaiting coordination on this  
Gravitational pull  
Never full of information 'cause I ponder and mull  
Excess amounts of data and B.S.  
Which do I choose to listen to or stress  
I guess the true test is to tune deaf  
To the rest of the mess that views you as less  
But is it the best path for all  
The fact that their math will fall  
Individu-all  
I was just in the womb of a life form  
Saw the white light then I was born  
Being scorned from what I think is right  
By the fake prophesies of fright

I feel it everyday - Sometimes I say  
Things have got to change  
But they just maintain  
On the other side - Is this really me  
Or the speaking of my creativity

Why do we forget  
Our lives of the past  
Open up memory the valve's too vast  
To grasp the knowing of another planet  
Damn it don't tell me to can it  
I transmit predictions I've made  
Quote unquote "normal" has to fade  
'Cause the habits of day to day  
Have stained my innocent baby brain  
And you call me vain

It all goes my way  
Whichever way I create  
I guess I make my own fate  
It all goes my way