A Good Year

Drapht

It's too low.
Yeah, you know the style, D-Rapht on the mic,
yeah, kicking it wild like what.
Like, like, like what.
Check, huh.

I got a feeling now,
like I suddenly been touched by healing power.
Now I know who I wanna know.
Know this fear and loathing
is part of the show biz.
Won't miss the train, remain namless.
Paint-stained hands and Air Max trainers.
AM campaign to paint us, knowing what pain is.
Ain't down to entertain laymans. (Nah!)
I'm here with the caverlier man that we manifest
the best and standing under our banner.
Eric Banner, Goanna, Australian blooded.
From the motherland of the fucking Layland Brothers.
My sins are washing away this year,
but like Jason, addicted to the taste of fear.
My translation's like watching a Mason handshake,
you only get it if you down with the fanbase.
A sad day in the scene we're in.
My plan A was just to be down with the team I'm in,
but made mates, made many mistakes.
Made to play for pennies on slavery rates,
but that's life.
All the nights I didn't sleep because of this.
Felt ripped off by friends, stole the love of this
away from me,
but I had to let it go,
cos I now understand and I know that it's gonna be

a good year.
You gotta hear me now,
hear me loud and clear tear the ceiling down.
A good year.
Yeah, where we're at,
all eyes on the grimm and we staring back up.
A good year.
You gotta hear me now,
hear me loud and clear tear the ceiling down.
A good year.
Yeah, where we're at,
all eyes on the grimm and we staring back up.

Hey Trials, you know bro?
Yep, now my eyes wide open,
openly deep as the Indian Ocean,
openly free as an Indian smoking a potent opium potion.
The motion has changed this life.
I wrote this with a knife,
engraved a paper and prayed to the sky.
I was angry at the world, at a girl, no language
could understand how I felt,
it was anguish timed by a thousand.

Wanted to vanquish the problem,
but couldn't fnd the power in me.
Wasn't enough hours in the day to follow indies.
Crusade and raid the Lost Ark.
Growing up, swinging like Costa.
My Mum thought she created a monster.
Contain Paul was like a monsoon rainfall.
Live a colourful life like I sprayed by paintball.
A chainsaw tongue cut you down,
lose my temper soon as I felt fucked around
and that was daily,
but I had to let it go,
cos I now understand and I know that it's gonna be

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