

Yes, yes  
Sitting in this spray-painted basement  
Candlelight as base [?] Tascam eight track  
Some old school [?] computer speakers  
Independent of a pag, the rest of my half grand  
What I could afford but I wasted  
I could only afford ten dollars, hey though, cannabinoids are a  
lien intelligence  
I inhale it, my breath falls, exhale it

Comfortable down here with the spiders, the webs, the silence  
Spray paint in an ambiance, spirits  
Spirits speak loudly, especially through hypnotic induction  
Like in Xanax and Ambiens  
Opening up portals to energy, transpersonal and transient  
I'm on a tangent again, it's obvious I haven't got a point  
But that's not what I'm here to make and that's not what I'm making  
Words and words as means to an end is so fucking...