

Ceiling Fan

Horrorshow

Stare at the ceiling fan
The planet keeps spinning
All the Gandhis, the Neros
The ones and the zeroes, the heroes and villains
And everywhere I look it seems like the bad guys are winning
And I got a bad feeling
That this shit is just the beginning

I'm hoping it's true what they say
That everything's not what it seems
'Cause sometimes it seems like the
Whole world is coming apart at the seams
Are we asleep? Lost in a dream
We sit in the dark and stare at the screen
But I'm anti-social man, I ain't no Instagrammer
Good intentions and bad grammar
You can get at me on Twitter
But I ain't here for the chitter chatter
I'm the former, they the latter
They just smile for the camera
Says a lot about the state of the game
That the biggest rapper in the world is an actor
We don't wanna hear what matters
Please just drop another banger
Won't somebody help?
'Cause I'm bout to have me a meltdown like a Fukushima reactor, yeah

Stare at the ceiling fan
The planet keeps spinning
All the Gandhis, the Neros
The ones and the zeroes, the heroes and villains
And everywhere I look it seems like the bad guys are winning
And I got a bad feeling
That this shit is just the beginning

Waging a war, aim from the fringe
Speaking my truth to the centre of power
Warming my hands, burning a bridge
Give me the anger I turn it up louder, see
I'm kicking the door off its hinges
I'm flipping with ninjas, aiming at princes'
Cultural cringes, up in their ivory towers
Gotta resist - with banners and fists
We shatter their myths
They'll tell you I'm animalistic, I am a mis-
Fit like a glove when they tell you that I am the enemy
I am the one you should fear
I'm up in the sky, I'm out on the sea, I'm right at your door, I am already
here - yeah
Since birth in a one horse town
Since a redhead stepped in the house
Opened up the gates, let loose all the hounds
Tryna breathe life in the voice that drowned
Us, them, guns, pens, watching the fan on the ceiling again
Revolution a second my pupils pinwheeling again
Turn into mandalas, made out of brilliant gems
Speak with the force of a million men

Pen dance like Bangarra
Sling slang where they hang martyrs

On the screen they seem so sombre
While they preach their divide and conquer
Fear your neighbour, fear the stranger, fear the other, they are monsters
They have not names for they are not human, nah they are just numbers
The lies we try to tell ourselves to justify the numbness
Better put your wall up, never let your guard down
They will eat your heart out, when we shut them borders
Fall in line and join the chorus
Saints living in squalor, villains sitting in office
The land of broken promise, the last days are upon us, yeah
I stare at the ceiling fan, I was sitting with God
I asked what he's thinking, what go through his mind as he thicken the plot
But he didn't reply, just puffed on a milligram
We sat there in silence as I wondered when he's gon' finish the job