Ill-Logic

Ils

I’ve died to quick and have reborn a 144.000 times,
I’ve got a 144.000 rhymes.

I’m from where fights is born, I’m from where nights is torn.
I’m from the ingredients spit from the sun,
I’ve formed an allegiance with the number 1.
The way,
The wisdom,
The wish,
The will,
The river,
The trees,
The try,
The track.
The winner of this eye,
This is wat it’s been dreamed by.
Drive by what it is believed by.

I’ve taken on the lightness of love,
the horror of hate,
the hell of here and the wonder of the whereafter,
I’ve disearned the disaster,
And drink Dom Perignon in Armageddion.

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