

Comatose

P.M. Dawn

Pas... quand j'étais une femme solitaire, j'ai pui'eppe.
Oh.. never mind me man
I'm just rhyming here
It's an old one that no one knows anyways
That's the way it goes
Kisses directions through my mind every time
Guess he likes to collect blue hickies
I dunno..
I remain the same
Comatose anyways
S'whatever

Ask me that question again
Who am I what am I
Look at my face the eyes don't lie
If I was with a smooth tongue
Used for fun
I'd take a look at myself
And ask myself why I got a thread
A thread that I'm holding on for Sandy
My mind's taking things that are going on
Close to the soul
And actually steppin' on
These people are doing wrong
The list can go on and on
For ages
Tangled up through mazes
As lost as a meal that's pushed to a panther
I keep my eyes on those who pass by
They look to pm dawn the quest for the answer
Mercy mercy me.. till I see
The end of the human race is grand prix
Mr red knows I pose a threat
Yea.. I'd like to see him sweat
Dr vibe tends to get hypnotic
Reality thinks the prince be is erotic
The magic wand seems to be misplaced
I can't see it if it's covered in lace
The best way to keep your word is not to give it
I don't make promises cause promises die
But those who use hate just won't participate
So that's why I choose to use my eyes
And stay comatose

A positive and negative impression on your brain
Whatever remains.. whatever stays the same..
Results from an inside view or perspective
Other than that persona snaps under strain
But what remains to be seen
Is how you chose to use your time
And still the point blank calculations unclear
Of whether your text can catch these lines
Or toss em to the side
So you can't realize
Illusion only lasts until the scene is through
Approachin' this scenario
What would you do

Lose your noodle
Or try some voodoo
Accept defeat then what's the next phase
Rely on the brave
Rely on the copious
The secret of any victory lies
In the organization of the non-obvious
In a comatose

So they tell me a lie
To keep my head straight
But view sets the fronts like an unseen crime
I like to watch a watcher close
And see what they might take
A tick from a tock
A line from a rhyme
A leaf off an elm
A move might yell bold
An unseen realm
Or what that realm holds
Is nothing.. nothing that makes sense
They walk with small talk
And I watch the consequence swell up
And overflow.. into a large brook
Maybe it's the undertow of what the tide took
The put together scenes
Make it all seem clean
A pacified pictures .. the life-fiend dream
Till it's tried by the spies.. that's when they realize
The rose ain't red and the violets ain't blue
But those that are swift will pin point the trip
And everyone else'll think it's deja vu
Except the comatose