

Higher Brain

Sadistik

I could never understand what it's like to fail
Until I read it on the faces of the lovers I impaled
So here's another nail, go teeter on a scale
Of the weight that's never really worth the tears upon the trail
Stalematting rituals are just a medicine that got
The population thinking they can be connected when they're not
I got a lot of inhibitions, insecurities, and critics
In addition to a conscience that could murder me in minutes
Minutes, minutes, welcome to the gates of Hell
I really hope you get a chance to finish finish
Tell them all the things you felt and maybe they'll be sympathetic
Right before you hang yourself and listen, listen
I'm gonna bite the hand that feeds until I masticate
And make it live in me a symphony that dance in acid rain
It's like I'm all alone inside a little winter
Getting bitter from the frigid shivers when I think and paint the sad
dest faces
Funeral arrangements juxtaposed with all the beautiful bouquets it's
difficult now
To a more basic love and hopes when only you alone face it if I fall
down
Down down on luck I hope it's temporary some psychosis
I bet that the sun exploded years ago but we don't know it

Summers are getting hotter, the winters are getting colder
The Internet's taking over and it's time to set sail
FEMA camps, 9/11, obsession with materialism
Shit in the food, television, chemtrails
Who isn't aware? Cause of you I'm scared to admit
We're living in a prison so let's set bail
I met a 70-year-old woman in Ohio
Who know all about it, it was reassuring, exhale
Now take a deep breath, eject secrets
Be the next creature to adapt - be well
We fell like a phoenix when we were meant to rise
Up from the ashes but didn't listen to the seashells
Be careful when you're high as hell cause Heaven's running low
Prepare for the final blow, I hope your eyes are open
Opiate of the masses leaking all over, take it or leave, treat it lik
e you need it
Doubt it or believe it to be piggybacked up on my shoulder
Open up your little mouth and eat it eat it
Trying to tell me the only way for me to beat it
Was to be it but now I see that I'm sick of being seasick
So I stick with the scenic route, I mean it now like a teenage smile

And my higher brain is looking down on me
I could look at my reflection and still hide my face
There's an opening but there's no dopamine
It's just my higher brain looking down on me