

Supra Genius

Soul Coughing

Something I can't comprehend
Something so complex and
Couched in its equation
So dense that light cannot escape from

In the dark your brain glows
And it goes
Way um way, way um way um

I know you're a supra genius

Will you shoot the blue earth down?
In the space station
Polishing the ray gun
You say correllation is not causation