

Open Book

The Four Owls

Yeah, It's the Four Owls baby
The Four Owls (Owls)
Yeah, Owls (Owls), What (What)
Dreaming I can picture it, Yeah

Lights down low so the mood turns ambient
Visions transcend but the time length's transient
Void of the camera lens poised with the valiant
Stallion style on the beat when I'm banging it
Rap brings cures like oil from the cannabis
In the zone, no objects inanimate subjects comparative
I open your passages, vinyl spin round slowly expose the narratives
Get the pen then I desecrate sampling, used to be blank now the pattern styl
e's epic
Mad psychedelic don't rap hypothetical, sleep paralysis leaves the body lying
severed
Elevating presence in a setting unmeasured, messages develop like photogenic
evidence
Unfold your relevance compose my sentiment stone cold but excellent

I walk the lines to the beat hand style flares around with my thoughts like
I'm living in side of my speech
Painting a horizon under my feet, or a sunset, drawing out the things I have
n't done yet
Or I scribble it out then walk away from the mess jump to the right side, on
e flick and It's out of your head
New page, new day but It's still the same book man, a never ending verse wit
h no chorus or hook plan
Now there's three me's, we're sat in the conference agreed no regrets but be
ing followed by my conscience see it on the paper as a grey cloud of nonsens
e
That's drawn by myself it come to life and it wants some, jumping over full
stops like I've got a stutter
Something "dot dot" the honest ramblings of a nutter
I feel the breeze blow but my pages don't flutter
End with a "Dear John" or and "Oh dear" that's muttered

Dreaming I can picture It, feeling like an idiot
Strapped in the pad again, sat tryna manifest
Spark isn't happening, Dark and it's maddening
Venturing into new parts of the labyrinth
Then I break through the wall to the other side
Pen to the page, then I see colours bright
Thoughts come alive, pen turns Arctic freezing
To the summertime, my book glows gold
Lines rise from the page and become mountains
See the world as I climb to the top shouting
Trend followers narrowing their view got shine but you're dead like a Pharao
h in their tomb
Jamming in my room but this page is a portal
I could be anywhere, mind is resourceful
As I dive into the beat stay
Balanced on a wave
Call spirits, tryna channel them again

I spent this session with my face on fire feeling flammable as fuck
One gallon in my gut

Picking goz out my nostril and packaging them up
What's in the crust of reality or what now
How you gonna peck at it's impeccable veneer
With a cold, wet, wasp nest nestled in your ear
I press play, built an altar in the corner
And sat there waiting for the Devil to appear
Now, your neighbour heard wastemen are hiring
The machines in your midst are conspiring
I cleaned out the cage
Wiewing every last page as a rat chewing holes in the wiring
I fed them the electrics
Smouldering inside
Penny for the ramblings, ripples in the mind
Worlds in the distance collapse and collide
Burn through the building, I'll meet you outside (yeah)

Anything I write comes to life like the death notes
Staring at my pen real strange when this shit spoke, no joke
Told me the elaborate ways of how to turn the canvas into a open page
It's going insane again can't pretend, got stranger when the sky starts moving and all my walls bend
Words flying from the book that I recommend, page looking like a black hole, stepping in
To the emptiness following the snare like a [?] no calculation the dimension is on another level
That resides in the heart from the first sound of the ground hitting to the back everybody in here holds the key to the art
That includes you too just find ways to start, bring light to the dark
I awake in my room, for the last seven days I've been playing the same tune