

Magic Numbers

Wax Tailor

One, Black turntable on the floor
Two, Ears are perceiving the score
Three, Eyes and they ride the horizon
Four, Laws can't confine em
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Bust through the dust
Purple bubbles in the soundtrack
Pull another at the set and bounce back
Hackin I got rhythm through a prism
and a vision and the visions give way to a synergy of rhythm
No more living in fear it's now clear
Eyes wide open he knows that it's near
Feeling over those any previous notion
He hide the facade in his gleeful emotions
The potion made him go
captivated and created from the energy building
in his mind made it
and related to the tools
of the student of the school
of belated finding himself the long awaited

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Now he's got time on his side
Sand in the hourglass
One for the wind
Two for the past that he heard
Three outside with the fell scale numberless
He older back then, much younger now
He got the hunger now
Wisdom of youth
Bust out the slumber in vision and truth
Like a new paradigm sure to paralyze his mind
Can he handle dismantling space and time
Afraid there might be evil to come
Snap out of it four three two one
Having fun under a spell
Feeling so numb
and exploring on the run until the sunlight gone
Until the dark makes so his head making him paralyzed
To the music he was making right in front of his eyes
For a surprise on the rise so flammable he could burn
but then he slows down and concerned to learn

Once he toured your fan the world becomes his farther playground
There's no chance he can manage to keep his heart weak to stay down

No the sounds in the temple of this memories daylight
and he's sharp like the pencil of the play-write
and he blows up the spot like dynamite
megatight show the party people what you're like

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