

Between all the spat bars  
The roaring of engine cars  
To them mean sounds of amped guitars  
It's a feeling powerful enough to blast you past Mars

With enough teamwork you can make a dream-work  
Street walking the midnight  
Hear of a mean man's foresight  
He saw a fight  
Didn't act as a knight  
Due to the fact that his mother cut the string to his kite  
A long time ago...

It can be the reasons of his actions  
The reasons that are hard to show and to get  
But once you get  
You'll surely never forget  
And understand that his fate was never really meant

To make good content, it takes time  
I imagine it like digging in a mine  
Sometimes you find gold  
But sometimes you can't unfold  
Material that will be told more as it gets old  
Like the words that our Legends have sold  
A sphere of influence that grew like mold

Almost like that!  
Then everyone wanted to pass as a cool cat  
And the blast that we know as the past now  
Created the generation masked  
Asking, "Kid, why do you have that flask?"

A task that seems difficult to pass –  
To reveal the world's sad reality  
But failure in it doesn't always mean fatality

Some...Blinded...Founded

But their courage to continue  
Won't end in working at a drive thru  
Moo moo moo the baby calves are crying for more  
The constant bullshi\*#ing within a society's core

History shows its path is always torn  
But for some reason ignored

Its aftermath is not known  
Cause the idea of time  
Will be gone...