The drill

Living on the edge killing me pyjama

using that sledge to convince me   mama

im neither christ or the incarnation of dalai lama

Walking on water or dreaming on the hill

aint giving me that special kind of thrill.

that special kind of skill  which enforce me to do me drill

Burning all them edges

melt it through one mental crop

Wrap em round that  mind guess Ill rather should cut that crap

Scratching on the surface digging me a  hole trying to make a living or penetrate me soul

Try to change that clone though I,ll end up with that same old tune

Searching for some truth in my  imaginary suite

dressed like a habbit with feathers on me boots

Yes i'm dressed to confess  dressed to caress me youth

Allthougth time migth be a pillar or maybe kind of wave

Theres  a mission in me monkey which really cant behave

Which  really causes me to accidentally leave  the cave

Burning……

Troughout this little drama Ill guess i,m quit annoyed

 vichiosly waitiing for some dreams I could  destroy

vicked and depraved searching for  some souls to save

Waving at you sunny i,ll knew youre in the moode

living like virgin  aint  building any groove

aint gild the lily or glaze  it while youre getting screwed

Burning……