

Eye Of The Storm

Bliss n Eso

You see time stops still
In the eye of the storm
The foundation of my home
Where my rhyming was born
It's a rhythmic reality,
A remedy through riddles
Where love's a hurricane
And you meet me in the middle

It's the good, the bad,
The house I furnish
The crystal clear sea,
The sound I worship
The rush of the city,
The calm of the Outback
The film called Life
Where my heart is the soundtrack

It's that lucky streak
Without no warning
It's the memory of cartoons
On Saturday morning
It's that classic culture
That connects the country
Through raw energy
That reflects we're hungry
It's that timeless feeling
That I get on stage
It's those government bills
That I'll never pay
It's that fun I have
Free-styling with my mates
My little getaway
That only music can create

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It's the exotic breeze
At the festival night show
That hot sweaty air
With the twist of that hydro
It's the power of my passion,
The picture my pen paints
Caressing the canvas
To put my click in a zen state
It's that zone with my thought,
The peace when it's starlit
That blazing fireplace,
Bare feet on the carpet
Or sitting on my porch

Where this one sways freely
And right through the night
Until the sun rays greets me

It's the past love
Still cooking inside
It's that warm fuzzy feeling
When I look in her eyes
It's pouring out my heart and soul
When I'm flipping the gems
It's catching my dreams,
Lost in Pulp Fiction again,
It's like

I'll tell you what gets me by
And gets me high,
It's watching flicks with my chick,
Making love on the sofa
It's the bread that I can't afford
To chuck in the toaster
It's the real,
That nothing comes close to
It's finally getting Bliss
To puff on the dohja

Yeah on more then 1 occasion,
We're sure to come and blaze 1
When It's heavy,
Hit the hay at home,
My horizontal haven
It's that echo through eternity
That still hits live
It's life, a beautiful journey
On a Bill Hicks ride

It's the chemistry,
The brightest light,
The 8th wonder
The recipe of dynamite
And Blade Runner
It's the truth,
That justifies this
It's the father I have
And the mother I miss

It's the love through my pencil
When I feel the beat
It's 40, 000 going mental
On St Kilda beach
It's 3 kids, in a club,
Down a allley,
That were sounding ill
To march on through the Valley
Of a Thousand Hills