

Watchdog Water Dragons

Bliss n Eso

I guess that I'm just a jar drifting by the tide
And I hope that a star will lift me to reside
In the hands of a single soul that can relate
To these crawling, my fingers cold, still relate
By the force, that draws the cogs in my clock work
The lights my way through the fog in the hot dirt
In the youth its just blowing in the wind
And ya see the truth and they throw you in a spin
Its a vicious cycle it wont clean the stain
And I think it's vital I dont seem the same
When I look in the mirror see the long hall bound
When I'm stumbling, crumbling and it all falls down
Like do ya feel the rythm and like
Will ya still be livin a lie
Will ya kneel and listen to yourself
The only person who can peel the prison walls away
They all fall to dust
And ya'll are saying we can call it trust
And if we call it trust
Then all of us
Can get down together and live tall and just
Cause ive never plucked an eyelash out and wished it goodbye
I said ive never plucked an eyelash out and wished this could fly
Into books, poems, stars bloom and movies
Theme park themes, dark cartoons and scoobie
It sooths me
Its all the same dont confuse me
Or to video games create the music
Just use it
Children, thankyou very much
I'm aware that you're building a sanctuary up
Cause reality creates the sadness
We rely on these things to escape the madness
Like doin those "that I can tell by your stare"
I'll come around and said we're both aware
My first tv murder the night in anti-poor
My hole into a closet of 1984
But when I wrote something lovely with my ink
I stopped being humpty dumpty on the brink
Of losing my balance I found it shit
It was a point man
The feeling I get when im alone but we join hands
Chilling out but im bound by a necklace
I dont know but I get a little reckless
And if I dont make it to the end of the road
I dont even know the weight that i will unload
I wish I could relapse another time
Turn back the tap discovered rhymes
Back and forth, forth and back
Ya'll pulled me in but cord went snap

Me in my room writing rhymes
To listen when you barbeque outside or
In doors jam packed in the club
Goin 60 in ya car you can feel it in your blood

Lets build a world of our own so start to gather rocks

The shire's known chatterbox
To build a home for un-fartherd kids
And guide the population across the harbour bridge
The hardest is controlling
By Watchdog Water Dragons
I'll never stop writing
Thats just a great authour's passion
To write a million books and not look back at one of them
And to notice when the children look
It's something that the buildings took
From their natural purpose
And in a state like this I could never be nervous
This is my house, my crib, my kindom
Where the floor-boards creek and the kids keep singing
We live each season
Just to give beats reason
Step into my house, all kids leave dreamin
Vanilla sky walking with a halo and some cannabis
My t-shirt reads minoritys in managment
And yeh thats right I'll die for this habbitat
Fly young poet, fly and bring the majic back
This nest is home, home is nest
I wanna rest my dome I wanna hold your breast
If the world would give me a chance and I could witre on by
And fly just like a kite in the sky
See this matchstick, signifies my love
It wont burn out it will only rise above
What a view from here
We survived the flood
Too many blind and deaf to hear the cries of doves
Anymore cause the parks been crushed by the building
And the view has been, replaced by a ceiling
Plus the carpark was a paradise underneath
That ground wont be free to breathe
So i ride on a dragon and my couch is a tiger
To stop the towns flooding and the houses on fire
But no thats not true reality's a bitch
Stuck in a catagory when your sanity is shit
So, capture my love whenever you feel it
They say thats just mud, he doesn't have feelings
Well I do and its true I cover the canvis
Me and strawberry fields looking for answers
And i wanted was a mansion for my mother
Phat houses all around the world for my brothers
Flowers in the pavment
A world that sings
Studios in every basement
And girls with wings

Me in my room writing rhymes
To listen when you barbeque outside or
In doors jam packed in the club
Goin 60 in ya car you can feel it in your blood