

I'm in this body - A specimen of unknown
I'm testing limits and the limits get way blown
Out of proportion - eyes ears and nose
Touch then taste but I'm faced with those
Certain uncertainties
Like where's my sixth sense
And why all of a sudden am I not free
I seem to be reentering a concentric section of another dimension
I was just in the womb of a life form
Saw the white light then I was born
Being scorned for what I think is right
By the fake prophecies of fright

I feel it everyday - Sometimes I say
Things have got to change
But they just maintain

I'm awaiting coordination on this
Gravitational pull
Never full of information 'cause I ponder and mull
Excess amounts of data and B.S.
Which do I choose to listen to or stress
I guess the true test is to tune deaf
To the rest of the mess that views you as less
But is it the best path for all
The fact that their math will fall
Individu-all
I was just in the womb of a life form
Saw the white light then I was born
Being scorned from what I think is right
By the fake prophecies of fright

I feel it everyday - Sometimes I say
Things have got to change
But they just maintain
On the other side - Is this really me
Or the speaking of my creativity

Why do we forget
Our lives of the past
Open up memory the valve's too vast
To grasp the knowing of another planet
Damn it don't tell me to can it
I transmit predictions I've made
Quote unquote "normal" has to fade
'Cause the habits of day to day
Have stained my innocent baby brain
And you call me vain

It all goes my way
Whichever way I create
I guess I make my own fate
It all goes my way