

I seem to find myself talking to the powers that be  
awaking the shade and shadowed under towering trees  
admiring the seen, inhaling fumes of flowers that breathe.  
jet lagged eyes are begging for an hour to sleep  
although my blood shot whites and iris's they never find any  
clock stops at times where the sun shine can blind many  
although my eyes are heavy they wont be closing soon  
cos i know that time waits for nobody, I suppose its true  
we make corrosive tunes with acid tabs and vocal booths  
to see the flashing lights at photo shoots, we make our motive moves  
I say whatever I feel to vent a rhyme  
so I can still invent the lines and stay close to the friends of mine  
cos we all recognise, real is what my father says  
and I'll be sticking to this phrase until I pass away  
overworking, no sleep is just another way to die slow  
but I'll just keep going strong as ever, never let my eyes close

5 o'clock with lights off  
interview with a vampire  
sleep is for the living and not a utensil that I require  
I swear I said, that I'll sleep when I'm dead  
whos on the beat upon the feature with Ed its D-E-V to the Z  
over tired, pale faced like Michael Myers  
bags underneath my eyes can show the baggage I've acquired  
and over the time within this maze I'll think you'll find you'll never find  
that peace of mind you seek to find until your dying  
cuz I got too much to stay awake for, to sleep or even take 4, seconds out t  
he game  
its time to wage war  
scissors, grab a sword, and sharpen up your hunting knives  
2 psychopathic lyricists are driving on the hunt tonight  
I'm haling from the Essex and the East London boarder line  
villans never sleep they mastermind in all sorts of crimes,  
be wide awake just like your snorting lines  
or get left mortified like you just seen the ghost of Jesus walking by

I never sleep  
when trouble steals thoughts from a restless mind for free, it could be, ahh  
h  
the times I'm living in I never sleep, when trouble steals thoughts from a r  
estless mind for free, it could be..  
the times I'm living in lately.

I brush my teeth every night but still I wake up with a bad mouth  
and the background is my past and my presence will bring it back out  
deliver the raps how I flow  
I live with the raps now and those that hate me call me wrong  
but they wont slither in too easy, believe me I'm snake minded  
be within this great time, be on minimum wage, life is a prison escape that  
I'm in  
its all to do with timing not the label that you sign with  
then my mates are doing fine but then they never put the time in  
I try to hide my cold side like when I flip my pillows  
some of the the songs I write are real because the chart is filled with si-  
li-cone  
I'm still broke without the money for a mac pro, living out of three bags no  
talk about my cash flow

opposite of sober cos I never did my homework  
which has got me on the sofa, no degree but growing older  
I played a fool to catch the wise I will never tell a lie  
I wake dead, take deep breaths, try to never die!  
never die.

2 guys with the same view, keep it tight like scrooge,  
making metaphors flow and move, like typhoons and tunes  
and if we got our eyes on you, we'll catch you while you snooze,  
times elapsing while your catching Z's, the masses like to move  
we scan the situation, analyse information, and then decide what probably is  
most practical to do,  
driven young gentlemen  
I've hardly changed my bed sheets at all over the last 12 months cos I haven  
't slept in them, true!  
I'm coming home, the lights are on, your rights are wrong so I'm correcting  
'em  
we got the fans all like 'oh wow its its Devs and Ed' what less did you bloo  
dy expect from 'em  
in the end sleep deprivation might just be our detriment  
fighting through writers block from 9 o'clock to 5 o'clock and no way will I  
ever waste a second of the time I got,  
I keep my pupils engaged ,  
like a classroom in holy matrimony but I'm only trying to stay awake.

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