

Sunny Bunny Blues

Parov Stelar

Overline, underline, over die, connect mind
Vision, seek, find
Unique space-kind time
Truth is eternal, thought as depressed and not induced journal, journey eternal

Physical stimulus, command the transit
Rapid transmit, energy rancid
Through infernal dances, the flame advances
Gravity pull, unseen for, then depleted via war

Clone the cloud sight most when you need it more
Versus bear glam and let it clear where
Thought in the sex where sexually transgress
Fact infatuate with inanimate object press

But... what can he do?
But... what can he do?

Control escape on your console
But it's hard to escape the way society control
Hold it back in your spot, move the energy backwards
Too late, my mind is cool with physical attack first

Esoteric be the rhyme, in soul, in spirit
Let me touch your mind with the abstract and clear it
Literal, I speak the rhyme so you can understand it

Classified object, up rhyme set project vocal trajectory mind sweat
Secrete thought to be caught in times net
Define epitaph as a word kept

Ineffable where rap can hold life in sights be
Rolling parables exhale crystal light like
Where the souls is cold from sounds in hell
Lungs expand with mad force press to the cell

Propel body as mass as the earth's to jail
Wavelengths crash and jack and tip the scale
Vassals submerged in a sparse verse in birth
The verse in the rap, in fact, where Earth is toast

Limited discourse spoken word of course
My mind emanate waves if you seek and search
Capture and trap thought to lost and found
I don't speak half the time, 'cause my words rebound

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Let me touch your mind with the abstract and clear it
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But... what can he do?