

The Logic of Dreams

Promoe

With the logic of dreams and the science of sleep I decipher what I'm trying to see, see through all the lies and deceive this is what I write when I'm too tired to speak

I open my eyes I must have fell asleep
in the studio with this loud beat on repeat?
shit, what time is it - look at my phone that's right - I switched it off just to be left alone so I check my computer and it's after midnight hours must have passed since I told astma sit tight now I'm ready to record with my raspy windpipe if I could just remember that other half I did write feeling like I crawled inside the music underneath that layer of skin running over keys on a piano where you sit kneeling in a prayer for my sins then the studio transform into a stage and all I hear is the crowd booing me cus I'm forgetting all my lyrics so you pinch me to convince me that I ain't dreaming but I just can't get rid of this feeling that

Maybe my life ain't what it seem to be
what if it's true that sleep's the cousin of death maybe someone is just dreaming me then I hope she's not about to wake up yet

no not yet I just wanna finish this song stretch it try to make every minute this long I just can't understand how living is wrong so I'm a keep breathing until the rhythm is gone but this rhythm of the night lingers on till the break of dawn astma rock well pass that bottle let me take a sip of the potent potion of the liquid beats overflowing the Molotov cocktail taking me back to that state of subconsciousness am I asleep or awake floating in mid air I vision a face and it's talking to me suddenly it starts shifting its shape into someone I recognize... it looks like krs I don't know exactly why but I'm telling him this I'm not a blunt getting smoked that can't wake up I'm a dream and I hope that she won't wake up because

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Turn the music down low
so she doesn't wake up no

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