

2 3 Clear

Senser

Shock the mic, re-
amplify and bring it back to life, 1 2 3 Clear
Now I've been into this since Time Zone and Man Parish; now I'm
grown and married but the flow still carries
Black ops, psy ops, pineal Cyclops; Tolbiac to Clichy brought me
back to Beat Street undercover, we look out for one another
I was sent for a reason (now to figure out which one)
Hallucinogenic time capsules: time machines you can eat, dissect
your reveries to every beat
The myth of Hassan-i Sabbah personified in Bin Laden and the CIA
built his walled garden
It germinates from the residual; echoes of one piano note, but
I stay the course, the war horse who delivers
I'm leaving MCs plastified like Kubrick figures, nether world,
negative power brokers, a plague of locusts you awoke and you focused
Shock the mic, re-amplify and bring it back to life
Shock the mic, re-amplify 1 2 3 Clear
Shock the mic, re-amplify and bring it back to life
Shock the mic, re-amplify 1 2 3 Clear
Ready now, ready now. I am open now, open now. I know that life
is light, like light it shines. Shining out, shining out. We are
re charged with sound
Toes numb outside the G8 summit, ghosts in the meat transversed
and repeating
From the word go I strolled along the knife, cataclysmic, prismatic,
brought to life. Solid state light artefacts
Vision solarised, the world is now polarised
Consult with the spirits or whatever they're called now, torrential
flows you can't stem, the words them
Crack your synaptic I am not phased by decadence, we are rogue
elements
What crazy legs might have seen, had he been where I'd been (on
mushrooms at Fresh 86) this is my prayer
Fuck/blessing/come in your skull the world is one impaled on a
spine of vision
Try to put it all in perspective, why wait for all the fuckin idiots
to get this?
Ready now, ready now. I am open now, open now. I know that life
is light, like light it shines. Shining out, shining out. We are
re charged with sound
Stripped back I don't appear on your spectrum
Invective in vectors I push the hex into your sectors
Floating in the nexus I expand the solar plexus so I can project
dialects until eventually I become this weightless entity
Antidote to dogma yet heavy as OZMA... Google it if you don't recognise
the reference
Power minds by dead cell collectives testing levels depth of yo

ur perceptive, I'm questing
Drawing pylons in black marker I ingest time, make incisions in
rhyme, cut up the straight line
Voluminous, luminous, words are just still just sounds outside
context now
Ray weapons, knock you from your perch in less than 8 seconds
A new way beckons, all hail the new imperial dawn
(chorus
The way's not for the faint hearted, ascend and be one with the
one mind
Leave open the gateway for those who follow
(chorus)