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1. Redefine

Imagine your brain
As a Canister filled with ink
Yeah, now think of your body
As the pen where the ink resides
Fuse the two, KAPOW!
What are you now?
You're the human magic marker
Won't you please surprise my eyes?
It's in your nature
You can paint whatever picture You like
No matter what Ted Koppel says on channel 4
tonight
So modify this third rock from the sun
By painting myriads of pictures
With the colors of one

I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself
To fit your definition

Picture the scene, where whatever you thought
Would, in the blink of an eye
Manifest and become illustrated
You'd be sure man
That every line drawn reflected a life that you
loved
Not an existence that you hated
So, must we demonstrate that
We can't get it straight?
We've painted a picture,
Now we're drowning in paint
Lets figure out what the fuck it's about
Before the picture we painted
Chews us up and spits us out
I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself
To fit your definition
Redefine

2. Vitamin

I'm born
I'm alive
I breathe
In a moment or two I realize
That the sphere upon which I reside
Is asleep on its feet
Should I go back to sleep?
We orbit the sun
I grow up
My open eyes see
A zombified, somnambulist society
Leaving us as vitamins
For the hibernating human animal
Do you see what I mean?

You stare at me like a vitamin
On the surface you hate
But you know you need me
I'll come dressed as any pill you deem fit
Whatever helps you swallow truth
All the more easily

And I wonder, will you digest me?
Into the sleep machine I won't plug in
In fact I'd rather die before I will comply
To you, my friend
I write the reason I still live
Cause in my mind it's set the vitamin is ripe to
give
Coming closer to another 2000 years
You and I will pry
The closed eye of the sleep machine

3. New Skin

At first I see an open wound
Infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe
It cries to be renewed
(Please Renew Me!)
Its tears are the color of anger
They dry to form a scab
To the touch, its stiff and resilient
Underneath, the new skin breathes
As outwardly cliché as it may seem
Yes, something under the surface says
C'est la vie
It is a circle, there is a plan
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Look closely at the open wound
See past what covers the surface
Underneath chaotic catastrophe
Creation takes stage

Its all been saved
With exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen with exception for what could
be
When will we be new skin?

Fallacious cognitions
Spewed from televisions
Do mold our decisions
So stop and take a look
And you'll see what I see now

4. Idiot Box

You keep your riches and I'll sew my stitches
You can't make me think like you, mundane
I've got a message for all those who think that
They can etch his words inside my brain

T.V. what do I need?
Tell me who to believe!
What's the use of autonomy
When a button does it all?

So listen up,
Glisten up closely all
Who've seen the fuckin eye ache too
It's time to step away from cable train
And when we finally see the subtle light
This quirk in evolution will begin
To let us live and recreate

T.V. what do I need?
Tell me who to believe!
Whats the use of autonomy
When a button does it all?
T.V. what should I see?
Tell me who should I be?
Lets do our mom a favor and drop
A new god off a wall

Let me see past the fatuous knocks
I've gotta rid myself of this idiot box
Let you see past the feathers and flocks
And help me plant a bomb in this idiot box

From the depths of the sea
To the tops of the trees
To the seat of a lazy boy
Staring at a silver screen!!

5. Glass

If I had a dime for every time you walked away
I could afford to not give a shit
And buy a drink and drown the day
But your pockets, they are empty
Yeh, and mine are times two
So why not make an about-face
And accept the love I send to you?

You're never gonna be content if you wont try
Try to see outside your line
There you go, you did it again
You act as if there's binders on your eyes

Should I apologize if what I say burns your ears
and stains your eyes?
Oh, did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well

Like a bottle with the cork stuck
Your true ingredients trapped inside
Through the cloudy glass we catch a glimpse of
you
I guess the hard shell represents your pride
Oh, if only it could be different
We could uncover the you, you deny
Between two, a small discrepancy
One complicates and one simplifies

Take those fucking blinders off your eyes!

So if I had a dime for every time you walked
away
You could bet your bottom dollar that
I'd be filthy rich by noon today

6. Magic Medicine

(Instrumental)

Samples de voz;

On this page you see a little girl giggling at a
hippopotamus. I wonder why? Turn the page,
thank you!

"Don't say things that hurt others," said the Cat,
"like, Isn't that hippo fat? Or shout, "Hyena, I
hate you!"

I found a sound in the house one day. If
someone lost it, I'll give it away! This sound I
found said, "This sound belongs to a Pot! Pot!"
The magic medicine worked!

7. A Certain Shade of Green

A certain shade of green
Tell me is that what you need?
All signs around say move ahead
Could someone please explain to me your Ever
present lack of speed?

Are your muscles bound by ropes?
Or do crutches cloud your day?
My sources say the road is clear
And street signs guide the way

Are you gonna stand around till 2012 A.D.?
What are you waiting for
A certain shade of green?
I think I grew a gray watching you procrastinate

What are you waiting for
A certain shade of green?

Would a written invitation
Signed, "Choose now or lose it all"
Sedate your hesitation?
Or inflame and make you stall?

You've been raised in limitation
but that glove never fit quite right
The time has come for hand-me-downs
Choose a new, please evolve
Take flight

What are you waiting for?
A written invitation?
A public declaration?
A private consolation?

8. Favorite Things

I'm thinking of my soul's sovereignty
And I know everything you hate in me
Fill me up with over-pious badgerings
To throw them up, oh, one of my favorite things

Remember all the lessons fed to me?
Me the young sponge, so ready to agree
Years have gone, I recognize the walking dead
Now aware that I'm alive and way ahead

Too bad the things that make you mad
Are my favorite things
And I'm so happy

I see you looking, I know that you're thinking
That I'll never go anywhere
The things that I've done and the things
That I've seen, I don't really expect you to care

9. Summer Romance (Anti-Gravity Love Song)

I'm home alone tonight
Full moon illuminates my room, and sends my
mind aflight
I think I was dreaming up some thoughts that
were seemingly possible
With you

So I call you on the tin can phone
We rendezvous at a quarter-two, and make sure
we're alone
I may have found a way for you and I to finally
fly free

When we get there, we're gonna go far away
Making sure to laugh, while we experience anti-
gravity

For years, I kept to myself
Now potentialities are bound, and sleeping
under my shelf
Simply choose your destination from the
diamond canopy
And we'll be there

So I call you on the tin can phone
We rendezvous at a quarter-two, and make sure
we're alone
I may have found the way for you and I to
finally be free

10. Nebula

Disconnect and let me drift
Until my upside down is right side in
Society must let the artist go
To wander off into the nebula

Upon return, I conjure what was seen
I let it pulse and boil within my limbs
I lay my pencil to the porous page
And let my lunatic indulge itself

Wander off into your nebula, see your nectarine
of
Multiplicity cum like orgasmatron on overdrive

Wander in off to your nebula, your tangerine of
Electricity is ripe and on a vine, so pick your
prize
Do you enjoy your sight inside?
In little, black book do I confide!

11. Deep Inside

It's 3 o'clock
And we ask ourselves
Where are we now?
It seems we've wondered out of bounds again

Over and over, we ask ourselves why we don't
utilize
Things that are stored
Deep inside of our brains
I'm on my own and I can't see straight
Am I so stoned that I can't see straight
Man, I've got to find my way back home
But I'm too deep inside

It's 4 o'clock
And we ask ourselves
Where did I go wrong?
We passed my house at least an hour ago

Over and over, we ask ourselves why don't we
utilize
Things that are stored deep inside of our brains
I'm on my own and I can't see straight?

Am I sooo stoned that I can't see straight?

It's 5 o'clock,
And we ask ourselves
We need to get home! The sun is creeping
overhead again
I'm way too deep inside to go home
I've got to get sane

12. Calgone

On my way home, police car pulled me over
After they left, I pattered out of gas
Triple-A' came, but my card was expired
I had to walk home, and of course, it rained half
the time
I tried to get some shut-eye, then I was abducted

They put cold things in my butt
They sampled a bit of my D.N.A.
They left me on top of my sheets
I dreamt I went potty, then woke up drenched in
me

This day sucked the hardest ever...
I woke up on the wrong side of the bed today
A little bit less than nothing would go my way
I got up to toss my soiled sheets
The hallway was dark and I stubbed my big toe
It was then that I sensed the irony
(Burning me)
Then I heard the voice say
"Come sail aboard S.S. Nepenthe!"
I suppose I'm to blame for getting pulled over
I guess I'm the culprit for running out of gas
Let's assume I'm the guy who didn't pay his
'Triple-A' fee
In actuality, I let the zetas probe me
Yesterday was all my fault
I let negativity get the better of me
Thank goodness for the bathtubs and suds
They temporarily set free this quandary