Invasion – by Agent Psyte / C. Shelton, Atlas / K. Shelton

(CHORUS) - Now you could awake a man, or maybe you could be made a man, but you could never really break a man, with nothing left to be broken. Now you could awake a man, or maybe you could be made a man, but you could never really break a man, runnin’ with Arkitek! (end CH)

(PSYTE) Whatever the happening, some make it through clean, well I like it real, and motherfucking dirty! That’s my style, I’m an information P.I., a revelatory Jedi. I’m coming from my inside, so much to put through. These barricades I get by cuz I can paratroop, I fall in from the sky, don’t open until I’m five inches in height from the target in my mind. It’s a last second break in the battle lines and no one suspected the Psyte would be fighting kamikaze style. But now I’m gonna have to rip it up and watch the death count rise as these demons I exorcise! Well left and right, I combine in my mind, so I can kill on all sides. Yeah you gotta be a real emcee to even think of coming within three feet of me. My family you don’t wanna mess with see? My lyrics be summoning spirits from the Dead Sea, yea, they’re coming back to steal your sanity, if you should happen to come along and clash with me!

(CH)

(ATLAS) And at this moment this be the situation, Arkitek is planning out a worldwide invasion, Arkitek, based on linked mental communication, you can find us on all your television stations. The radio broadcast says it’s here at last, the sky is raining satellites, hitting the Earth with a blast! Now we split up, divide and conquer, raising the dead to use against you as archers. Shooting down planes, one minute after departure, I never falter! Leaving your parents praying at the altar! Like Aries, I got the art of war mastered, blastin’ energy bolts from the flux capacitor. Breakdown the door, looking for the ambassador, I rummage through his papers and finished his last chapter. You wake up to see what you been chasing after, like falling down the hole, with the mad hatter. If I’m not back out in time… call this a disaster. Atlas attacks the cities and leaves ‘em smokin’, you can’t break a man with nothing to be broken, with nothing to be broken…

(CH) end.