

The Drop Band: Prophets  
Lyrics by Paul Mascott  
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### Hollow Deck

If you said you were dead I'd think that you were hollow  
Sighs inside my neck I'm gonna sleep until tomorrow  
Light can be seen around the ones you follow

And when the fad breaks down  
You're sittin with a clown

When you say there's a way you think that you will follow  
turn away from the sight of pigs descending as they wallow  
Light can be seen around the ones you follow

And when the light turns down  
You see the sounds

### Bobbi Gabinga

Cumma Conalinga on-a Bobbi Gabinga

Slut!

### Frog Licking

Hop on the pad, Lick the frog!

### Tumleh

Open up the head before you get a little dead  
you better hope it doesn't rust before it sheds a bitter dust  
you turn around and back the face a bit around the side of grace  
you better run, you better run, you better run, you better run.

And then it's back around the front a needle drips a little junk  
Yeah, Jesus on a mini bike descending in the funk  
Bleeding noses sight is frozen in the line oh you been dozin  
helmut broken in the dosin you a jonesin if you think  
that you can keep it cool...

Open up your head!

### Kick Me

Kick me in the eye and I'll still smile  
Run and hide in the box run and hide in the dial  
razor rolling over dreams things are not what they seem  
Filter up through the grate in a city filled with hate

Kick me when I try and I think that I be fly  
from the front on your back and the gun in your thighs  
kick me once in the heart they're pretending to be dark  
running whims some are larks dripping snot from the slot

Kick the monkey back blowin lines and open hacks  
from the look on your face I gotta say that you be whacked  
And you're a cartoon sinner with a fucking stupid chin  
you're a space in the rack, you're a gun in a sack

Kick me in the balls kick me anywhere you please  
kick the mike from my hand break the bones in my knees  
kick the freakin broken habit from a nun who went to grab it  
kick my mouth kick my ass kick a little piece of glass

Kick a ton of broken fasts kickin drum kickin habit  
kickin woman for a rabbit  
kick a foot in the crotch kick the scum in my eyes  
kick me once kick me twice kick a finger in a fight  
kick the sin and kick my pride

### Some Whacked Trilogy

Somewhere in my solitary whackness  
I get it in my simple head  
to say something stupid with my dirty hands  
Breakin banks in many foriegn lands  
Within the plans on my waking dreams  
I lick the blood off your silver chest  
Reaping meat from cheating jesters  
Crack the caps of fucking heads  
taking drugs in the fucker's bed  
sowing seeds in hearless headstrong

I wish I were something closer to dead  
I wish I was around when the first words were said  
I wish I could see what the subtitles mean  
I wish I could be what's in my dreams  
I wish I could answer the questions they pose  
Before I get old, Before I get old  
I wish I believed what all they are saying  
I wish the dream was in my head  
I wish I was something closer to dead  
I wish I was something closer to dead

I wish I could remember what I mean  
I wish my reality was the same as my dream  
I wish your heart was mine to hold  
I wish you luck before I get old  
I wish the dream was in my head  
I wish I was something closer to dead

Surround sound maddness dripping  
The pulse of the forgotten love  
beating the tribe to the masses  
I found a dead cat on a dime  
He used to be mine  
He used to run in my mind  
where the motherfuckers dared not tread  
he was made of lead the little man  
soft and heavy a real gentleman  
He told me a story I thought you should hear

He was alive in a time before  
before the screamin tasteless bastards  
equalized human vaseline smeared mud  
before the screams by my window  
the insulation of blood flows free  
before disrespect out of equal fates  
disrespect out of hateful lies  
a streotype is a man in a black disguise  
what do you mean brother?  
What do you mean?

He said of his dreams that he wished them away  
all but one he remembered when he fell  
my old black cat fell asleep in the yard  
he fell dead underneath the feet of the living  
I fell asleep and remembered the dream

felt around in the dark of a wet puddle cold  
I wish I were young I wish I were old  
I wish I remembered the stories you left me  
I wish I could cry for the men who defend me  
I wish I could fall into the noise  
I wish I could live without the poison  
I wish you the best my misbegotten friend

### Electric Epic Death Battle

It's all about the money  
It's all about the power  
It's all about the car I'll never have  
It's all about tomorrow's bottom line  
It's all about the sorrow when the profits throw down

Runnin around, worrying now that the profits are down  
maybe a pill is the answer around  
a wishin a day was a footstep away  
drinkin it in to original sin  
sink in the swim as the market begins  
people within it believin they get it  
Another begins, stumbling down  
Sweeping a frown, a gate with a sound  
The prophets abound, a fight for the crown  
When profits are down, a fight in the town  
an eye on the face of a city of sound  
Sinkin right in  
leaving the ring on the glasses of gin  
playin the game you were born to be played  
wakin the day that you're gonna get paid  
A dream of a wakin in sensitive sin  
wonderin when you are gonna get laid  
payin again for the marks that she made  
slivers in finger remember a ringer  
battle begin battle begin  
playin it out to the master within  
livin it in to the other begin it  
the money is found in profitless clowns  
rippin away at the only thing round  
bending the rung on a ladder of sound  
pride just a ruby on silvery crown  
break to the ground  
gravel a gavel and limitless bound

stock in the money you spread over town  
fuckin the brother you thinkin you found  
drippin the acid on papery frowns  
hearin the sound hearin the sound  
breakin it down breakin it down  
turn in the pond over waitin for blame  
ashes return from a firely game  
pissin you off for the pain of the day  
wastin away wastin away  
Nothin is sound, nothin is sound  
everyone mumbles in rhumatoid pain  
thinkin the profit is something to gain  
Misery placing the happiest brain  
racing the rat for the cheese of the day  
fucking the fat for the one that you pay  
street of the wall is a bloody malay  
open the door open the door  
makin it mean just a little bit more  
cruching your head with a cummy 'ol whore  
makin a stand when you stand in the door  
what makes you think that you always have more