## Canibus, Barbarians

(Canibus) Alien Warfare' aviators in the sky Barbarian pride created a beat for my rhymes Deep below covert, completely ensconced in my work My work takes place below the dirt A color darker than black, what's darker than that I tell you, a light gradiant that does not refract I sit on a stone bench completely undisturbed in a sense At the bottom of the Marianas Trench In a Plexiglas cube with a three hundred and sixty degree view Spinning in a giant megaplume Contemplating death or doom, trying not to behave consumed But I can't seem to do it, can you Don't be anti-patriotic, long winded and short sighted Your logic is probably composed of counterfeit knowledge Go to college, learn how to build a nuclear rocket Learn how to live without it after you learn how to survive it