

# Edan, Beauty

[-VERSE 1-]

Well it's the rap beautician  
The facts you listen  
I blast through rhythms like hash through your system  
True in love and wisdom  
Well off and witty  
Using God's sleeve to wipe the hell off the city  
See my elegance, dining on the periodic tablecloth of elements  
The universe designs my intelligence  
Drop science down a bottomless pit  
Run swift do a handstand on pyramid tips  
The sun splits the waterfront causing prismatic effects  
Butterflies come alive to have sex  
Birds fly out of a top hat slow  
To join the brilliance of wilderness and soar through the Congo  
Speed the convo through colors and shapes  
My word choice is turquoise I love to create  
My art hurdles over the clouds of dark purple  
Red mixes yellow and blue in sharp circles  
Paint splashes over your conscious like canvas  
Colors jump out of the body to form branches  
Psychedelic images flash like avalanches  
Illustrate skill with the quill to build stanzas  
I use pens like hallucinogens  
So who can pretend, my music ain't a beautiful thing  
A suit of a king  
Deserving of the jewels and the rings  
That only flatters my appearance like the tulips in spring  
I'm cool with the gods, I could never use the facade  
Of a musician to celebrate hate and abuse women  
The beautician is back, Humble Magnificent wizard of rap  
Throwing tuxedos on the wax

[-VERSE 2-]

The numbers they fall off the clock midnight  
At the museum an apple is stolen out of a still life  
You see 'em, stand by the mirror with no reflection  
A point five appears on your shirt for half stepping  
Scientists explain that they no longer know things  
A dog takes a shit on the floor and grows wings  
Planets of the solar system now trade places  
Statues of national fame become faceless  
Great lakes evaporate and leave no traces  
The man with the moustache reveals the three aces  
Briefcases open to expose sheet music  
The thief hears the piece performed and weeps to it  
Master violinist plays the solo one-handed  
The notes on the page become ants that run frantic  
Slowly the symphony dissolves into noise  
The baron with the glass eye sweats and loses poise  
A scene is made, the cheese brigade is summoned  
The man in the mask walks fast and starts running  
An officer fires a pistol in black apparel  
But instead a lead red rose grows from out the barrel  
The criminal escapes through a disappearing door marked "Beauty"  
Exiting the world forevermore...