

John Borhot, "Miniatures" lyrics

Goin' my own way

I won't be givin' it anymore
I've run out of patience
I'm gonna say goodbye, all right
To the marital plantation
Oh yeah!

I see you struggling with a heavy box
I'll pretend that I don't see you
I'll check my friggin Facebook likes
And my Instagram sensations
Oh yeah!

You're no good for me, I don't need nobody,
Don't need no one, it's no good for me

Blue pills, bad deals, the wounds that won't heal
The oceans of fake
I leave it all behind me

Relaxed, untaxed, and no more Xanaxed
Unchained, regained
I'm goin' my own way!

Preemptive attack on a terrorist chicken farm

instrumental

Gnostic

instrumental

Mad world

instrumental

Reis

We are here, standing tall
By the mandate of the People
Of democracy and faith
Lined up behind ... the Reis

Reis, Reis!

Years of suffering under aliens and infidels
We never forget
Now we crush the enemy, the traitors
Take us to Manbij, Reis!
Reis, Reis!

They banished our lifestyle
Our religion of peace
Our purity and innocence ("I feel you")
But the voice of the People
Spoke these truest words:
"Tek millet
Tek bayrak
Tek vatan
Tek devlet icin:
Evet!"

Reis, Reis

Haziriz, Reis!

Isaretini ver!

Biz senin icin olecegiz, Reis!

Kudus'un yolunu bize goster, Reis!

Reis, Reis!

Biz dunyayi dindar ve adaletli bir yer yapalim, Reis!

Reis, Reis!

Shrooms

We've come home

We've come home

We've come home from the forest where we have been gathering

Shrooms

Yes, the shrooms

Yes, the shrooms that we gathered today in the forest, they're good!

We've arrived

We've arrived

We'll prepare a good spoonful of shrooms for our rainbowy chai

For the chai

For the chai that will bring us to joy and to happiness now.

There goes Superman!

Playing his ukulele

Everybody's here who smiles.

There goes Peter Pan

Tinkering with Tinkerbell

Everybody's here who counts.

"Hey folks! Wake up! It's morning. Time to go to the forest."

We've come home

We've come home

We've come home from the forest where we have been gathering

Shrooms

Yes, the shrooms, the shrooms, the shrooms, the shrooms, the shrooms

They're good!

Deep Orthodoxy

Gospody Isuse Hristye

Sine bozhe pomiluj mya grishnago

Rabi Isa mesi, tanri'nin oglu

Beni bir gunahkar rahmet