

Artificial

Music and Lyrics by Ron Cincioso and Michael Varela

VERSE 1

Shine on me brightly the minstrel sounds at last
Make forth the colors
Orange sundays of the past
Sci -fi-skies of lightning
Like a fireworks attraction
Like a tainted plum
An offbeat drum
The windows of your ears
Elevate your fears

CHORUS

Climb on this old heaven
Just remember baby its artificial
Baby its just artificial thats all
Baby its just artificial thats all
A scholar reflected in the mirror as he wrote your poem
Its time to grow on everyone
And for everyone to grow
Your high wire chance flirtation
Bears the scars of your reaction
Pink skies will come
The birds will hum
Their sweetness in your ears
Poisoning all your fears
Climb on this new heaven
Remember baby its not artificial
Baby this ones not artificial at all
Baby its not artificial at all

BRIDGE

Wake up to a fresh new day
Your heaven's been reborn
The skies are filled with joyous song
The seeds of joy are near you
The windows have all been cleared
Roll back your toil and anger the back pages you have feared
The angels have your back now
Spreading hope in your direction

MORE CHORUS

Spring has sprung ,the birds who hum
Complete this with their own cheers
And now that you've found heaven
Just remember baby its not artificial
Baby its not artificial
Baby its not artificial at all
Baby its not artificial at all