

Yeah

They called it a sentence

A fixed timeline

But we found the accelerator

And we found the brakes

Listen close to the biology, forget the fatalism

We dissecting the mechanism, the internal prism

You got the mutant huntingtin, yeah that's the blueprint

But the HPA Axis is the foot on the movement

Driving the cortisol high, systemic hypertonicity

Stripping the shield, burning neuronal electricity

It's a blockade, a biological shield wall

Preventing the clean-up, heading for the downfall

Cortisol repressing the BDNF gene

Starving the striatum, keeping the machine

In a catabolic state, breaking down the frame

But we identify the enemy, and we changing the game

Stop the Hunter-Gatherer, the panic, the flight

We shifting the terrain, stepping into the light

This ain't acceptance, this is biological war

We kicking down the mitochondrial door

Switch off the signal of disease, kill the noise

Phew Protocol active, reclaiming our poise

From survival to creation, we flipping the script

Anabolic construction, getting fully equipped

No more rolling over, we fight to the end

Using chemistry and spirit to repair and transcend

We need energy, the brain is starving for fuel  
Glucose hypometabolism is the cruel rule  
So we run the Ketogenic Bypass, MCT oil flow  
Ketones powering the glymphatic, making it go  
Raw THCa in the morning, the gentle nudge  
Upregulating CB1s, clearing out the sludge  
Rebuilding the brake lines, restoring the feedback  
Retrograde inhibition, getting on the right track  
Magnesium shield blocking the excitotoxic flood  
While we lower the inflammation in the blood  
Signaling safety, wandering senses wide  
Tell the Protector Planet we got nothing to hide

(Then comes the night)

(The cleanup crew)

The Spotter and the Executioner coming for you  
CBD modulates the lipid rafts, exposing the gate  
TRPV2 channels open, sealing the fate  
Of the aberrant cells hiding behind the stress  
CBN triggers the calcium, cleaning the mess  
Apoptosis ignited, bypassing the block  
We turning back the hands on the biological clock

We stand down the guard

We nourish the root

We execute the error

And bear the fruit

Huntington's ain't the master, we hold the keys

Regulating the system, bringing it to its knees

Phew.