

# Untimely Meditations

Saul Williams

The fiery sun of my passions  
Evaporates the love lakes of my soul  
Clouds my thoughts and rains you into existence  
As I take flight on bolts of lightning  
Claiming chaos as my concubine and you as my me of the storm you of the sea  
We of the moon land of the free  
What have I done to deserve this? Am I happy?  
Happiness is a mediocre sin set for a middle class existence I see through smiles and smell truth in the distance  
Beyond one dimensional smiles and laughter  
Lies are hereafter where tears echo laughter  
You'd have to do math to divide a smile By a tear times fear equals mere truth  
I simply delve in the air and if that's the case  
All I have to breath and all else will follow  
That's why drums are hollow, and I like drums, drums are good But I can't think straight  
I lack the attention span to meditate  
My attention spans galaxies here and now are immense  
Seconds are secular, moments are mine Self is illusion, music's divine  
Noosed by the strings of Jimmy's guitar  
I swing Purple Hazed pendulum  
Hypnotizing the part of I that never dies Look into my eyes are the windows of the soul  
It's fried chicken collies and cornbread  
It's corn milk flour sour cream eggs and oil  
It's the stolen blood of the earth Used to make cars run and kill the fish  
Who me? I play scales  
The scales of dead fish of oil slicked seas  
My sister blows wind through the hollows of fallen tress And we are the echoes of eternity, echoes of eternity  
Echoes of eternity maybe you heard of us  
We do rebirths, revokes and resurrections  
We threw basement parties in pyramids I left my tag on the wall  
The beats would echo of the stone  
And solidify into the form of light bulbs  
Destined to light of the heads of future generations They're releasing it up in the form of OM  
Maybe you heard of us  
If not then you must be trying to hear us  
In such cases we can't be heard We remain in the darkness unseen  
In the center of unpeeled bananas we exist uncolored by perception  
Clothed to the naked eye  
Five senses cannot sense the fact of our existence And that's the only fact  
In fact there are no facts, fax me a fact and I'll telegram

I'll hologram, I'll telephone the Son Of Man and tell him he is done  
Leave a message on his answering machine Telling him there are none  
God and I are one  
Times moon times star times sun  
The factor is me, you remember me T slung amethyst rocks on Saturn blocks?  
'Til I got caught up by Earthling cops  
They wanted me for their army or whatever, picture me  
I swirl like the wind tempting tomorrow to be today Tiptoeing the fine line between everything and everything  
else  
I am simply Saturn swirling sevenths through sooth  
The sole living air of air and I, and, and all else follows  
Reverberating the space inside of drum hollows Package and bottles and chips  
And tomorrow then sold to the highest nigga  
I swing from the tallest tree  
Lynched by the lowest branches of me Praying that my physical will set me free  
'Cause I'm afraid that all else is vanity  
Mere language is profanity  
I'd rather hum or have my soul tattooed to my tongue And let the scriptures be sung in gibberish  
As words be simple fish in my soulquarium  
And intellect can't swim so I stopped combing my mind  
So my thoughts could lock I'm tired of trying to understand  
Perceptions are mangled matted and knotted anyway  
Life is more than what meets the eye and I  
So elevate I to the third and even that shit seems absurd And your thoughts leave you third isolated  
No man is an island but I often feel alone  
So I find peace through OM

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