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 lighting
Claiming chaos as my concubine and you as my meI 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 existenceI 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 smileBy 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 goodBut 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 mineSelf 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 diesLook 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
Its the stolen blood of the earthUsed 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 tressAnd 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 pyramidsI 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 generationsThey'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 heardWe 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 existenceAnd 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 machineTelling him there are none
God and I are one
Times moon times star times sun
The factor is me, you remember meT 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 todayTiptoing 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 hollowsPackage and bottles and chips
And tomorrow then sold to the highest nigga
I swing from the tallest tree
Lynched by the lowest branches of mePraying 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 tongueAnd 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 lockI'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 absurdAnd your thoughts leave you third isolated
No man is an island but I often feel alone
So I find peace through OM

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/