

Amnesia (RewindInstrumental)

[Blu](#)

I used to have Peace, serenity, teaching divinity
Break bread, sipping the blood, eating with enemies
Blind, pearl on my mind thinking we fittin' to be
This, that, and the third Boy did I learn, tables turn
Billy holiday burned down to play when my nerves drowned my folks away
Swerving in the locomotive, far from my hopes and motives
Back to boasting at shows to get a standing O
From all the fans I know on some of that sapphire
rapid fire soul stuff I used to hit 'em off with
But now I'm some ol' "pay the toll" for the way I played the role
Cautious when I lace a flow, cause, pose? think I'm painting codes
Patience grown thin, home sick and haven't been home since
Fuck a rapper, I'm an actor in a film called: "Leave me the fuck alone until I find a real job"
Busting chrome grills off at these soft hearted breakbeats bouncing with 808's and gray ink
Blue heart, red skies, true art died in the heart of my mind
Kept trying to fulfill this, blank scribbled realness, even if it kills this
Poet inside Used to speak sweet with sympathy
Tease to mimic me, sunshine every line you ever sent to me
Heaven sent, heavenly scent that later crippled me, shit
Simple men don't learn, where was your empathy?
Couldn't see the fork in the road Kept straight forward, straight towards a humble abode
we both hate more Now that I fumbled and folded that open letter said "dead men walking don't dream"
You taped yours, and you told me I could rent it
Thought it was invented for my viewing pleasure
Human error, the apprentice turned teacher, preacher turned God
Couldn't reach ya, just a faade, the main feature
Modified for blogs, podcast the past, hi-definition, she laughed
Pass the message, now I'm guessing that the jokes on me
Cause I'm the only one threatened
The wretched by the windows sketching Pencil? the mural of the method, don't sweat it, techniques
turning, burning incense Listening to Billy burn my intent, definitive days that turn my nights to fiction
Friction-less, just a pen trynna pimp this stress, 'cause I couldn't keep a lid on my life
Nave as the dry leaves on the ground, looking past the tree to the blue sky asking: Why me?

Lyrics provided by

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