

Mist Rising

Matisyahu

Mist rising on the horizon
Listenin' with my ears and listenin' with my eyes and
Listenin' until we've ridden the mud from the parasite
Listenin' until our hearts start to glisten, realize
Share the vision and my rhythms and we'll melt the ice
Start sizzlin', spilling from the ceiling, prayer dripping drizzling
Close to the broken-heart, them crushed in spirit
Redeem the soul of your servant
Seek his, pursue it
Keep the sparkle in your eyes
Oh you know, we're not gon die
Like flyin'
Soul times for the times when we'll stay unified
The eyes of Has hem are to the righteous and he hears theirSoul cry, like an ancient lullaby
Soul cry, like an ancient lullaby
Jerusalem breathes, bringin' me ease from the Brooklyn squeeze,
Dirty Babylon I'll bring ya down to ya knees
Track ya like a lion, leave me be
When they come with their disease to drag us into the street,
My law's still pure, you can't take that from me,
3000 years until this last century,
Impossible to break the seal of the High Priest,
Yo, I say the branches on the trees gon bow to these
Swaying to the melodies
Craving for the slaves to bring redemption please
I am you, you are me
No more leaders, we must flea
We want see God in our enemy,
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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