Amnesia

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?

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