

# 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?

Lyrics provided by

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