The Outcome

Tim Timmons

[Jessica Care Moore]Global warming between my legs, screams against the waves
Gave birth to thirteen daughters, so now we never run out of water
My skin layered in diamonds and sage
Left alone and confused, forces enslaved by days
Time keeps on whorin us
Ghetto saviors can't keep ignorin us
Flowers and flames, flutes from her fingers
Rifles pointed from her sac
or was it simply a bag of sticks and stones
Either way, she wore a compass on her head
Rains don't stop the grass from turnin red
Her hair was half perm, half dread
We gave up walking in a past-life and so we dance
Arms wrapped around my breath and choked me back to life
A new world wife, reflecting the sun and rolling dice
Symbol of the drama yet to come - too late to run
Time travelling was late
Watching was a blind man's mistake
All his assets melted right in front of his face
His right leg drabbed with demon paste
Shoes stayed angel laced
Never count your blessings with haste

Even a prophet can catch a case
Didn't realize how sweet the future might taste
Telepathically cutting through mental gates
Words were weapons against their hate
Shepherds search for stars in her hair
Her chest grew fermented like yeast
She broke her body like aged bread
He gave her truth from all the books he'd read
She wrote her poems inside the mud
Sacrificed her cervix to fix the future
Named their boys and spit truth inside his mouth
Read warm prophet, writing twisted scriptures inside her belly
Resurrected from bones and dirt
She made hard niggaz smile
Left her seeds inside the Earth
Gave hustlers and killers life's worth

This is the life we chose, remember who was here first
Find a reason why you curse
Gold rushed tongues by dreams too loose
Sporting electronic nooses
Hoeing humanity love-ticks over lust
Despite the damage to destiny you can't take the best of me
In God We Still Trust

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