

# Unforgivable Youth (feat. Jason Evigan)

## Lupe Fiasco

(Chorus)

This world, my heart, my soul  
Things that I don't know  
The icicles they grow  
They never let me go  
Scars are left as proof  
But tears they soak on through  
Things I've done  
My young  
My unforgivable youth

(Verse 1)

We land on the horizon. The passion in their eyes then  
What they think of islands and much more in their size  
Bountiful and plentiful and resource to provide them  
Supplies slim. Morale when so heavily inside them  
Now steadily declining  
Return is not an option as necessity denies them  
With this they choose to dive in  
Now along the shore and so aware of their arriving  
Other children of this land prepare to share in their surviving  
A pigeonry of feathers stands his majesty with treasure  
Now the material things that kings that could never last forever  
But secrets of the spirit world and how to live in harmony together  
Unbenounced to him his head would be the first that they would sever  
And stuck up on a pike up along the beach  
Kept up as a warning to the rest to turn away from their beliefs  
And so began it here. And for 500 years  
Torture, Terror, Fear til they nearly disappear

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2)

Ways and means from mistreated human beings  
A slave labor force provides wealth to the machine  
And helps the new regime establish and expand  
Using manifest destiny to siphon off the land  
From native caretakers who can barely understand

"How can land be owned by another man. Warns one can not steal what was given as a gift. Is the sky owned by  
birds and the rivers owned by fish."

But the lesson when the heated, for the sake of what's not needed  
You kill but do not eat it

The excessive and elitists don't repair it when they leave it

The forests's were cleared, the factories were built

And your mistakes will be repeated by your future generation doomed to pay for your mistreatments

Foolishness and flaws, greed and needs and disagreement

And you rushed to have the most, from the day you left your boats

You'll starve but never die. In a world of hungry ghosts

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

As archaeologists dig in the deserts of the east

Appeared "A pit" 100 meters wide and 100 meters deep

They discover ancient cars on even older streets

And a city well preserved and most likely at it's peak

A culture so advanced, and by condition of the teeth

They can tell that they was civil, not barbaric in the least

A society at peace. With liberty and justice for all

Neatly carved in what seems to be a wall

They would doubt that there was any starvation at all

That they pretty much had the poverty problem all solved

From the sheer amount of paper, most likely used for trade

Everything's so organized. They had to be well behaved

Assumed they had clean energy, but took to no enemies

Very honest leaders with overwhelming sympathies

Religions kinda complex. Kinda hard to figure out

And this must be the temple

This White. House

(Chorus)

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