

Peace

The Roots

Peaceful minds in a land of war
Seek peace of mind, through mental peacefulness
Peacefulness, peacefulness, peacefulness
Is in the mind of the beholder
Behold, my mental piece
Could shatter your peace, to pieces
Pieces and portions of rhythmic distortion relax me
The echos reverb and feedback of reality disturb my peace
Forcing me to retreat, to the below beneath
Down a step and a step and a step and a step
And a step beyond to a level of my own
Private, mystic, ritualistic, culturalistic sanity
Yet some say that I am insane
Is that not ironic? My soul not sonic
As I flow through the tonic, of life I find
That the strife behind, that pushes and pulls
And pulls and pushes me into all of the bullshit
That I experience from day to day
Is the reason for my search or journey, or struggle
To find the broken pieces of the sign
That combine to form the crooked line
That we call, peace y'all

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