

Searching

Blackalicious

Nia

Nia Searching for everything already there

For every thought already known

For everything that ever was, is and will be

Struggling, oh, how we struggle

And the more we avoid it, the greater the struggle becomes

Until we realize, the struggle is the blessing Progressing, changing, evolving, growing

From a seed to a tree, from a child to a man

(From a child to a woman)

From a man to a spirit

(From a woman to a spirit)

To a God fulfilling his plan

Purpose, no words can describe the unnameable No beginning, no end, just always now

Marveling at the miracle and all of a sudden

It all seemed to make sense somehow

Searching for everything already there

For every thought already known

For everything that ever was, is and will be Nia

Nia

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