

Illusion of Self

The Last Poets

The holy terror becomes the holy blessing
Family values caught in the act of undressing
Addicts getting high on early morning out-burts
Running through dreams & trampling down flowers
Dancing fast from keep from crying
Infliting pain from to stop the lying
Muggers,muggers, B-boys & Heavy metal
Chose under the bridge on Hansell & Gretal
Pornography, rape and child abuse
Mass murders quoting Doctor Zeuss
Black becomes white in this old illusion
Money becomes God to complete the confusion
Daily visits to late night clubs
Disapointment and sadness and ticket stubs
Bad little men in sad little rooms
Sad little Oak beams become sad little tombs
Silent storms and baby screams
Wide open soaces of unconscious dreams
The churchs are empty the choirs are full
He takes a snort and she takes a port

The Sun was dim at childish morning
When sleep awakened me to the cries of your distant touch
There was no crowded rooms foe Allah to cross
No smoked filled fanisies to ensure happiness
Ours has become a comedy of errors
A tradedgy from the dark side of the moon
Conversations,conversations have become shrieks & shrills
in the echoes of laughter but still we try two muted poets
Sticking it togetjhefor the glamour of the ticker tape
parade's birds,birds flying free & attonement of our slavery
And our love becomes a saga of jaggered peach of stagnant
dreams two addicted lovers,strung out in the heavens
of past romance,walks in the park cannot sooth the ravages
of tomorrow prescence, yes.We watch new love, we tell
the here inside, his blood dripping from our hands like
the wine in Roman orgies, its meaning drowning,drowning
in the milky green waters of unconsciousness, now all it does
is sit there & listen to songs from new & unmarked graves

have we become petrified honest,who can only paint terrified
portrates of love,have we lost desperation & the dark & murky
swamps of some foriegn smile we can not wait on the rest of
the world to comprehend,we can not wait on racist slaves to
snatch their freedom from heroes of doom,we cannot wait on
luxurious & pompous expressions to share their feeling of
God

Shirts,ties & very well groomed,patronising that, that once
was assumed.Round & round the merry-go-round, grabbing the
ring while stuck to the ground,little ambitions with great
big drugs,over-night sensations on bear-skin rugs,
Highly mediocre becomes highly paid,highly empowered
then highly afraid.Winning becomes everything but
nothing at all, loosing your footing & starting to fall.
Women in anger, women in style,women guide coming
down the aisle, to know how dangerous games can be.
To get stuck in a vision but never see,mistaking pleasure
for something to keep, taking yourself to be something so
deep.Big time lawyers become no better than thieves,
pleading insanity while justice grieves,pretensious smiles
patrolling the beat, life become miserable then out of reach,
subway rides become subway grieve,public transportation
becomes a subway thief. [4:36]

Ours was a moment so devine & yet so very unholy
all around let's dance morning prayers, giving praise
to the Lord of the universe, while we become athiestic
on giving love to one another,it was raining,it was raining
that morning inside our fears,as we come so closelt together
& decide our screams & you cried (How you cried) &
you cried (How you cried),found you stranded
& the sensitivity left you wind-swept waves, while
I carouse with madness in the shadows of my pride,
but the smashed & bittered face of trying, kept trying
to tell me there is no glory in the sea, then I did not
understand,now I do, if I could have just one more
chance with illusion maybe I could make it real,if I
could just take the wrapped up of screams & compose
whispering signs of change, maybe then you would
smile, if I could just take the mystery of night & read
it from you in an impromptu poem.Maybe then your
arms would open, on pardon, oh yesterday are you
there,yesterday I'm sorry,yesterday where are you,
yesterday are you there & you turn to answer my call.

But your eyes,oh your eyes are full of coffins,the
stale of funeral trumpets fall from your lips,& I run & I
turn & I run away to question time but he replies 'Too late'
your both dead.

Children in fear, always living inside,who come out
to play only to hide,their tears are helpless as they fall
from the eye, they hit the ground running while trying to fly.

The madness becomes casual at its very best, the
mind becomes stronger with every test, at last,they
smile, they even joke, the challenge to be human
at every stroke,paranoia becomes fear & then the
sensitive become a tear, just be who you are &
leave it alone,let them have there's leave that shit alone,
that shit of mine be quiet ego be still, learn to
accept, learn to be real,to become fully conscious, to
be fully aware,always loving becomes always fair, to
touch, to feel the side to side,the oneness of you &
everything around,negative comes & negative goes,
everything changes as the consciousness flows
always learning, always teaching, always caring
always reaching,stick to your path when the going
get rough,never quitting is never enough.The
subtle places inside the subtle mind, the courage to
loose and then the courage to find,the eagle flying
high, with the peaceful dove,always us living, living
love.

Lyrics submitted by Tony.

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