

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

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