Bloodletting

Saul Williams

The greatest Americans have not been born yet,
They are waiting patiently for the past to die.

Please give blood?

Those crumbled tablets would have share a story with a burning bush

Where is that voice from nowhere to remind us that the holy ground we walk on purified by native blood has rooted trees whose fallen leaves now color code a sacred list of demands?

Who among us can give translation of autumn hues to morning news?
The ??? command thrown overboard has simply rooted us in history?s repeating cycle,
A nation in its saddened years that won?t acknowledge karma

Where is that voice from nowhere? The ones your prophets spoke of.

There are voices from fear disconnected from their diaphragms dangling from coffee covered teeth that spill into our laps and scorch our privates

There are voices from the sides of necks some already noosed.
Dangling participles, pronouns, running for sentence,
serving life in corner offices, and ghetto corners.
There voices are the same dead to themselves numb to the possibilities
of truth existing beyond that which they can palm in their hands, period.

There are voices of elders which seem to do no more than damn us to our childish ways
For in many households wisdom no longer comes with age.

So, where is that voice from nowhere, that burning bush, that passing dove?

I hear the voices of generals calling for ammunition
Presidents calling for arms
Women calling for help

Where is that voice from nowhere?
That god of Abraham, can he be heard over the gun fire?
The wiz of passing missiles,
the crash buildings, the cries of children,
the crack bones,

the shriek of sirens,

Or is that his mighty voice?

Your angry god craving the sacrifice of virgin generations sons degenerate.
Your holy book written in red ink on burning sands
Your prayers between rounds do no more than fasten the fate of your children to the hammered truth of your trigger.

A truth that mushrooms its darkened cloud over the rest of us,
So, that we too bare witness to the short lived fate of a civilization that worships a male god.

Your weapons are phallic all of them.

That dummy that sits on your lap is no longer a worthwhile spectacle.
His shrunken pale face leaves little room for imagination
We have spotted your moving lips and have pinned the voice to its proper source.

It is a source of madness,
A source of hunger of power,
A source of weakness,
A source of evil,

We have exited your coliseum and are encircling your box office
Demanding our families back,
Our cultures back, our rituals back,
Our gods back,

So that we may return them to there proper source

The source of life,
The source of creation, our mother?s womb,

The great goddess.

We will cut through the barbed wire hangers and chastity belts
We will climb in and incubate our spirit through the winter
We will wait through the degenerate course of your repeated history
We will wait for the past to die.

Lyrics submitted by Ced.

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