

# Fly Fly Away

## Kero One

(Verse 1)

In this game I don't claim to be a veteran,  
Im just spittin lyrical Excedrin for brethren,  
medicine to keep your head from spinning when  
rappers mumble jargon, I fumble rhymes and start an arson  
burning gassed up heads and sparking light to brighten dark ends  
of the mind, now let it shine  
so we can all be the kerosene  
fearing no team man or human being are you believing?  
if I speak truth will I lose market share?  
cause its something the public wont digest in its ears?  
well I don't care. Im rolling on spares  
on the road surpassing obstacles thats there  
and I swear Ill hold down the fort like mayor  
as a temporary duty since my home aint here  
I said I swear I hold down the fort like mayor  
as a love for the people since my home aint here  
and its time...(verse 2)

I feel like an alien outcast in a world so vast  
searching miles for my niche but lost in the mist  
so whats the answer to this...  
cause one always exists, with every question that hits  
and yeah, some hit like Tyson, hard to the jaw  
impairing your ability to answer at all  
leaving the question in awe cause we aint trying to fight back  
but if we're born with teeth we're born to bite back  
so I ask, how long does life lasts  
regardless of color or age can it go in a flash  
well in fact, it really only lasts a minute versus the infinite  
a concept too intricate for the intellect  
so some get intimate with earths filthiness  
where melodies are dark and humans are used as instruments  
where drugs and booze are often abused  
best friends stab backs then wrap their arms around you  
where its true lives are driven by power and fame  
driven by sex, success, approval, and pain  
and for what? Nothings left when we're driven to graves  
just memories of the past, or a loved ones pain  
and its real whats seen today fades away

but the unseens eternal so I cherish its stay  
the un-American way but I must maintain  
cause if I forfeit my soul, then whats been gained?(verse 3)  
So sometimes, I grab my pen and write rhymes  
my mind breathes when the ink flows into nighttime  
I plant seeds, and watch em grow into trees  
produce fruit from leaves and feed the people in need  
and thats the truth if that fruit is wealthy  
who cares if musics moving if the products unhealthy  
Im looking at the crowd for that one who felt me  
helping' me raise the bet on these cards God dealt me  
but still some doubt its worth pursuing  
we've all been given gifts so now how we going to use em  
Im on the outside looking in at the confusion  
I been there before swinging fists at those illusions  
now I fight the hands of time, with my might  
so my life can be seen as worthy in hindsight  
I clutch my mic tight and ponder the way  
reflecting back sometimes on this temporary stay  
but I won't get attached cause I know where home is  
and reach out to souls that are currently homeless  
cause some claim the earth and clown around till it hurts us  
in this circus a juggling act that makes me nervous  
maybe its entertaining when you look at its surface  
but step outside the ring and ask is it all worth it  
just step outside the ring and ask is it all worth it  
just step outside the ring on this temporary stay..

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