

# Toughen The Bones

## Borialis

No need to roam into the unknown  
Got the whole world outside my window  
Gotta fill the belly and toughen the bones  
'Cause it's he who endures long, who finds his true home I go days without sleep, weeks and won't eat  
Walk on broke glass and coats with bare feet  
Watch me perform feats beyond belief  
Withstand the freezing cold and extreme heat  
I may receive beatings, but won't no defeat  
Slow down and give me calm the heartbeat  
I learn to endure and to ignore pain  
By shutting off nerves that inform the brain  
Sustained by the air, sunshine, and rain  
I hold my breath in 4 minutes and 40 seconds  
These old yogis, they come to me for lessons  
And when they exit, they ask for my blessings  
Like Christians begging for forgiveness in confession  
Hearing my song is like getting your palms read  
Telling you thoughts going on in your mom's head  
Telling vets what the Sergeant in Vietnam said  
Reuniting them with friends who had been long dead  
Knowing word for word what a letter you read said  
From an ex-lover who double-crossed, and then you saw red  
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Life is short, so my rhymes are morbid  
Dark and obscure like Jim Morrison  
Cats talk shit, but I just ignore it  
Oblivious going about my own biz  
Compose shit as dope as Mr. Holland's Opus  
'Cause I'm more focused then a microscope is  
Remain absorded in great concentration  
More profound than any ancient meditation  
Close my eyes and I'm on vacation  
All caught up in my latest creation  
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'Cause it's he who endures long, who finds his true home  
My love for life is stronger than my fear of death  
And my soul won't rest after my last breath  
I'm haunting any man who ever crossed me wrong  
Walking through their walls long after I'm gone  
In the form I was before I was born  
I learned all this through constant hardships  
To harness the Force we all were born with  
The ascetic, auto telic Martial Artist  
Often regarded as brutally honest  
Fearless, wide-eyed but tearless  
Carefully careless in full awareness  
In all fairness, you can't compare this  
No radio station out there will air this  
This is rare shit, some rip out your hair shit  
It's how I spit over kick and snare hits  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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