Unforgivable Youth

Lupe Fiasco

(Chorus)
This world, my heart, my soul
Things that I don't know
The icicles they grow
They never let me go
Scars are left as proof
But tears they soak on through
Things I've done
My young
My unforgivable youth
(Verse 1)
We land on the horizon. The passion in their eyes then
What they think of islands and much more in their size
Bountiful and plentiful and resource to provide them
Supplies slim. Morale when so heavily inside them
Now steadily declining
Return is not an option as necessity denies them
With this they choose to dive in
Now along the shore and so aware of their arriving
Other children of this land prepare to share in their surviving
A pigeontry of feathers stands his majesty with treasure
Now the material things that kings that could never last forever
But secrets of the spirit world and how to live in harmony together
Unbenounced to him his head would be the first that they would sever
And stuck up on a pike up along the beach
Kept up as a warning to the rest to turn away from their beliefs
And so began it here. And for 500 years
Torture, Terror, Fear til they nearly disappear
(Chorus)
This world, my heart, my soul
Things that I don't know
The icicles they grow
They never let me go
Scars are left as proof
But tears they soak on through
Things I've done
My young
My unforgivable youth
(Verse 2)

Ways and means from mistreated human beings
A slave labor force provides wealth to the machine
And helps the new regime establish and expand
Using manifest destiny to siphon off the land
From native caretakers who can barely understand
"How can land be owned by another man. Warns one can not steal what was given as a gift. Is the sky owned by birds and the rivers owned by fish."

But the lesson when the heated, for the sake of what's not needed
You kill but do not eat it
The excessive and elitists don't repair it when they leave it
The forests's were cleared, the factories were built
And your mistakes will be repeated by your future generation doomed to pay for your mistreatments
Foolishness and flaws, greed and needs and disagreement
And you rushed to have the most, from the day you left your boats
You'll starve but never die. In a world of hungry ghosts
(Chorus)
This world, my heart, my soul
Things that I don't know
The icicles they grow
They never let me go
Scars are left as proof
But tears they soak on through
Things I've done
My young
My unforgivable youth
(Verse 3)
As archaeologists dig in the deserts of the east
Appeared "A pit" 100 meters wide and 100 meters deep
They discover ancient cars on even older streets
And a city well preserved and most likely at it's peak
A culture so advanced, and by condition of the teeth
They can tell that they was civil, not barbaric in the least
A society at peace. With liberty and justice for all
Neatly carved in what seems to be a wall
They would doubt that there was any starvation at all
That they pretty much had the poverty problem all solved
From the sheer amount of paper, most likely used for trade
Everything's so organized. They had to be well behaved
Assumed they had clean energy, but took to no enemies
Very honest leaders with overwhelming sympathies
Religions kinda complex. Kinda hard to figure out
And this must be the temple
This White. House
(Chorus)

This world, my heart, my soul
Things that I don't know
The icicles they grow
They never let me go
Scars are left as proof
But tears they soak on through
Things I've done
My young
My unforgivable youth

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/