

# The Vision

## Aceyalone

Today  
Sunday  
On the nineteenth day of october at one a.m.  
Nineteen ninety seven  
I had a vision  
No, well not exactly like a vision  
No but like a sight  
Well not exactly like a sight but more like a dream  
Yeah like a daydream  
Like two scenes short of a nightmare  
Except I wasn't scared  
Looking at the lines of these mean mugs  
Extremely super beamed up drugged  
Induced with extra juice in their jugs  
Try'na hold a tight hug  
To tonight's pocket rocket  
With a flicker of a spark in their eye socket plugs  
My shoulders shrugged as to the meaning of this encounter  
Trying to find something to read into  
What's this going to lead into?  
A lesson or just another brother confessing?  
Either way he's expressing mind  
But I was pressing for time  
Now show me some type of sign that your words are divine  
But he just stood there  
Speechless  
Choked up  
His talk box all broke up  
With no real use of his God giving any more just living  
I watch 'em all walk into the flames  
When they could walk into the vastness of their brains

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