Simple Song

The Procussions

On the audio canvas stands this man with his hands as a mantis
submerged in the word like Atlantis to plant this seed, we feeding of the Root of David
and finally freed from enslavement see this is where the pavement
meets the path and the power principles of purity are unmasked at last our direction is that of the outcast
out lasting temptation like the thirty day fast redeemed from the past renamed in the present
i sing to the King Who came as a Peasant offering that pleasant state of humility
the light of the world with the strength and the ability to transform norm to extraordinary
making prophets out of prosecutors if necessary and rags to revolution poetry from pollution
felon to family man problem to solution and the solution is clear
the revolution is near no more confusing people with fear the constitution appears to make freedom a right
but you know its only found in the sun light i say you know its only found in the Son right
i got one aim One Love and one mic...come on

Hook
at a lost for words i heard something in my mind sing (lala..lala..la.la)
without a care in the world i stand firm on a cloud singing (lala..la..la.la.la) waking up at the dawn i had a song
in my heart it goes (la..la..la..la.la.la)
i found peace in a vision of love and yo it

Rez
is it deliberate intention to rush to our destruction
is self hate the face that need's not introduction
is what we're fighting for just what we're wring for
these notes i write are more just line me behind a metaphor
scripting with a purpose the fire that's burning
yearning to show us the light in times that's uncertain
the struggles so fragile being reduced to gravel the built back again
a breathe of live refreshing a dead mannequin a new man
begins a new champion claims the win for the team
well versed in the lessons of hurt it's extreme insecurities
we have are written right on our sleeve likeâ€¦
tabs of acid name brands and badges and birth control
give in medicinal patches addiction is fashioned acceptable
actions from sociable addict
living this sickly image in this modern day Rome we murder our own
die by the cell phone and yet we can't can not connect that buying gem stones
does not reflect or make a good home
government judging the world by the way that we live and yet our parents are afraid of our kids
teachers would rather suspend in stead of listen to 'em

lost pursuing this American dream my father giving me a
song to sing to put my mind at ease

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