

Voices Of The Voiceless

Lowkey

[Verse 1 - Lowkey] From West 10 to the West Bank,
I write righteous rhymes with my right and wrestle the devil with my left hand,
Never work for a Zionist, never been a yes man,
My art is like Rembrandt painting pictures of death camps,
The average person is allergic to the words of wisdom,
This is for everyone of Saddam's Kurdish murder victims,
And all the pure souls that never had the chance to speak,
Truth pumps in my arteries and causes my heart to beat,
For soldiers haunted and tortured by guilty memories,
Who realised too late to reveal their real enemy,
It's all dead wrong

For every victim of racist persecution from Auschwitz to Hebron,
My words may sting cowards,
For people that were atomised by the Thermate in the Twin Towers
Those living through the wars,
Ask me what I do this for,

Put the world in its place before it put you in yours,
[Chorus](Rochelle Rose)

What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
(Lowkey)

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
(Rochelle Rose)

Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
(Lowkey)

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique] Keep my third eye hidden under my New York fitted,
A crazy unmarried man that deserves to be committed,
The future is encrypted in my troubled lyrics,
Dream that I've been somewhere for weeks, then wake up in a couple minutes,
Sweat dripping with visions of population control,
Thoughts overflowing my world like the melting of the North Pole,
My people are targeted by military crack committees,
So I'm bucking at the feds like natives in Rapid City,
Reality savage, my words are like a riot in Paris,
The voice of the voiceless, that voice is social imbalance,

So stand strong or sit harder in your mental palace,
Blinded inside a Kingdom united to its old habits,
But now, Middle Passage coming, War Chant, African drumming,
Gatling gun humming,
Rapid fire mechanism, reckless living,
That checks the rhythm of perfectionism,
Slave condition,
While you're singing God save the system,

[Chorus](Rochelle Rose)

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[Verse 3 - Lowkey]Detain my body, but you can't imprison my mind,

If it's my time I'll probably die with my fist in the sky,
These are the thoughts of a man who can't escape from his coma,
Cries of a young virgin girl who got raped by them soldiers,

[Verse 4 - Immortal Technique]Birthing a screaming bastard, post colonial nation,
Subject to childhood diseases, famine, war and inflation,
Education molded you into your masters image,

And you forgot who the fuck you were before the war was finished

[Verse 5 - Lowkey]You're hearing the ghosts of Nagasaki, you're hearing Hiroshima,
Beautiful babies being born with the weirdest features,
You might never see me in the charts,

But Inshallah my seed can see peace in Iraq,

[Verse 6 - Immortal Technique]But peace and freedom can never be given,
That's historically forbidden, Cos only collision is the recipe,
Changing the course of destiny, so I'm strapped with weaponry,

[Lowkey & Immortal Technique]'Cause the government don't give a f-ck about protecting me.

[Chorus](Rochelle Rose)

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