

If You Fear Dying

One Day As a Lion

The bastard son I spit non fiction
In exile for a while now with raw friction
Never be a pawn the boomerang be upon you
I'm like Fela with my heart in Venezuela
It's a world favela so fuck the novela
I'm out of the cellar with a blade and some cheddar
For the whole new world order you to bow down
To the now sound of slavery the era be
Terrible terror filled terrified
Why would we ever let a few white christian fiction's
Shape our tomorrow followers them
Cause tomorrow got a gun to it's head

Time is coming
Rising like the dawn of a red sun
If you fear dying then you're already dead

I'm in with the spirit of Ali Tour

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