

Love Letters to God

Nahko and Medicine for the People

Give, always give what you can
Even if your allies draw lines in the sand
And dig, always dig a little deeper
Sometimes it's hard to be my brother's
How we wear our ceremony
Always be open to your path and your journey
Yes, she cradles my loneliness
A home in a forest nest
Universal test, feel the weight of my love
Put your hand on my chest
And rest, in the cradle of my arms
And to pick up the gun
My love, we are destined to teach these ones to be brave
And never run away
Yeah, the day you were born, you came out perfect
Never meant to be torn
In silence, never been so loud in the violence
When we're fighting for a change
Not afraid to lose it all despite all the rage
We are animals
And we cannot be caged
Provoke us to fight
So we burn a little sage and write poetry
Wiser than the enemy will ever be
The minority
And authority
Are you here to protect or arrest me?
Can't breathe, cause they're choking out a war in me
Immorality [Chorus]
Love letters to God
Wonder if she reads them or if they get lost
In the stars, the stars, in the stars
So many parts to a heavy heart
If there's no beginning, then where would you start?
Start, start, where would you start? [Verse 2]
Because we're always searching for a certain goal
A pattern of physics, a role
And open
Open up your fist
A misconception, you can fight like this
If God's on our side, we can take the stairs
To the heavens
I live with the snakes in the great deception
No court, in this country for men
Who steal from their mother on paper with pen
And we're asking
Is this the way we should go?
We walk the earth, baby, yeah we got this
Focus, and it's redirected
Grateful, and I'm resurrected

Stubborn, but I know the way
You're the skin of my drum
To your rhythm I will sway
Take my hand
I won't lead you astray
We will not go gently into the darkest of days
Grandma's here, and she says persevere
Take a walk in her mocks, tastes a trail of tears
And our fears, are the same as they ever were
Gears, always mobbing in motion
Maybe, baby, be an island or an ocean
Your arches, how they bend and contract on my conscience
Never slipped through the grip of my thesis
And my theory is I shine in your presence
A deliverance[Chorus]
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