## **Impartial**

## **Mattafix**

Did I ever call for your fame? Why do we fight in your name? Is it really true that you're there? And do you ever answer my prayers? We are calling for change, so why don't you come back again? Why do you spread love uneven? This is not what I believe in. Do I have the right, to write this down? Without heresy pointing a finger at me. Rights? We don't have no more. In this catastrophe, of a 21st century war. Did I ever call for your fame? Why do we fight in your name? Is it really true that you're there? And do you ever answer my prayers? We are calling for change, so why don't you come back again? Why do you spread love uneven? This is not what I

believe in.

Turn and let your gaze
burn over yonder,
a young man stern
with the hunger,
who never puts asunder,
the late night thoughts
and the wonder.

Writing is a lightening
speech is a thunder.

Kid, I'm misinterpreted
like a Marxist.
The scared will
ask this,

impartial vocabulary martial artist practice verbal Ti-Chi and pilates. Da Linguist, the proper opportunist. Quick to drop a new list of rhymes which revue this, right wind stifling that we're suffering, far from enlightening it's frightening so usher in, a new type of verbal well being. As your talks are warped by a canopy of entropy, enter the Linguist who eventually, with a dismaying display of rhyme slaying advances. The impartial vocabulary martial artist. Did I ever call for your fame? Why do we fight in your name? Is it really true that you're there? And do you ever

answer my prayers? We are calling for change, so why don't you come back again? Why do you spread love uneven? This is not what I believe in. Did I ever call for your fame? Why do we fight in your name? Is it really true that you're there? And do you ever answer my prayers? We are calling for change, so why don't you come back again? Why do you spread love uneven? This is not what I believe in.

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