

Death Messiah

Jedi Mind Tricks

CHORUS Did protons and electrons create the earth?
Or did Allah meditate and create it's birth?
Is everyday in this place a curse?
Or should I pray on my knees and embrace it's dirt?
(yeah)

I don't know if there's a reason I'm here,
I feel the only thing that's driving me is reason and fear.
(yeah)

And seeing death to me conceivably near,
So I don't give a fuck what you think bout me reachin for beer.
(Damn)

I don't worry anymore about what my friends do,
I have a more urgent matter to attend to.
Is there something there bigger when I die and vanish?
That weaves everyone and everything into a canvas?
I'm not smart enough to think I have a resolution,
I'll never be a man with mediocre constitution.
My father told me that blood and power intoxicate,

And that tyranny is a product of his father's hate. CHORUS I recognize the guilt and the sins of the father,
And recognize what's built and what stems from the author.

Understand man is not a machine,
He need a surface and a purpose and a reason for being.
Either way I'm going to stick with my fam',
Regardless if that's a dream of a ridiculous man.
And I'm becoming more indifferent every day,
So naturally all the questions have faded away.
Some of the things that I said I hated to say,
But blame yourself mother fucker you made it this way.
I don't think I would even if I was able to stay,
I don't think you could I would sit to the angles and pray.

But everybody got to deal with thyself,
If they cut another throat for the material wealth.
If it's a problem are you man enough to deal with the help?
Or are you destined for the darkness of concealing yourself?
(yeah) CHORUS I'm trying to deal with the thirty years I spent in prison,
Not the physical, because of existentialism.
I've backed myself into a previously dead deposition,
When all I ever had to do is just repent and listen.
Why cant everybody leave me alone,

I'm the only one who'd really need to see that I've grown.
You ain't smart enough to see what I know,
I'd like to stab myself and let me fuckin bleed til' I go.
But I'm too scared what would happen on the other side,
Trying to fight the good fight how many of us died?
I don't know if I trust the people that hang with me.
Is it God, or is it the big bang theory?
I know some really good people and they slang near me,
But I don't think that comically they should hang really.
At thirty years old I don't have peace yet,
And I ain't got out of the belly of the beast yet.CHORUS

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