

The Return to Innocence Lost

The Roots

(feat. Ursula Rucker)
[Ursula Rucker]
Muffled sound of fist on flesh
Blows to chest
No breath
Air gasps
You ain't nothing but white trash, bitch!
With each hit, each kick, each...broken rib
Crack, Crack!
Bones are crying
Mommy's crying and bleeding
And pleading
And then...
Daddy wants to fuck
Dick hard, swelled with power rush
And as if all that wasn't enough
Mommy's seven months heavy with birth
As...Daddy grunts and cursed drunk nothings in her bloodied ear
[singing softly]
First...lullaby
First...Son...will...ever...hear
And never forget
Mommy almost bled to death when she have him...finally
She'd already lost...three
Uterus-bruised, shredded, and weak
From being daily beat
And Friday nights were the worse and...
Daddy never came with flowers
Instead he spent hours at some corner spot
With some bar pop named Cookie
Putting his thing down
Soiling Mommy's sheets with...
Sweet...talk shit,
Cookie's cheap lipstick,
Hair grease, sperm, and jezebel juice
To hell with the good news that...
He was a father for the first time
His thirst for wine and women
Clouded his vision...
No warm welcome for mother and son
Just...
The rank smell of ass-crack, funk, and cum
But Mommy's prayerful strength-her best defense
She...burned the dirty linens
Made a fresh bed
Laid sleeping First Son down
And never made a sound
As she purged her scourge
With birth-blood and quiet tears
Watching as her fears and love and sacrifice
Lie there in his soft skin and new life
Breathing, dreaming, fresh from God's eye
Mommy's little survivor
Like...her
Mommy called crazy and scorned
'Cuz she two more born
One boy soon after

The girl much later and...
 Although they were both sung the same lullabies of hate
 Her...First Son, the first one
 Whose...womb-world was profaned
 Came of age playing street games
 With Stewie, Rezzie, and Little Brother
 'Till his heart start to wither
 In pain and shame
 Blamed Mom for the wrong she let Daddy do to her
 And him...
 Let...sins of the Father cause his Innocence to wander
 Found out amongst thieves
 Chose to squander his dreams
 Stopped believing in himself
 Become prodigal with his life
 Make impossible shit right with...
 Gang-ties, crime, lies
 Erase wise, woeful words of Mother
 Replaced them with absurdities of others
 Who had also lost their way
 Played a different kind of street game now
 First Son plunged deep
 Speak street-family vows
 Espouse no causes but his own
 See, he couldn't protect Mommy's neck from Daddy's grasp
 Or...protect Mommy's ass from Daddy's wrath
 Couldn't shield her ears from...
 Daddy's foul-mouthed, liquor-breath jeers
 His only defense-served be confidence
 Brown bottles housed his swift descent
 Phones called cops on block frequent for his shenanigans
 Now...Daddy and him twins in addiction
 Driven to false-hearted heavens and friends
 By liquefied demons
 Had become what he despised from Conception 'til End
 Destined for a demise
 Survived nine lives of staying high
 Conning, jewelry-pawning, arrests, theft
 Womanizing...only for money, never for sex
 Bullet in chest, baseball bat to the head
 Left for dead
 So, eyes wide and glassy
 Speech...slowed and slurred
 Lips twitched with caked-up codeine candy
 And mouth corners one December 24th
 Mr. Hide and False Friend
 Took final ride to suburban supplier
 Shots were fired by the gray man
 With shaky hand
 But not shaky enough to miss...
 Hit...Lost Boy in back
 So-called Friend runs for door
 Leaves First Son blood-born
 Lying alone in blood on cold floor
 Death was the cause of...
 Returning to Innocence Lost...
 Baby 'Sis awake for dawn on Christmas morn
 To Mommy's sobs and shakes
 Daddy's silhouettes of regret
 All past, omitted, and absolved by lost
 As they clung to each other
 Knowing...