

# Healer

Asher Roth

Mind wonders if it's turning obsolete  
Sometimes I struggle honestly with what I do believe  
To hook it on and look beyond and tell me what you see  
I see us needing what we want instead of what we need  
Climbing to it's the peak, find the motion is exhausting  
Most have lost touch, still wandering regardless  
Don't wanna pay attention on how to make a connection  
When wrecking a man's treasure and throw it right in the garbage  
Fault your own father, our fault he didn't bother  
Wanted to be Plato, now challenged to think harder  
The owner, dig deeper, nothing came easier  
Anxious and playing eager, impatient to play speaker  
Make 'em wait, teach'em how to thread the needle  
People hating people, that's horrible trained evil  
On the morning's eve, be encouraged, take action  
Only to receive distraction, distraction, distraction, fuck!  
What was I trying to accomplish?  
Non traditional, non-fictional, spit conscience  
Not to mention blunt when you take shots with  
Or take shots at, but might bounce back  
And bite your ass if we ever cross paths  
Cause you never bother questioning the cold hard facts  
Ever stop to ask to get out of my head  
The subconscious tap like a 90 light keg  
Now the thought crosses, coming out of my neck  
Spills into the palace of the fellas breaking bread  
Seeking balance, getting calluses instead  
Working hard, a valiant attempt

I know we ain't dead yet  
We've been living through your internet  
You don't have to be everything you think  
We've been programmed, wake up  
We miss you

So conflicting, my interest in this mission  
Try to walk away, feeling that nobody would listen  
When you're always known to take the road of least resistance  
You have to let it go, what's a plan without a vision?  
So confused what to do, can't see  
In our food, in our news, in our sleep  
It intrudes through the roots of our trees  
Inhaled in ourselves, get impaled when we breathe  
If it fails we excel and retreat  
From the tales of the chem. trails pails in the scrip  
Veils in the street, maam all held the week  
While our freedom goes stale, too impaired to get free  
We agree to debris to our silence  
No sirens, no fires and no violence  
More wires, more hard for their alliance  
More lies to hide behind so why try it?  
Talk about it, find people feel the same  
But larger conversations say people go astrained  
Maybe it's in vain working on a better day  
And hey maybe this will resonate