

With war rising over the horizon
It's hard to start writing
Been fightin in the belly of the titan, my tourniquets
Tighten around the livin' but dyin'
My pen floods the pages while the children are crying
I want to put on an iron shirt, chase the devil out of
Earth
Spit until my tongue and saliva glands burst
But first I invoke the spirit of the long gone and
Coming back through the song
I am one with that all-seein' being but
It seems as if we're being tricked into believing that
Which we think we believe in
Even if we disagree on who the best mc is,
We bob to the beat as if we're nodding in agreement
I write to freedom, though freedom hasn't come
I let it ring to leave a message on my answering
Machine
I see a movement has begun
As soon as we become the true truth seekers
Down with this Babylon regime

To think you can die in the blink of an eye
I bid you to try, to test I & I (?)
Been destined to fly But I'm restin tonight
And one bright morning I will take flight
But until then, I'll be rockin on the m
I see the future drippin out of a pen
If sleep be the cousin of death
Then every time I blink's one step closer to my last
Breath

It's said talk is cheap, but war is expensive
I speak cuz it's free and these words are my weapons
Don't think for a second I will not question US foreign
Policy, imperial aggression inventing war for he
Quenching of the thirst for the oil
Cuz money don't trickle down to workers who toil, you
See
Blood trickle down from the wounds of the soil
And broken antennas with aluminum foil
Standing on televisions, transmitting propaganda of
Millionaire senators
And your so-called commander in chief, b, I'm telling
You the man is a thief,
In his head he holds a plan to ban your freedom of

Speech,
To build a pipeline, put Afghanistan on a leash
When it bites back blame the Taliban for the breach
Of security in each and every first world country
Where life more dissin' If you're thirsty or hungry

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America romanticizes the old war story
Heroes, ammos, guns, blood guts and glory
And no wonder the majority wants a war with Iraq
Even if only 15% know where it's at on a map
With our backs against a stockpile of weaponry
Enough to turn the earth into a memory, 'cept there'll
Be
No one to remember this planet
If it happens god damn it, if I get drafted today
I swear to God, Ja, Allah and Yahweh
I'll toss the letter away and I'll pull a Cassius Clay,
In the military
Minorities comprise the majority, Surprised? are you
Kidding me?
The lies rely on brown bodies to fight for white puppet
Masters
I cannot fathom how the caged bird drinks
Until he thinks he is free
A critical mass between the heavenly future, and a hell
Of a past, now

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