

# Deep Cuts

Brother Ali

LA ILAHA IL ALLAH  
MUHAMMAD AR RASULULLAH  
HABEEBULLAH  
YA WADUD

I promise you it's always love between us  
Even if those are the ones that cut the deepest

Speaking in earworms until my court feels adjourned  
We whirlwind around the compass, let the needle turn  
My north star, my own heart, my key concern  
That's the truth I need to learn, confirm, and reaffirm  
Water the seeds of my spirit that my ego burned  
Peeking at the wishing well, trying to sneak a turn

I speak in terms of the universal, timeless  
May these lines remind of the real ties that bind us—  
The feelings that lie underneath the disguises  
The brilliance that dies in the secrets and silence  
I'm fearless; I dive in it, bask in the plunge  
And come back speaking in tongues over Anthony's drums  
I casted shadow on sun, touched the past just for fun  
Caught an echo of an audience we massacred once  
But my back's not strapped with a grudge—  
The anguish doesn't live forever, but the gratitude does

And so it's always love between us  
Even if those are the ones that cut the deepest

Forgive me if I disengage—  
Any venom that I spit when I was in a rage  
Simply trying to flip a page to a different stage  
Trying to fit inside a living space I didn't create  
Any castle can become a cage  
If your name isn't on the real estate  
It can get strange trying to grow into your realest state  
You get loud and just complain, or quietly feel away  
Or try to renovate, and if not, just escape

It isn't hate to simply want room  
Can't spread your wings inside a cocoon  
Bust out the womb, even if you couldn't be you without 'em—  
Sometimes you couldn't become the next you around 'em  
But love doesn't disintegrate  
It doesn't mean that it was fake if it switches shape  
The Creator is the Eternal, Everlasting  
Every other last thing in existence change

But it's always love between us  
Even if those are the ones that cut the deepest  
A-N-T, you're a fucking genius

Ooh, on and on and on and on  
Like hot butter on—say what?—the popcorn