

Execution

Chester Watson

I am not forcing anything on anyone
They are merely practicing a faith
That they decided to believe in of their own free will
Tell me, why do you think people believe in God?
Because they want to
It's not easy living in such an ugly coherent world
There's no certainty and nothing to hope for
People are lost, so they reach out, don't you get it?
God didn't create humans, no, it's humans who created God

Walking down the border of fame
Go to war, torch the mortar, throw it
Watch the gorgeous pain
Blaine break the brace, close the portable frame
Loiter thangs, drain, die, enjoy the rain
Grains I absorb the flame
Chain, I'm the next man
Saying "Chester, Chester"
Gotta laugh while the sword is slaying
Gore but the fort is tame
Sorta strange
And as I look up at the sky for a second
Life was a record, ain't a chord I'd change

Introspective figure, where my introspective nigga's?
Betta fetch detectives nigga, ain't a clue left
Who's next?
Careful dreadful living, gotcha info adherent nigga
Mixing terroristic tendencies with mellow written energy
And get this nigga Chester, asking questions
Like "You ain't gon' leave me?"
Pick apart these beats and barbecue em' like it's grilling season

Starfish gloom, and a trip to doom
I think I'm lucid dreaming
Moving Jesus off it, check the wood as if the cross is bleeding
Dragon
Yo' wake the dude, it's fire breathing
Burn the church to nothing
Search the ashes for a higher meaning
Dire reasons
Or a deadly end, the Mayan's seen it
Ayahuasca trippin'
Natural floor, so that I will see it
Gliding through the light
It's hard to fight it, because the right was evil
Court is only villains and they wonder why I'm not believing
About to die and as I look up at the sky for a second
If life was a record, there's a chord I'd change

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So what's this executions reason?

Nothing, retribution, justice, hatred or a spook to the legions?

If I knew it, I would try and patch it up

Wish you were adhesive

Who's the hero?

No, what's more important is finding who's the demon

Demons in disguise

Lower his eyes as they guillotine him

Reading civil lies, as the cries from his ruined people

Already dead and as I look down from the sky for a second

If life was a record all the chords I'd change