

Chapter 7

Ezra Collective

I generally vent from the ventricle
Trust a aorta to dispense what is sensible
In a world where the truth is unmentionable
I tip-toe with my tap shoes, my black views are not identical
Not very welcome, like Van Helsing at the Vatican
Kicking that rap again
Blurting out that I'm African
And so are some of you
But you'd rather cup your ears and sing Xanadu
I guess to challenge the world could damage you
And really rip through the flesh like a cannibal
Wipe the slate clean, proceed to daydream
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Yes, the blue skies occasionally turn grey
Yes, we calculate your age by your birthday
But we also love ourselves in the worst way
Man- and Woman-kind floored from the first day
Young World

Chapter 7 Young World

Young World, Young World, before you say "hey, let's hold up"
Spreadsheets and see the way things fold up
It's been a minute, yes indeed, so you're older
Is there a big, fat chip on your shoulder?
Take care before it becomes a boulder
An avalanche, an aroma
That can leave you stuck in a coma
Many lessons, many teachers in life
Some of us never graduate with that diploma
Or, even make it to the next phase
We celebrate days and weeks and months and years
Should we celebrate sweat and a bunch of tears
In a world where you're rubber-stamped worthless
From the beginning
Got to go and find your purpose
Nobody's grinning
The winner never seems nervous
Life is not just a moment, it's a skillful opponent
That you have to fight or learn to just... roll with