

## Better In Tune With The Infinite

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If one would open up truth, such as the truth of God to the people, I do think that He's within his rights to stay out of the sight of the people until He has won everything to Himself; as the Bible refers to it like this: He's something like a king looking for a kingdom. And that He goes and he visits the people, then He leaves the people, goes away and waits until the time when that He can secure the kingdom. Then He returns to the people that He had made Himself manifest to. So I think that's a pretty good answer.

Well, I can't do anything without consulting my crystal first. Let's go inside here, just come along, I'll show you, that's right, here. Sit down right here, that's it. This, this is the same genuine, magic, authentic crystal used by the priest of Isis and Osiris in the days of the pharaohs of Egypt. In which, Cleopatra first saw the approach of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony and so on and so on. Now you better close your eyes, my child, for a moment, in order to be better in tune with the infinite.

It's frustratin' when you just can't express yourself  
And it's hard to trust enough to undress yourself  
To stand exposed and naked, in a world full of hatred  
Where the sick thoughts of mankind control all the sacred  
I pause, take a step back, record all the setbacks  
Fast forward towards the stars and the jetpack  
My feet might fail me, my heart might ail me  
The synagogues of Satan might accuse or jail me  
Strip, crown, nail me, brimstone hail me  
They might defeat the flesh but they could never ever kill me  
They might can feel the music but could never ever feel me  
To the lawyers, to the sheriffs, to the judges  
To the debt holders and the law makers  
Fuck you, sue me, bill me  
That name on that birth certificate, that ain't the real me  
The lies can't conceal me  
The sun rise and the moon tides and the sky's gon' reveal me  
My brain pours water out my tear ducts to heal me  
My Lord's too beneficent  
The message grab a hold to every ear it get whispered in  
The waters in the bayous of New Orleans still glistenin'  
The universe is listenin', be careful what you say in it  
My grandma told me every bed a nigga make, he lay in it  
The church you go to pray in it, the work is on the outside  
Staring out the windows is for love songs and house flies

I've got somethin' to say  
I, I've got somethin' to say

Yesterday, yesterday is gone  
Tomorrow, tomorrow is on the way  
You don't have time to waste  
Gotta get it right  
Yesterday, yesterday is gone

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