

Gate Way

Killah Priest

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There's a season for everything
A time for every occupation of the heaven
A time for givin' birth
A time for dyin'
A time for for plannin'
A time for uprooted that which was planted
A time for killin'
A time for healin'
A time for knockin' down
A time for buildin'
A time for tears
A time for laughter
A time for mournin'
A time for dancin'
A time for throwin' stones away
A time for gatherin' them up
A time for embracin'
A time to refrain from embracin'
A time for searchin'
A time for losin'
A time for keepin'
A time for throwin' away
A time for tearin'
A time for sewin'
A time for keepin' silent
A time for speakin'
A time for lovin'
A time for hatin'
A time for war
A time for peace

So what does a man gain for the efforts that he makes?
I contemplate the task
'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away'
Thy horse is a spirit waitin' me near they graves
A ghost rider leaps out on the saddle of it
Then the horse begins runnin'
Upward beyond an orange summit
That same horse saddled in my cousin and billions of dozens
Before their bones begin crumblin'
To their grave from the mother's stomach
Well, my nephew he wrote one
To that bowl sun, his mother followed him
Way up into the outer realms
Where the clouds are crowded wit men
At night the goons are prowlin' for gems
There's place for grandparents
A far advanced planet
Where dreams go, where Kings and Queens souls
Where everything seems slow

2Pac moves in that dark, Biggie is seein' at our city
It's misty; Jam Master Jay is in that haze
Big L as well, he dwells wit Big Pun in that Kingdom
And J. Dillinger and the millions of souls
Many more will have to go, reason why? I don't know

You try to stay focus, watchin' for that day approaches
You got the coverage of the Lord's judgment
The blood rinse off your soft body
Then placed in the arms of your mommy
She placed you in a potty
Fast forward, you in a staircase in your lobby
Watchin' fiends goin' out on apartment 5-D
Well I know this crackhead name Brother Lord
Always watchin' him huggin' the floor
Many get high and many souls have to fly
The Bible says we all have to die
You look for reasons, I don't know why
This is where the ghetto spirits carve tonight
No owls in flight, no sound in sight
As we float like a cloud thru the dark light
Barkin' of buncha old worn out dogs nobody wants
Hounds from hell, the starvin' night haunts
The flesh is unveiled, pure spirit unbothered by gravity
A body weight to a Godly place
Then drift into the internal night
As they take the eternal flight
They see your majesty, the Gatekeeper
The great weepers, the grave's deeper
And the night is frostbit
So long back to the darkness

That's enough, your majesty, that's enough
Shhhhh... You're sworn into secrecy, say no more
But Father...
No one must know about the hidden door
Close the door and move out the way
Close the door