

# Salvation

Killah Priest

IT'S WARRRRRRR

[Hook:]

We are one, we move as a unit, this is our mic, we are one!

(Who is your general private?)

Killah Priest We fight the ungodly

With the righteous sword of justice

And we will follow him all the days of our life

We are one, we move as a unit, this is our mic, we are one!

The plot was to stop the Nazarene break up his black regime

Smash his dreams from being the greatest that rap has seen

They laugh while scheming on ways to stop him having cream

That's blasphemy to not mention his name in magazines

Luckily the young warrior had mad esteem

He kept writing, back in his lab he hit his pad extreme

And in the midst of all the chaos he took half his team

Called 'em Black Market and Maccabeez

While the serpent use the worldly things to attract his queen

Broke his heart she played the part Mary Magdalene

Hissing his words that the other side of the grass was green

But I ain't trying to hold you baby go ahead flap your wings

Gun in the waist of his baggy jeans stayed strapped

Yankee cap above his durag lean

Police that pass flash sirens outside his projects

Where the dealers push crack to fiends

There he did some soul searching now he's back redeemed

Look at his album cover stained glass of the king

Wallpapers of gangsters hang up

Next to King Solomon Amen Ra and King Tut

Beneath that incense burns frank incense the fragrance of the prince  
Priests the saint the angels fight in his defense light the hemp  
It's bright take a glimpse at the crouching statues  
Within the tall fence of his castle

[Hook]

I called on Michael, Gabriel and Uriel to pull me from hell  
A jury of twelve await my burial they said they want my great material  
My vision blurry can't tell I hear the bells near the church steeple  
Where Rafael awaits his fate break the curse of evil  
I'm holding rosemary beads it's scary roll the hairy weed  
Inside the blackberry leaves  
It's cold but what worries me will my crew leave when they bury me come hurry see  
The Brotherhood climbing a hillside at the fall of darkness  
The night arches over the projects  
As they speak of the legacy of Priest the artist  
They share words of his hardship  
And he sung his psalms to a harpist  
His garment was blood soaked  
Around his crown he wore halo of blunt smoke  
Below his navel his guns poked  
So may this Offering give your thoughts wings?  
May it fly high start soaring pass the corpse of kings  
Beyond the cloud scraping mountains  
Travel the way of the falcon  
To a tucked away enchanted Island  
You land see the ruins of his old palace  
The wide stone steps that leads to his throne

You see his face made of hard stone

He just sit there and zone

My eyes are open but they're empty as the painted eyes on a doll

Walk inside the fog sit beside my catalog

See his face? It aged to something strange come in range

Upon his sculpture grows weed vines with small rosebuds

So show love to the Priest revelations and this is my salvations

This is my salvation

(Chant)

[Hook:]

'King of Mysteries, who wast and art

Before the elements, before the ages

King eternal, comely in aspect

Who reigns forever, grant me three things:

Keeness to discern your will

Wisdom to understand it

Courage to follow where it leads.'

"Salvation isn't just about being saved from Hell after you die.

It's also about being saved from yourself while you're still alive."