

The Arrival Home

Killah Priest

Hello again, it's Killah Priest
Above my forehead was the widow's peak
Twelve edges of my hairline shaped like the letter 'v'
I'm writing in my room
That's circular, that's the Merkabah
Periodic tables is just furniture
When I leave off in the molecular
Nitrogen ship on my way to the Nebula
Leaving all my competitors
Forgive them for their depths as we also forgive our debtors
And lead us not into temptation
I been patient but my pen racing to end Satan
That's borderline personality disorder
Oh Zion daughters, I'm the flying saucer
Approaching Orion borders
My craft is in order
To gas from water
From solid to rocket
Had blast from the headquarters
Then boxed in the Pandora
Then unlocked with the enchant callers
God is not , original man the fathers
The authors while y'all led like lambs to the slaughter
We command the waters to split like Moses then God built the dam for our dep
arture
land explorer
Transporter of the Torah
I had to put on my trinoculars, that's a New Yorker to California
Where the climate is much warmer
The nights is marijuana
And if it's KPOG fro cherry cola, the price is much shorter
Sometimes I feel out of place
Disconnected from the human race
My therapist suggested I keep making records, said your message is great
If they hate, let 'em hate
Keep taking 'em to space
And move at your pace
'cause only the real gon' relate
See, the people need healing
And your music feed the children
What an unbelievable feeling
While the earth is still reeling
Every person that's hearing are the merchants of brilliance

It's the medicine, the cure, for many hurting civilians
They call me an occult leader
When all I do is quote Jesus
Rendered to Caesar what seizes
And yes, I spoke to the revolt seekers
And we in red on the hope meter
'til my ghost go back into the ethers
I leave an enigma like the Mona Lisa
But with good times features
You see, I can paint joy
When the dark side of the moon like Pink Floyd
When I was young, I stole the pencil from the secret temple, then I was able
to draw noise

So this is just a soul to soul from he who possesses the oldest scroll
My ancestors on the totem pole
Dress festive in golden robes
So wind me up
Put the time on clutch
I got it from here
A rhymer you can trust

So how can I control the solar system, while I practice stoicism?
And I just joined the social club for anti-socialism
My explosive writings is from the oldest cultures living
Preserved in vaults forbidden
Occurred in Moses' vision
You disturb the occult that's hidden
Have you not heard I form the words into my image?
Horns and the goats of naked women
Long coats and beheaded kittens
Smoke too much weed, dust or PCP leads to personality cluster b, complex PTSD
But Priest is the realest and sucker free
Luckily I'm suddenly accompanied comfortably onto the walls of the wonderfully
Gifted, stunningly the lyrics are holy spirits
One become three, the trinity
The author, the writer, the emcee that never existed
The cure of magical thinking, KP