

Doors Are At 6

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My door
Is the scariest place on earth
I fear what is on the other side
But I love what is there, too
The balance of life in life
On me, I have armor and sword
On me, hang the hopes
On me, call the needy
On me, call the frail
On me, depend the palace
On me, depend the fragile
In this I rally
In this I prepare
Into that I go
My door is the scariest place on earth
For on the other side is me
And my sword and my armor and my hopes
On me, the cause are hung
On me, are the walls
My doors keep me not safe
My doors protect the ills from me
My door is the last chance for that which reared head and breath
hed fire and stole joy and ended youth
My door is the scariest of doors
To the malady and the kings
When it opens the world will shake, the hearts will fill
When it opens the winds will come with
And the light will shine off my armor and my sword
And the voices will rise and the calls will become hollas
And the temperature will soar, the arrows will strike me
I will be pierced
I will be overwhelmed
I will break
I will collapse
I will be consumed
But I will regain my footing
I will drag my armor my sword in the weight of the cause
Step by step, until I reach the door
The door of crisis
The door of malady
And I will close it