

CIRCLE

M.I.A.

Every year has a month
Every month has a week
Every week has a day
Every day has an hour
Every hour has a minute
Every minute has a second
Time starts now

My God, when
When you pulling in again?
I'ma ride for ya
'Cause lust, jealousy, and envy
Is a vibes killer
Now wrath and anger turns me
Into a guerrilla

Now lead me, Lord

Like a battle axe
In the hands of the strongest warrior
Deploy your angels, now hurry up

Too global to be local
Too real to be loco
I'm letting go, letting God
Lead me to your circle
Words are your logo
Then this world need to hear more
If love is your cure
Then this world needs to feel more

I'm not a victim
But I coulda been
Not beat by the system
'Cause they couldn't win
Right now, I'm water
Turning into steam
I'm catching on glass and turning pristine
Like on a roof of Sistine
I'm superior to demons and inferior to God

Now lead me, Lord

Too global to be local
Too real to be loco
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Spawn of the fallen angels
Satan can turn a table
Make you feel shameful
Make every day painful
Jealousy, Cain and Abel

Your addictions are carnal
Distractions in babble
Distortions are normal

Your body is external and your spirit is eternal
Your soul is internal, if your mind's confused, keep a journal