

# Triage

Matthew Good

I'm trying to catch my breath  
Could this be another breakdown  
Stuck in the mundane, driving me insane  
Dang wuddah shakedown  
At least I got you! Same ol' thang  
Same ol' streets, same ol' game  
For so long  
For so long

The doctor said: "lettim test the waters"  
The morning he came out the broken water  
His momma said: "Do me proud!"  
Now he's shaking the border  
Renk and outta order  
With lambs running to a slaughter  
Time to be Mr Wolf, protect the daughter  
Don't slay the messenger, protect the author  
The poet that asked you to heed the word keeps me outta coffins  
Fast life getting repetitive, word bond  
Get me outta this triage, been here for so long...

What do you say becomes of us  
After the weight of our life is gone  
What do you say becomes of us  
After the weight of our life is gone  
Triage

It's been a fast time  
Since the last time  
Such a pastime proved to be  
More bitter than sweet  
So take me away or leave me here, it's the same  
You laid next to me breathing the same game  
For so long

Even at times they feeling like King Midas  
They feeling for places to hide at  
The attention came easy and people a buy dat  
The ascension ain't easy, the people we try dat  
Love it, live it then hate it, oh and I might add that  
You didn't read section 11ty seven  
Where they tell you life is a tread-mill and cycles set in  
Praying I stay eons beyond from the triage  
Maybe treatment is skip the worship and be God

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