

# Redeem

## Propaganda

So what they gon' say about us, huh?  
Early 21st century, humanity, when history tells the truth  
America on the brink of war, with three countries consecutively  
And the church?  
Well, one part was making reality shows about decadence  
And the other?  
Man, they wrote blogs about how the first part was wrong  
And the rest?  
Well, they ain't have running water  
Or the governmental right to practice their faith  
So they just died off  
They say our nation is on it's way to hell  
As if it's ever been in Heaven In the first place  
It's time to REDEEM time

He be morphin' the pimp, hustler, and rapist to co-laborers  
And them muy mal female canines, come see the change in 'em  
It relates to the laymen, our mistakes ain't go to waste, boy  
The Redeemer did just that then sent us right back to ya  
Huh, Wake up, come join the winning circle and come hang with us  
Swoop through, we stroll as royalty in full regalia  
And don't love the old us that's pitiful necrophilia  
The nasty made clean, there's no rewind just redeem

It's such a fortunate failure  
And tossed into that sea of forgetfulness  
Redeem, redeem  
Helpless to change our past  
But great was Elohim to redeem, redeem  
There's no rewind  
Just redeem, redeem

It's pieces of perfect symphony  
A Mozart of irony  
The Vincent Van Gogh that only paints with serendipity  
He be dippin' His brushes into messy blotches of coincidences  
And attackin' that canvas like every splatter had a destiny  
Broaden y'all's lenses a little wider you'd see that perfect symmetry  
Redeemed  
Boy, it's all on purpose  
I'm still off on purpose  
My Papi takes the worthless  
And brandishes a stamp of one-of-a-kind and priceless  
A cosmic thrift shopper, Macklemore could only imagine  
Buyin' stuff He made Himself from dust and words  
In other words: us  
And this is all my confidence for the 626 and the Exodus  
If you certain you was blood purchased  
Please come stand with us

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My dad was a preacher and a doctor  
But with me he didn't bother  
Section 8 was momma's wisdom  
How we'd sleep but it was warmer  
I would grieve, I would dishonor  
I would speak but it was drama  
Sleep while she was workin' harder  
So that we could make it further  
Failed school or smoke the money, guilt I'm sweeping on my father  
As if his absence was reason for making my momma a weeping martyr  
My efforts sandcastles that just wait for beaching waters  
Until I heard who wrote my life, and saw that Jesus was the author  
See, a bastard is robed in curses  
What man has disposed as worthless  
God chose to bestow a purpose  
His show's when they close the curtains  
He blows on His coals of words, in our bellies they glow a furnace  
The soul of a person that knows that he's purchased will explode in worship  
I hear stories that have passed, His invitations  
Trash the antiques, past parade a pageant of his graces  
Epistles of bone believe his blood is active validation  
Weigh your faults against the cross and see who has enough to pay them

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