

Innocence

Saul Williams

You could be the president and pop that, pop that
Enter the establishment and warn that, warn that
Take that, give it up

I was a young boy
From the suburbs
Playing with gun toys
In an old church
Question how I learned to see
Angels in the skies

Was it the calm voice
From the outskirts
Was it the clear voice
Through the whispers
Contemplative misery
Angelic demise

You could be the president, now pop that, pop that
Enter the establishment to warn that, warn that
Take that, give it up

It was a young day
In an old world
Digital Pompeii
(?)
Question how I learned to see
Beyond the disguise

You could be the president, now pop that, pop that
Enter the establishment to warn that, warn that
Take that, give it up

Presidential, presidential
Let's make this day complete
I rose to find the setting sun beneath my feet
And as I stepped beyond that stone and it stayed in its place
I felt a new warmth taking shape from deep in hidden space
I do not breathe the same
My chest is a cathedral
My ribcage frames stained glass
The story on each panel says new suns are rising fast
And my means have more precision and my needs are fueled by waste
And I'm channeling an alchemy that smells just like it tastes
And the depths that I am reaching are the heights that I've foreseen
And the people give to nature what was taken from the seed
And the children slowly gathered
None of them had ever seen
None of them have dared imagine how their lives look from a dream
There's no other way around this
It's internal, buried deep
Beneath labyrinthine thought tunnels where the questions pile in heaps
Heaped upon that is a mystery, heaped upon that is a plan
Heaped upon that, the simplicity of a river through the land
And the cows around that river do not graze into the sea
They are inland bred and treasured through their own complicity
And the answers are apparent; difference is all the same

I'm a whale of deepest regions where the ocean floor's aflame
And the source of this great fire is internal; buried deep
The blood of stars configure in volcanic memory
They push beyond the surface, they push upward and out
From the depths of our great sorrows to the pucker of a mouth
Kiss, kiss, kiss
Another century
Kiss, kiss, kiss
Another year
Kiss, kiss, kiss
Another speech
He's kissed, kissed, kissed
To disappear
And we've kissed across a threshold to our present state of mind
Where our feelings fry from memories that rest behind the eye
And our dreams are deep polluted by such tragedies of wealth
And the fish forget they're swimming and their fins morph into tails
And the truth like evolution is evolving as it fails
To keep up with the demands of this modern space and sea
And the skyline of this city are the wills we used to be
And I feel these kids around me as I'm perched on sandy shore
And they're touching me and asking me if I'd like some water or if I'm already dead
So I open up my eye and I'm staring through an arid wind at a white whale's
in the sky
And I notice how they are floating and I wonder if they see
Distant cousins in the world beneath where skies are very deep