

Triumph

Saul Williams

The triumph of love is in the victory
The triumph of fear is in defeat
The triumph of will is over mystery
The triumph of heart is in the beat

And I feel bad, I feel bad
I feel conquered
I feel sad
When I think of
All the ones
Who may not know
Just what I have
When I feel love

The soldier who marches for the victory
Will measure his triumph in defeat
The triumph of war is over history
The soldier keeps marching to the beat

And I feel bad, I feel bad
I feel conquered
I feel sad
When I think of
All the ones
Who may not know
Just what I have
When I feel love

Trust immeasurable
Trust inside the room
Love inside the core
Love all in this world
Trust immeasurable
Trust inside the room
That we're fighting for
Love inside the core
What we're fighting for
Love is at the door