

## The Sins Of Men

Sunz of Man

This be the sinz of man. The sinz of men and women.  
The tree of life. The tree of good and evil.

My mind sometimes be haunted by my memories  
Visions in my head have shown me digging up my enemies  
I hate to go to sleep because of the dread that's in my head  
At times I find myself running from shadows of the dead  
They're trying to pull me under and bury me alive  
I wake up thinking it's over and thinking I've survived  
They've pulled me back to sleep and separated my soul  
from my body and put my bloody flesh in a hole  
Ah, shit gets worse, now the curse caves my faith in  
I rose from beneath the surface of Earth as Satan  
Inflicting people with war, drugs, diseases  
Jumped up, fell back to sleep, ressurected, ah Jesus  
Healing the same mother f\*\*kers I've just inflicted  
Spreading righteousness through word of god, my mind is twisted  
A holy war in the mental, I'm sort of brain dead  
Spirits have got me under pressure and they're f\*\*king up my head

As I die slowly, I could feel my soul leave  
My heart pumps part to my lungs, so I could breathe  
I take my last breath, I gasp cuz I'm ?peth?  
I felt the needle which held the ?neeval?  
From another dimension, they had me flinching, with no attention  
Was paid by nurses, what's worse is  
I felt the stiches as the door locks  
Retreated for witches and warlocks  
and devils and demons, with shovels they was scheming  
I woke up when I was taken up by this dream and  
Then I was brought to the courts of another world  
Damn, my beloved Sheryl, couldn't put shit and uncover the pearls  
Instead of a jewel, I've discovered a germ  
That burned and turned my sperm into worms  
Ah, filthy-ass maggots, with matches  
Oh, my God, I was thanking God it was the savage  
Yeah, that day I saw Nat Turner  
and I saw Christ, he was stalking around with a black burner

Another time my mind dwelled on the spell  
I heard cries from the dead souls burning in hell  
Visions of their flesh drowning in the flood  
While under hallucinations, I've seen heads soaked in blood  
I snapped back to reality and dashed for my bible  
Opened it up in hurried confusion, reaching for survival  
But all of a sudden, I'm overpowered by that curse  
The songs that I've read have made my visions worse  
Seen a therapist, told him spirits tried to bury me  
Spilt what's on my mind, When I was done, he needed therapy  
He recommended a baptism, a sacrifice  
My soul rose to heaven, but was cast back down by Christ  
In forms of thunder, rain and heavy winds  
Not even the blood of Christ could cleanse the sins of men

Huh, yeah, huh, oh

That was a state of confusion that we lived in

I converted to over a thousand religions  
A permanent member to 6 million churches  
I'm still trying to repent from these curses  
Me and the Holy Wizard, we went and slept in the graveyard  
Remember that? We stayed up all night and played cards  
Now, I sit in the pit of cobras  
I'm writing rhymes in the stance of yoga  
Oh, my God, I played drums with the bones of Mohammad  
In three years, I grew a beard and roamed with a garment  
Yeah, what was that you said is evil?  
Ha ha ha ha, yeah, I was thinking the same thing  
Yeah, my choice is bleeding and he's stinking