

Broken Peaces

Wrekonize

In a Job like yours even when it's finished there's always one more thing to do

This coliseums calling me again, how bloody convenient
I let bygones go by, but the tide change ain't lenient
See my mind state is 5 takes from an irate infection
A little bit of the yes sirs and a routine funk inspections
I've been a child of change since Willy Maze was saying hey
But I wouldn't steal my first base until late like 88
But never the less I must confess
I've mastered all the tons of stress by letting excess press the mess up up from off my weathered chest

I found my peace, let me be or take my breath away from me. Down these streets chasing dreams I'm not quite sure I can reach

Got a message from the afterlife, my relatives are well
I replied that I need heavens help
This hemisphere is hell
I coughed into this cradle later hoping it would swell
But a line on the equators only parallel to twelve
You go get your disciples, I be getting mine as well
But mine don't bow to hanging hats what some would William Tell
I walk around this rock till I'm out of schemes to sell
And follow every rising sun until the day is fell

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