

## 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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