

The Fog of War

Reluctance burns, soothed by fire,
Fuel fills through turns made by desire.
 Fear, the shadow of created worlds
 Revealed by the fire that we hold...

And like water this shadow shifts shape
To surround us with fog, dense and great.
Encumbered by weights, its presence destroys...
Master becomes *slave* through powers employed.

But to create is our nature imbued.
Only a *fool* denies his soul its food.
 Therefore, only one solution remains:
 Break free from fuel and relieve the pain.

Oh Mighty Blind Pharaoh!

Oh mighty blind pharaoh!
It would appear as though, you're slashed head to toe.
With signs that show a pierced heart to start
And a bashed skull as the last blow.

Still, despite these wounds that mask recognition,
Alone you built tombs: pyramids with precision.
Hence, blessed from this art are dormant places to rest,
Which bandage the heart, yet are dark nonetheless.

So you're indigenous ties, oh mighty blind pharaoh!
Diminish from a fine bashed in skull.
Thus, inside the deep confines do you dwell.
Weakened Minds tend to seek and find, not heaven, but cells.

The Pattern of Personal Discourse

Everything I want
Is everything that I pity.
Growin' up smokin' blunts
In this very city
I disgust so much,
But still I'm living
My life tryin' to chase the fifty.

Try to change the pace
I find the dice get trippy.
We rely on waste
And my luck is slipping,
or is it the supply?
I don't know,
cause I lie through my clothes...
and expressions that I hold.

So now here comes the beast,
Icicles in his soul,
Cause his heat he depletes
To obtain full control.

Tripled up sweet feats
When the street sweeps his gold.
Now a thousand years passed
and he grasps on the throne.

And you still had to ask,
"why's the world so cold?"
Wow you dumass!
I suppose I could say
How the grass got green,
But lemme get this straight:

You rep intellect at every scene we stray,
Yet next you expect for me to pave the way.
What if I defect? who will stay and save?
Protect the world from Lil Wayne!

Nevertheless, there are tracks left and right.
Who knows where to go?
I'd like to say my sight could expose golden roads.

But I guess its only right to accept whats set in stone.
Why waste my life in that disconnected zone?
rather take flight in the beautiful world...

Which might make you like to look back at the end of the show.
To see what tracks your past left pressed in snow.
Suprised you were to see them no longer exposed.
Covered up cause your steps were to empty i suppose...