

# Unforgivable Youth

Lupe Fiasco

This world, my heart, my soul  
Things that I don't know  
The icicles they grow  
They never let me go  
Scars are left as proof  
But tears they soak on through  
Things I've done  
My young  
My unforgivable youth

With land on the horizon & passion in their eyes then  
What they think are islands are much more in their size  
Bountiful and plentiful and resource to provide them  
Supplies slim. Morale once so heavily inside them  
Now steadily declining  
Return is not an option as necessity denies them  
With this they choose to dive in  
Now along the shore and so aware of their arriving  
Other children of this land prepared to share in their surviving  
A pageantry of feathers stands his majesty with treasure  
Not the material things of kings that could never last forever  
But secrets of the spirit world and how to live in harmony together  
Unbeknownst to him his head would be the first that they would sever  
And stuck up on a pike up along the beach  
Kept up as a warning to the rest to turn away from their beliefs  
And so began it here. And for 500 years  
Torture, Terror, Fear til they nearly disappear

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Ways and means from the trade of human beings  
A slave labor force provides wealth to the machine  
And helps the new regime establish and expand  
Using manifest destiny to siphon off the land  
From native caretakers who can barely understand  
"How can land be owned by another man. Warns one can not steal what was  
Given as a gift. Is the sky owned by birds and the rivers owned by fish."  
But the lesson went unheeded, for the sake of what's not needed  
You kill but do not eat it  
The excessive and elitists don't repair it when they leave it  
The forests's were cleared, the factories were built  
And your mistakes will be repeated by your future generation doomed to pay  
For your mistreatments  
Foolishness and flaws, greed and needs and disagreement  
And you rushed to have the most, from the day you left your boats  
You'll starve but never die. In a world of hungry ghosts

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As archaeologists dig in the deserts of the east  
Appeared "A pit" 100 meters wide and 100 meters deep  
They discover ancient cars on even older streets  
And a city well preserved and most likely at it's peak  
A culture so advanced, and by condition of the teeth  
They can tell that they was civil, not barbaric in the least  
A society at peace. With liberty and justice for all  
Neatly carved in what seems to be a wall  
They would doubt that there was any starvation at all  
That they pretty much had the poverty problem all solved  
From the sheer amount of paper, most likely used for trade  
Everything's so organized. They had to be well behaved  
Assumed they had clean energy, but little to no enemies  
Very honest leaders with overwhelming sympathies  
Religions kinda complex. Kinda hard to figure out  
And this must be the temple  
This White. House

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