

Kneelin' At My Altar

Arrested Development

Another morning kneelin' at my altar
the day is faced with a bunch of grace
on my case in this worldly rat race
to keep the pace I depend on ancestors and God
and by the way my real name is Todd.
That's how my dead ancestors address me
that is those that knew me as that.
My African name hasn't been revealed yet.
My knees don't mind the bendin'
as long as the bending keeps me from bending
or compromising my views and pride
the inside world gets me prepared for the outside
I can't wake up on the wrong side of the bed
as long as my soul has been fine tuned and lubed and
altars are cool for my inner urge to resume
to the universe SMPTE tone or metronome.
Kneelin at my altar (3x)
in the morning time I got to kneel at my altar
K N E E L I N at my altar
Simply put one is naive if they believe
that this system does not deceive its
populous dropping us lies in a sack like a stork
& there's stops that drop from Cali to NY.
Images are burnt into our brain cells to the extent
there's still fumes in a no smoking section of a room
forces are tugging at you from both sides
to be centered I pray and pour libation
Oh from there it's diggity diggity done
I've rinsed my senses & armor alled my armor
instead of being grouchy I'm a natural charmer
chilin' with our friends to relatively no end
& oh my Lord I'm feelin' exuberated
cool vibes & disciplined enough to go outside
and don't you know it's gotta be like that, feeling dope