

# Healer

Asher Roth

My world is turning obsolete  
Sometimes I struggle honestly with what I do believe  
To hook it on and look beyond and tell me what you see  
I see us needing what we want instead of what we need  
Climbing towards the peak, find the motion is exhausting  
Most have lost touch, still wondering regardless  
Don't wanna pay attention on how to make a connection  
When wrecking a man's treasure and throw it right in the garbage  
Fault your own father, our fault he didn't bother  
Wanted to be Plato, now challenged to think harder  
The owner, think deeper, nothing came easier  
Anxious and playing eager, impatient to play speaker  
Nigger wait, teach'em how to thread the needle  
People hating people, that horrible trained evil  
On the morning's eve, be encouraged, take action  
Only to receive distraction, distraction, distraction  
In fact, what was I trying to accomplish?  
Non traditional, non-fictional, spit contest  
Not to mention blunt when you take shots with  
Or take shots at, but might bounce back  
And bite your ass if we ever cross paths  
'Cause you never bother questioning the cold hard facts  
Ever stop to ask to get out of my head  
Subconscious tap, like a 90 light ache  
Now the thought crosses, coming out of my neck  
Spills into the palace, to the fellas breaking bread  
Seeking balance, getting calluses instead  
Working hard evaluating the tent

I know we ain't there yet  
We've been living through your end  
You don't have to be everything you think  
We've been grabbed, wake up  
We miss you

So conflicting, my interest in this mission  
Try to walk away, feeling that nobody would listen  
When you're always know to take the road of least resistance  
You have to let it go, what's a plan without a vision?  
I'm so confused what to do, can't see  
In our food, in our noose in our sleep  
An intrude to the roots of our trees  
Inhaled in ourselves, get impaled when we breathe  
If it fails we excel in a tweak  
From the trails of the chem. trails pails in the scrip  
Veils in the street, maam all held the week  
While our freedom goes stealth to impale the gift free  
We agree to debris to our silence  
No sirens, no fire and no violence  
More wires, more hard for their alliance  
One more allowed to tag behind so try it  
Talk about it, found people feel the same  
The largest conversations say people go strained  
Maybe it's in vain working for a better day  
And hey maybe this will rĭsumĭ

I know we ain't there yet

We've been living through your end  
You don't have to be everything you think  
We've been grabbed, wake up  
We miss you