

With war rising over the horizon  
It's hard to start writing  
Been fightin in the belly of the titan, my tourniquets  
Tighten around the livin' but dyin'  
My pen floods the pages while the children are crying  
I want to put on an iron shirt, chase the devil out of  
Earth  
Spit until my tongue and saliva glands burst  
But first I invoke the spirit of the long gone and  
Coming back through the song  
I am one with that all-seein' being but  
It seems as if we're being tricked into believing that  
Which we think we believe in  
Even if we disagree on who the best mc is,  
We bob to the beat as if we're nodding in agreement  
I write to freedom, though freedom hasn't come  
I let it ring to leave a message on my answering  
Machine  
I see a movement has begun  
As soon as we become the true truth seekers  
Down with this Babylon regime

To think you can die in the blink of an eye  
I bid you to try, to test I & I (?)  
Been destined to fly But I'm restin tonight  
And one bright morning I will take flight  
But until then, I'll be rockin on the m  
I see the future drippin out of a pen  
If sleep be the cousin of death  
Then every time I blink's one step closer to my last  
Breath

It's said talk is cheap, but war is expensive  
I speak cuz it's free and these words are my weapons  
Don't think for a second I will not question US foreign  
Policy, imperial aggression inventing war for he  
Quenching of the thirst for the oil  
Cuz money don't trickle down to workers who toil, you  
See  
Blood trickle down from the wounds of the soil  
And broken antennas with aluminum foil  
Standing on televisions, transmitting propaganda of  
Millionaire senators  
And your so-called commander in chief, b, I'm telling  
You the man is a thief,  
In his head he holds a plan to ban your freedom of

Speech,  
To build a pipeline, put Afghanistan on a leash  
When it bites back blame the Taliban for the breach  
Of security in each and every first world country  
Where life more dissin' If you're thirsty or hungry

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America romanticizes the old war story  
Heroes, ammos, guns, blood guts and glory  
And no wonder the majority wants a war with Iraq  
Even if only 15% know where it's at on a map  
With our backs against a stockpile of weaponry  
Enough to turn the earth into a memory, 'cept there'll  
Be  
No one to remember this planet  
If it happens god damn it, if I get drafted today  
I swear to God, Ja, Allah and Yahweh  
I'll toss the letter away and I'll pull a Cassius Clay,  
In the military  
Minorities comprise the majority, Surprised? are you  
Kidding me?  
The lies rely on brown bodies to fight for white puppet  
Masters  
I cannot fathom how the caged bird drinks  
Until he thinks he is free  
A critical mass between the heavenly future, and a hell  
Of a past, now

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