

Reverence

Faithless

Watch me ride...

Take the words and the bass,
Taste, and then swallow me,
You're chasing the devil,
Cos you're level if you follow me
For quality, and I make no apology
For linking my thinking with computer technology.
Cos this is like a modern day hymn,
For the new church,
I search for the truth,
I've got a hole in my tooth
I'm Uncouth, yes sir, I'm from the street university
Where we learn to earn even in times of adversity.
And always find the easy way out of a hard time
petty crime sometimes,
But now I'm inclined to find
A fresh direction,
Check out the funky section.
Cos this is the part where I start to rip up words,
A comfort coming straight from my heart,
I'm not a mystic,
My views are realistic, simplistic,
One special brew I get pissed quick,
And get sick so I don't do it no more,
I won't find peace of mind,
Rolling around on the floor.
The point I want to make is
you can never escape from your fate,
The mistake is to take without giving,
From within,
You know how I'm living,

I'm cool. I'm looking after myself,
And I could never place wealth before my spirit,
I feel it's unhealthy,
The devil creep around you so stealthy, stealthy
Till ya get bold, rush the gold,
And before ya time is over,
Ya soul is sold, where's it gettin ya?
Competition starts swearing ya,
Golddiggers setting you up,
Soon be forgetting your existence?
Do ya need a for instance,
I hafta admire your persistence
In sticking to a game plan,
That brings ya pain man,
And at the end of the day nothing is gained,
So listen to the voice within,
I'll see ya later,
Pay heed to the Grand Oral Disseminator.

I keep lying and trying,
Denying the call from inside
Ya can't hide responsibility
So decide from today just who it's going to be,
Thou shalt have no other god but me,

So set ya free see,
But you'll have to listen,
And who's that false idol
I see you kissing?
Money, success and untold wealth, good health
And all ya have to do is love yourself.
It's a fact you'll attract all the things that ya lack,
So just chill
And get off the race track
And take a pace back, face facts,
It's your decision,
You don't need eyes to see,
You need vision,
Continue to view the lord as being separated
And you're living a lie that's been perpetrated,
For many centuries, I wanna mention,
These facts in my rap,
I don't sing,
But I wanna share the peace that it brings,
My name is G.O.D.
The Grand Oral Disseminator...