

Glory Burning

Felt

He threw his weapon in the trash dumpster
In the alley way, behind that Irish pub
Then he sprinted like Olympics down the street
Everything went numb except his legs and feet
His car was parked, just a few blocks away
He ain't gettin' caught
Nope, not today
And he can hear the faint sounds of the sirens
Time is short
And life's a sport
He tried to push weight like his Face had a Scar
Somebody got to hate and instigate at that bar
He popped that fool, like baby I'm a star
Now he's runnin' to the safety of his baby momma's car
Boy was born to be a soldier
Look over the shoulder as he took the corner
Nobody at the pub knows who he was
They seen him though
Either way, there's a vehicle
Down the street
It's within his reach
The cops are close
Hear the tires screech
Hand in the pocket
Grab the remote
Then, pop the trunk yeah
Hopped in a closed it
Sittin' in the cold trunk space
But his head stayed hot from the sweat on his face
Got to keep his cool and think this through
If only he could fall asleep for a few

All thoughts crossed
Of how he got lost
Time is gone
Tryin' to hit the stop watch
Wishin' he could take it back to the simple
When the future still had some potential
From the childhood, playground jungle gym
To the concrete jungle that he's stuck within
Boy determines
No returners
Stay warm from the fire of the glory burnin'

And it burns
Glory burnin' in every soul
And it burns
Glory burnin' in every goal
And it burns
Glory burnin' in every war
So let it burn
But know what you're burnin' it for

Who did this motherfucker think he was?
Ran up on who like he didn't give a fuck?
Who called the cops from inside the pub?
Cause it didn't take the who that long to show up

What made me think I had to take it this far?
What made me hop into the trunk of this car?
What would you do if your crew as at war?
What would they do to even out the score?
Where my boys at? They was supposed to have my back
Wait, I can't hear no footsteps, where the cops at?
Where I'm supposed to run when this trunk gets cracked?
Wait, where my girl at? As a matter of fact
Why ain't we pulled off and left without a trace?
Why didn't I listen when she said, "Baby wait"?
Why did I see disgust when I look into her face?
Why didn't I learn when I caught my first case?
When will the oxygen run out in this truck?
When won't I have to prove I ain't no punk?
When will the OGs catch a body for once?
When will I get a chance to smoke this blunt?
How could I think of gettin' high right now?
How could I do this to my woman and child?
How did I end up livin' life so fowl?
Never thought the glory would burn me, that's how

The fire within burns close to the heart
Keeps the live shit and the emotions apart
God forbid you mix passion with thought
Cause then you're only askin' for the drama to start
The cycle never ends while we live in denial
And wonder what it is to make the kid so wild
Who, what, where and when, why and how
But the answers to the those questions don't matter now