

# 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