

Mirage

Grits

First you see it, then you don't, (a mirage)
Hoping, when I get up close, it's a colourful collage,
Far off it looks real, (a mirage)
Candy to the eye disappears,
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Nah, girl, chill, it ain't even like that,
I know them other brothers front, and know they mode as a fact,
I used to be like that, a long time ago,
Sunday-school Mac pushing up on every sister,
Intact at the choir shows, dripping silk clothes like a pimp,
With gold chains dangling, Polo scents strangling,
A wolf in sheep's clothing, in the mould of crooked preachers,
Using pick up likes like, "Let me touch ya, and agree with ya",
On subject matters in life you found to be your weaknesses,
In ignorance revealed, I used them as my strength,
On occasion, in my game, I speak the truth to get closer to you,
Abusing trust from desires of lust,
So watch your back sisters, don't be victims, falling like prey,
Caught in traps from Jack the Ripper, crosses boundaries you lay,
Is his display is not the essence, that of Christ in your sight, he may very
well be seduction,
Your destruction in life.

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Nothing's real anymore; what's everything fake for?
It makes more doubt, engulf the stance we chose to take,
Sliding, slithering snakes raise the stakes, (mirage)
Time for Grits to make the ground quake.

Falsehoods, deceptions, wool pulled over eyes,
Sunday morning - dazed and hypnotised by facades and lies,
Corruption breeding hounds of hell,
Bounds and spells, disastrous endings,
You wolf in sheep's pretending, offending,
I find your accolades to be gut-wrenching,
Ripping me inside, into the life-style tribe,
I'm hitting on the flimsy-handed, limp-wristed,
Complicating life from simplistic,
Not lashing out to be sadistic, but my bible totally contradicts your kind o
f sickness,
My Lord destroyed whole cities for your type of wickedness,
You people are getting me stressed with your best-dressed contest,
Sporting brooches, giving it up like robbed stage-coaches,
Gaining notoriety, Christian society not fly to me,
I know what's going on, opposite of what you try to be,

People are talking, and what you do reflects on all of us,
"A hypocritical citadel" is what they're calling all of us.

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