

Eyes in the Sky

Immortal Technique

I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia
Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian
When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live
on my own
For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign
a deal with the devil and lose his soul?
My still born first expression is cold
Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold
Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith
Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds
Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds
And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life
Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night
Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor
Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater
Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent
Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant
Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons
Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing
A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion
Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis
The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels
I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic
We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

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