

My Old Home

K'naan

So yea basicaly alot of people ask me how life was then... so here it is

My old home smelled of good birth
Boiled red beans kernal oil and hand me down poetry
It's brick white washed walls widdowed by first paint
The tin roof tops humm in songs of promise while time ends
Locked into demonic rythm with the leaves
The trees had the wind huggin them loving them a torturous love
Bug in wind it was over and done the the rounds ment to pocket
Kept the rain drops cool neighbours dwellers spatter in the pool
Kids playing football with a sand in a sock
We had what we got and it wasn't alot
No one knew they were poor we were all inocent to grieve judgment
The country was combusing with life like a long hybernatin volcano
With a long tale of succes like j-lo farmers, fishers, fighters,
Even fools had a place in production teh coral reefs make your days
In reflection the costal line was the place of seduction
And women walked with grace and perfection
And we just knew we were warriors too nothing worried us too
We were glorious?

And one day it came
Spoiled the parade like rain
Like oil in a flame it pained
The heart attack sudden
Harder then livin
Harder then a punch in the woom
Harder then the lunch you consume for us
It had a cancerous fume war, lust
Men who made killing hobbiest
Sellin powerfully
Like healthy livestock
It made tides rock
With a diligent mock
Confused with the people
Infused in the evil
(profester) reject
Like jews in the sequal
So when it came in the morning
With a warning and without
The hearing was a burden
Only certain was dealt
A mythical tale
No soul knows well
Liberty went to hell
Freedom caught four shells
Fears was the bloke
Keep your to the show
It apears old will
Was right in 84
Half baked brother
Killed mother in a store
But all of us watching
But they don't love her anymore

(peed) my poem

Mother was my old home

Good will is looted
In my old home
Religions is burnt down
In my old home
Kindness is shacklled
In my old home
Justice has been raped
In my old home
Murderers hold post
In my old home
The land vomits ghosts
In my old home

We got pistols with eyes
Curuption and lies
Trust us snakes
And death without breaks
Suspicious new borns
Live in the horn
We used to teh pain
Rack bodies
Not grain
Chop limbs
Not trees
Spend lies
Not wealth
Seek vengance
Not truth
The craziest youth
Moist pains
Are plans
.nigga fuck your plans

Bandits are leaders down
In my old home
Rooms are a In my old home
Seditives of faith
In my old home
Rapers are praised
In my old home
Demons dress well
In my old home
Infants are nailed
In my old home
Spirits are jailed
In my old home
Grudges grow tails
In my old home

Our roads have seen electric hate and
Our women labour, but need no invadin
Our farms produce giulty grubin
Our kids depend on shifty luck see
Our news is like "for death is all"
Don't blame me for the truth I've told

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