

The Forgotten

Mattafix

Vacuum. Not even a court room. Just me in a small room, that has become a tomb.

Converted. Disadvantaged. Nothing granted. Will they ever get my message?

And how soon will I have to think when allowed to? Lonely in this commune.

Given away. Giving them names. I hoped you were with me. The world is far too busy now.

The nation has forgotten me.

Several times severed lines which means,
Patience with hypocrisy.

Only misery.

Severed ties, several lies over me.

Right over me, right over me.

Justice is but a promise from the dishonest. Where do I stand in all this?

So long they have chosen even my opinions, while I remain forgotten. I'm evading the main thing. Frozen but ageing, while I'm left debating.

Whether or not I'm worth a lot. To waste away. To have another say now.

The nation has forgotten me.

Several times severed lines which means,
Patience with hypocrisy.

Only misery.

Severed ties, several lies over me.

Right, right over me, right, right over me.

Oh, over me.

But wait, wait nah man.

I ever show you the scene when Babylon come approach me?

Man, ah long story dat you know.

You see when dem wha come fight yo down fi di wrong ting,

And nah protect dem end?

A sign of struggle you know, a sign of struggle partner,

Hol on.

The nation has forgotten me.

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Patience with hypocrisy.

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Severed ties, several lies over me.

The nation has forgotten me.

Several times severed lines which means,
Patience with hypocrisy.

Only misery, only misery.

Severed ties, several lies over me.

Right, right over me, right over me.