

A Mind Full Of Whispers

Outlandish

A mind full of whispers
My heart full of scripture
Music is my frame
And words play the picture
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free

I used a snare at a basket
So formalities are painted
Still my voice is seeing vague in
I don't know if we don't make it
Let it breath
Let it be
Let it go
Let it free
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah

Yeah
Christmas in August
Black months head office
A color blind lost
We the most star resurrect at us
Step aside
You're blocking my thousand splendid sunshine
Never mind, it's a twine
Rappers looking for punchlines

Music is my frame
Different minds different space
The words are the picture
Since I learned to tie my lace
Let it breath for a minute
Let it free for a minute
Yeah before we dump with it
I painted a picture so vivid
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Music is my frame
The words are the picture
Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

Mundo impuro que hace que pierda la fe
Se que tenia un ser
Se que la vida si encanta no calma
La sed de hombre de poca ni nie
De curpo sin alma, tierra sin fruto
Nino en guerra, madres en luto
Canten, hablen, griten pa' que otro lo canten,
Lo valen, lo sienten

Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Music is my frame
The words are the picture
Music is my frame
The words are the picture
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free
Let it be
Let it breath
Let it go
Let it free