

# Wine

Saul Williams

The new wine is dying on the vine  
how much must you age before you're ageless?  
align yourself with the divine  
allow your inner sage to burn your rage less  
'cause I find you're testaments of time  
there is no space for time within your mind  
if your looking for yourself, yourself you'll find  
through the crystal of your spirit you'll inherit the divine  
you are God, you best believe  
don't waste your time down on your knees  
it's everybody for themselves  
you have the fire and the cross  
don't save your soul it's sour loss  
collective soul, collective well

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Chorus (x2):

Now do you know how I feel tonight?  
Now can't you see I'm surreal tonight?  
See how I shine I'm a star, yeah  
Now do you know who you are, yeah?

I'm that atonement son  
that's like a bible and gun  
pea-cocked and ready aimin' steady as a ray of the sun  
my ammunition, intuition, full eclipse of my lung  
son, you could never guess what planet I'm from  
my emcee name is my birth name, my first name  
alias is all of us, soul of us, the fall of us  
to surely come when we deny it  
loudest nigga gets quiet  
prison of pieces of riot  
sell your soul if you wanna, but that don't mean I'mma buy it  
see I've been conscious of your nonsense  
they imprints have been quiet  
and I ain't gonna lie it  
be to hard to deny it  
I ain't from your block and never had to deal with your shit  
never had a glock never kept it real with no bit  
and when I saw a nigga like you, son I practically hit  
'cause you did what you did and I wasn't the kid  
don't give a fuck now, I be the first one to playa hate  
the eye of the needle set the record straight

and I retire late, retire late, retaliate, retaliate  
and I be fishin' on that same star you be wishin' on  
make you move son, you know the mission's on  
so never question who I am, God knows  
and I know God personally  
in fact he lets me call him me  
in fact he lets me call him me

never question who I am, God knows  
and I know God personally  
in fact she lets me call her me  
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Chorus (x6)

I can recite the grass on the hill and memorize the moon  
I know the cloudforms of love by heart  
and have brought tears to the eye of a storm  
and my memory banks vaults of forests and amazon river banks  
and i've screamed them into sunsets that echo in earthquakes  
shadows have been my spotlight as I monologue the night and dialogue with da  
ys  
soliloquies of wind and breeze applauded by sun rays  
we put language in zoos to observe caged thought  
and tossed peanuts and p-funk at intellect  
and motherfuckers think these are metaphors  
i speak what I see  
all words and worlds are metaphors of me  
my life was authored by the moon  
footprints written in soil  
the fountain pen of martian men  
novelling human toil  
and yes, the soil speaks highly of me  
but earth seeds root me poet-tree  
now, maybe i'm too serious  
too little here to matter  
though i'm riddled with the reason of the sun  
i stand up comets with the audience of lungs  
this body of laughter is it with me or at me?  
hue more or less though gender's mute  
and the punch line has this lifeline at it's root  
i'm a star this life's the suburbs, I commute

Chorus (x2)