

## 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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