

By the word and command, mortal man can stand, son of man is the manna manifest
 In the flesh and the blood, and the bones and the rocks, in the valley of the dead
 The dry bones are gonna walk and talk
 To the rhythm of the saints y'all, to the rhythm of the saints
 And I paint it red to remember the dead, who layed down their lives for the truth
 And the seed that is buried takes root, and this ignorant world will have proof
 I remember the sins of my youth, the path and the madness of unrestrained pleasure
 The heavier trip it made the heavier debtor
 In the deepest of dark without a wing or a feather,
 The spiral closed in like a cage, like a cage
 A maze that's amazing for days turns to rage if the page it refuses to turn
 And the hopeless will hope the book burns
 When the lesson it returns, but the lesson is still unlearned
 See I yearn to discern if a life can be earned or is given as a gift to the dead
 I read and I bled and I fed to the full my soul on the sickest of sickness
 Seeking the light of a saviors witness, a way that one day that I might forget this
 But slave master wont permit this
 Cause I'm a hooker I'm his mistress
 And when I look for freedom he puts more chains on me
 Strangles my hope so that I live like a zombie
 What masters house can this be, that when I look for freedom he still deceives me
 If there's a God I screamed, "Answer me!"
 I didn't expect an answer to be received, He said

 You must die, to be set free, living in the kingdom of God eternally
 Open up my eyes so that I can see, and die with a cry revolutionary
 Every man and woman is a witness, and we will never forget this
 Truth

 Undiluted, undisputed, never to be substituted, or uprooted, fully suited for the war
 It's a modernization of a timeless metaphor, and
 By the boomerang we bring the beats back more
 What for man, do we work exterior to core, or begin it in the spirit of the Lord
 Now you could pull the chord, but the people still sing it acapella
 Marching to the beat I hear their feet are in the cellar
 Fear not the world cannot stop what must begin within you and me
 A fire wind, holy hymn, beautiful diadem, hidden within positively pure prism refraction
 Every colors broken down, harmonize with my eyes spectrum
 In the end bleeding into the One, to the source, to the beautiful father of light
 All the pressure and pain, produces perseverance
 It's purged by the flames, without interference
 Produces a hope, In the glory of God
 My God I am your son, and I know that you will finish the work that you've begun
 Homespun, grassroots, spontaneously suits the purpose, and we don't deserve

this
Life

He said

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