

In Secret Anticipation

Killah Priest

Above the diaspora of Africa
Aboard a craft sits 143,999 passengers, I was the last of 'em
But in its true diameter, it can fit the whole population of Canada, alongside with half of Panama
We landed far on a place called the Atlantis star
We debarked, we see forests, we see deep waters, beneath the orbits, unbelievable, gorgeous
It had diverse woodlands, ponds, lakes and brooks encaved inside of an amethyst cushions
Then appeared what looked like bushmen coming from around these sort of old trees
The closer they came, the more their faces looked more and more holy
They approached me, pointed slowly to the well developed ground that instantly became a mound
At the same time, their trees made this incredible sound
Their grass looked clear as glass with strub layers, citron rug prayers, above was glaciers, around us was acres
And these people called themselves the saviors
Amongst their cliffs, crags and rocky mountainsides, we the Anunnaki island guides
They said, "Well done, welcome, the floors is just a million miles up high, and you are standing on top of the sky"
They said, "We will take you up by standing on a telepad"
It was hellas fast, no craft, no path, we were just there in a flash
They said, "Welcome to our place"
I saw Olmec face at the base, all the way to the dining area
It was filled with ruins and blueprints and diamonds they gave to Sumeria
They said, "Welcome to the Nebula, where the impossible is regular, we are part of the alpha and omega bloodline and this is the house of the senators, before the BC settlers, we are the pyramid creditors, we planted the cacao, but then they worship us as the cow, the fish and the fowl, the cat and the owl"
They said, "We came to the crowd and ascended up in clouds, they printed us in the Dow and the Tao, rebelled with the tribes in Kenya called the Mau Mau or the natives in Virginia during the pow wow, kosher food and halal, black child along the Nile, the Yahawashi trial, the UFO files put you with us now, the place where isotope teleportation is allowed
Their profile was a Western old style
They had platinum hair with gold brows
They were robed down with no smiles
They move like laser lights when you're tryna hold it still to a wall and all the lights are off and while you're holding the laser, you cough

They are the force, they turn disobeyers into a pillar of salt
And they have inventions still in the vault, it gets real as you thought
The alchemists, they turn steel into quartz
Inside the raindrops they place in a leptons in the quarks
The etherean gods from the halls of the crystal courts
The judges sit on the mothership that turns colors like a cuttlefish for those who discover it
"We created the covenant, we are the higher government, the spiritual Republicans, the prophets were our publicists"
And to open up their eyes and behold another disc
Shape-shining flying object, two became eighteen as the other split, and eighteen became forty after a couple more shifts
Then there sat a green shuttle in the mist
All of this the air ruffled but the sound had a muffled pitch

Then the craft on the lower and the upper switched
And their people were controlling it all by doing a subtle twitch
I mean the brother was quick
It hovered then "blip, blip, blip, blip"
I said, "Wait, are we going backwards or forwards? Eastern or western? Are we taking a northern or a southern trip?
He said, "In this place, it doesn't exist"
Now zoom into the light on that mothership, now zoom back out as you puffing
a spliff, getting a buzz from one hit, frozen stiff with a blunt on your lip and drugs in the dish
You at a reggae club with a chick, rubbing her hips
You got nugs of that piff
I submit at the summit above the cliff of that which cometh and that which goeth
No man know of the day nor the hour
Purple orbs empower me as I absorb the flower, and it's all devoured, they as tall as towers
The fog, the showers
"It may be possible, but it's too difficult," always said by these beings called the doubters
"It may be difficult, but it's possible," always said by these beings called the routers
Then came these beings of kings and queens called the strouders that wore a cloak of smoke and sparkles gleamed from their trousers
They spoke louder and more prouder, calling the other gods cowards, while the Elohim scoured
Was this from prescription over counter? Or my visions of a close encounter?

[Sample]