

## In Tune

Robert Gasper

I heard him call out  
I heard him call for his mother  
And I didn't even call my mother  
I wanted to avoid talking about the elephant in the room  
The pig on my neck  
The devil on detail  
We were born of a people who were torn from their people  
For the root of all evil  
From it, sprung the trunk, the branches, and the fruit of all evil  
Unless they need you, they act as if they don't see you  
Besiege you, and tell you to cooperate  
As if it's something you agreed to  
Before criminals constitution nothing's illegal  
Except people who were once property destroying property, upheaval  
Keep your eye on the sparrow, the bald eagle  
Defeathered and beheaded at the stoop of the steeple  
Guarded by soldiers, stupid yet lethal  
It doesn't matter if a liar has a republic or democracy, or monarchy, it's m  
alarkey  
Don't mind me if I seem a little off key, or I sing a little of key  
But when we're on keys  
We can unlock things  
Souls freed otherwise held hostage  
On the ebony and ivory  
With the heart of a gnostic  
But hands of a locksmith  
A pharmacist, a prescription for the toxic  
Eating away at our subconscious  
8 ball in the corner pocket  
8 ball on the corner cop it  
How can we stop it when the cops and the robbers  
Money is their religion  
They follow the same profits  
So don't mind me if I seem a little off key, or I sing a little of key  
But once we're in tune, oh  
We can conduct the cosmos!  
Conductor of the orchestra  
Conductor of the underground railroad  
Don't you see the kick, the thump, the heart  
The crashing cymbals as symbols of shields  
No captain america, no cap in america  
If you're black in a finger snap  
Fade to black in america  
So don't mind me if I seem a little off key, or I sing a little of key  
More than mere melody  
Using horn and string to quarantine from a disease  
That sees us as less as humans  
And more as things  
So we don't play music  
We pray music  
Those same nooses hang useless  
Raise the dead like Jesus did  
We don't play music  
We pray music  
Vivid and lucid  
Dreams let loose in the pure hearts with divine acoustics  
We lay blueprints at the blue note

[illegible]