

Habitual

The Warriors

Times True Reflection:
Black blue and broken
I skate amidst these budding streets
(But with a torch to light my path)
Crude fakeness always shows its face
(Trying to breathe amongst it all)
Consuming things
(More take no give)
It never stops!
Never have I felt more deprived
Times true reflections
Black blue and broken
Resting beneath a cypress tree
I close my eyes (and finally see)
Regaining strength by inner means
The jungle's beasts now bow to me
"Rise above" "overcome"
You decide (it's your time)
Times true reflections
Black blue and broken
No slack habitual and automatic
With light of day building endless entities
The system that consumes
Shattering these streets
I feel the jungles beats (beasts)
Now alive in me...