

Mattafix, The Forgottten

Vaccum. Not even a court room.

Just me in a small room,
that has become a tomb.
Converted. Disadvantaged,
Nothing granted. Will they
ever get my message?

And how soon will I
have to think when
allowed to?

Lonely in this commune,
Given away, Giving them
names. I hope you were
with me.

The world is far too
busy now.

The nation has
forgotten me.

Several times severed
lines with means.

Patience with Hypocrisy.

Only misery.

Severed ties, several
lies over me.

Right over me,
right over me

Justice is but a promise
from the dishonest. Where
do I stand in all this?

So long they have chosen
even my opinion, while
I remain forgotten

I'm evading the main
thing. Frozen but ageing,
while I'm left debating.

Whether or not I'm
worth a lot. To waste
away. To have another
say now.

The nation has
forgotten me.

Dem forget about me.

Several times severed
lines with means.

Patience with Hypocrisy.

Only misery.

Severed ties, several
lies over me.

Right over me,
right over me

But wait, wait na mah.

I ever show you de scene
when babylon came
approach me?

Man, ha long story dat
yu know.

You see when dem wha
come fight yo down fi
di wrong ting

And nah protect
dem end?

A sign of struggle you
know, a sign of struggle
hol on.