

Blackalicious, Searching

Searching
For everything already there
For every thought already known
For everything that ever was, is, and will be

Struggling
Oh how we struggle
And the more we avoid it
The greater the struggle becomes
Until we realize
That struggle is a blessing
Progressing
Changing
Evolving
Growing
From a seed to a tree
From a child to a (wo)man
From a (wo)man to a spirit

To a god fulfilling his plan

Purpose
No words can describe the unmeaning
No beginning
No end
Just always now
Marvelling at the miracle
And all of a sudden
It all seemed to make sense somehow

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