

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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