

Bronze Nazareth, Poem Burial Ground

(Intro: movie sample (Bronze Nazareth))

This is sacred land, my father's land
(Yo, yo, yeah, yeah, yo.. yeah, yeah
Yo, yeah-yeah-yeah.. yo)

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo my ravenous thoughts, savages taught
Massively brought axes and hatchets is soft
Records match dastardly cults
Graphics in vaults, flashes of magic is brought
You lack sight mothafucka your swords and masters are dull
We grapple and duck
You back in shackles and cuffs
Mathematical snuffs
Madness is lust i had to construct
ashes of thought, flashin whats tucked
passion as grimey as muck
A butcher has struck, hackin the surface of skulls
Lackin a purposeful, rational reason for swingin in halls
My Grammy is hand-writin on walls
I send lightning thru halls
that strike like wolverine claws
Raps are bullets that soar thru cartilage in ya jaw
filaments ligaments tore, thats how a pillage is born
I'm spillin ya soul, like wolves licking blades in the cold
My halo is old, got it from grand-dad when he died
Beagle sad eagle eyes stay dark as broken street lights
Deep as ocean sea life
Need me like gamblers need dice
Shambles and hoods wit steep blight
Thats why i couldn't see right,
Once said "this couldn't be life"
it hits like 3 pipes
I'm still ill as seasick slaves, dig emcees deepest graves
Wigs meet this amnesia shave, I bleed on page
then sleep wit rage
NIGGA READ EACH PAGE!!!

(Interlude: movie sample)

It rests on thirteen acres of Earth
Over the very center of Hell
He here is the first to offer, to the daring
To look into the final madning space
Between life, and death
With sights and sounds far beyond anything you tested
Avoid fainting...

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo my sinister stings glimmer like ministers rings,
echo like singers who sing in hills and valleys of kings
Alleys and gallery art
Mallory Gatlin cold heart
travel when power line sparks
sour dimes devour my heart
Archery shower of darts
Cowards with flowers depart
Calculus algebra hard
Falcon beak arrowhead sharp
Marriage of marrow and bark
Stare at a mirror and crack it,
Carnage wit targets and ratchets
Suspense from dense winter habits
like keepin arms in our jackets

I farm this verse like a harvest
or crops in old Mayan forests
dying of thirst and a famine
Drivin' a hearse thru ya basement
my cadence is camen fiendin' ta bite when they say "Amen"
peeling cotton and slavin', thats how the blade spin like bottles
my kiss of death might've got u
stockin my shelters wit gospel
hot like lava on the bodies of models
Ra Amen apostle, hospital cut-throat
"MY GOD WHO SENT YOU!?!" asked the emcee for my neuss rope
I'm bogglin' kin folk
Modelin' hobblin' pen strokes
I'm wealthy in mental
you poor with chains and a limo
Language is terminal
Since urban servings is burning you
Lyrics seep-through, brain angles from deep roots
Chemical alchemy too
Throw u from balcony stoops
Isn't he too...SICK like that chronic fatigue?
Deeper than subsonic leaves
pull on trees thats root-free....

(Outro: movie sample)
What happened was true
The most brutal series of crimes in America
This is just as real, just as close
Just as terrifying as being there
Even if one of them survives, what will be left?
After you stop screaming, you'll start talking about it