

Buck 65, Untitled (3:11)

I wandered the fields and listen for the sound of drums
The colder the ground becomes the closer I get to home
The planets not fit to roam but with all the chaos
But, when I saw the savages I played the law of averages
And when the river splits in half, I start to lose my wits and laugh
And cry at the same time, there's nothing I can do about it
Even though I wouldn't doubt it, if the winds began to blow
And carry the sounds of my voice to the lands below

So I put my hands around my mouth and hollered to the sunken city
That, wallows in the filth of its own drunken pity
And wait to see a signal but a signal is never seen
Eventually fatigue builds inside me exponentially and so I sleep
And dream that I'm able to FLY they will respect a man with wings!
Later I awake, in agony and learn
That while I was sleeping the city had burned

Shrugging my shoulders, I paused and gathered thoughts
Think twice about staying put, then decide I rather not
So I press on in my agnostic pilgrimage
Knowing that I can swim deeper than the grim reaper
Ready for whatever sea creatures may abound
When the water swallows me and not the other way around
Survival saw me through the mechanical district
Starvation lays to bay cannibalistic

I have to rely on cons and silence and on talking quick
Defending myself with nothing but this walking stick
I've never had friends and no parental guidance
I'm wild at heart and weird on top, I'm feared nonstop
Even though my rage is worn out
My life's a book with several pages torn out
I just, climb trees and look for rhythm everywhere

I used to be the town crier in a city of stone throwers
Until my soul was laid bare and displayed in the pearled square
Ignored, more than a lot, not less, no one understood my thought, process
I was gagged and bound over noise complaints
But, commanding the resolve that destroys constraints
I, found my escape in a melding of memories
The next thing I know, I'm rowing this boat
And blowing this note on an old tarnished trumpet

Ever since then I've been wondering lots
Watching the sky and pondering thoughts
Strange angel, music box genie
Behind for sometime and now I'm blind in one eye
And how this happened exactly will never be known
My thoughts take the shape of the hang-mans house
Never fails in time traveling salesman visits

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