

K-OS, Ballad Of Noah

i am conflicted
travelling the path of the soul so gifted
still unable to break the mold I lifted
praving still could not see
and insisted my existence began with me

seems that i lost much, lost touch of reality
it costs much, of the soul what a fallacy
this world is at times, I cannot escape
see myself with new eyes, now i'm trying to take
the first step on a path that i know is paved with much difficulties
so i think i must save myself from a world that is falling down
all around me

i hear the sounds of laughter callin' after me, fallin' too fast
my close friends are asking me
cast and their glance at each other with outstretched hands
like they might be a victim of circumstance
but i run

if you reach a dead end trail
pray to god it never fails.
we've all walked each other's shoes
so everybody sings the blues.
if you reach a dead end trail
pray to god it never fails.
we've all walked each other's shoes
so you don't have to sing the blues.

under the sky cross the land with a horse.
it felt like a sky and the land were divorced.
the way it was easy, a rock in the past
so what's the matter with you, when the rock just laughed
carrying a load for the conscious untying
i went to the water and the water was boiling
the load was heavy and rocks filled my course
my horse drank the water and the water killed my horse
i tried to keep going, weeping to me
a righteous wind blew and it was speaking to me
the way seemed harder since my house been dead
i couldn't understand everything the wind said
looked up at the sky and seen something strange
returned to my country and my country was up in flames
the trees were bleeding, they said they couldn't hide me
where will i run to without my horse beside me?

just like king midas turned things to gold
i touched my soul and felt my warm blood turn cold
i was told we paint the picture we want to see
the dream, she's the woman, i'm a machine
jacaline is my mother, but i don't ask this
wearing sunglasses taking me to pray on sunday
not one day, but three, we attended the church
watch my father get up, grab the bible, and then work
the scripture, get the picture
preacher in my blood
and people in my hood, no bet of attack
just a jean jacket and an caught up from the fact
from a ecclesiastic kid who was afraid to be black
imagine that type of ghetto?
it still isn't settled
i play sex pistols and listened to heavy metal
i ate lunch all by myself in a meadow
and healed every scar with wishing to be a star.

now it's on, so tell me why i sing a sad song?
who's the pawn, was i being fooled all along.
not at all. cause now i'm strong.
innocence deterred, was never gone, i feel it coming, the break of dawn.

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