

Killah Priest, Mystic City

[Chorus: Shanghai the Messenger]

After the storm, after the storm, after the storm
Where do we go from here?
After the storm is clear
Where do we go from here?
After the storm is clear

[Intro: Killah Priest *during chorus*]

What's deal God? I heard you got some
Bad news about Killah Priest, you know?
Out here, right now it's madness
Things going on, word, a lot of shooting up
A lot of cops, you know what I'm saying?
It's madness that's going on in this
World today, so what I've gotta do is
Open up my mind and then try to, you know?
Take it from there, from what I can build, you know what I'm saying?
Red moon the skies, 'cause, ain't nobody gonna,
Nobody gonna look out for me
It's the end of the road
It's like a red moon over Tibet

[Killah Priest]

Theory of the 'Twelve Monkeys' left in this cold world hungry
We kill over blood money, the cops seem to think it's funny,
We murder over pennies and crumbs
Plenty of guns crammed in the city slums
The man pity none for this next millennium
Kids starving, when they breathe you can see their kidneys and lungs
They're left blind, skinny, and dumb
Sights far from a pretty one, praying to God, when will He come?
But half of my crew is atheist
While the other half's waiting on a spaceship, I can't take it
Screaming life is what you make it
So called fake friends, they're all snakes in the end
Trying to hide their face, trying to blend
One mistake, I see them grin
Trying to say we of the same kin 'cause we have the same skin
I live amongst the unholy, we all roll weed
Thick as Jamaican rollies until the Lord scold me
And told me, 'You'll be my next Moses
Go save the hopeless and homeless'
With eviction notice, arrive like the infant Joseph
With a grudge to Caesar, like the blood of Jesus
I told the Judge they don't love us, we don't love them either
My sword will drink the blood of an unbeliever
My sword will drink the blood of an unbeliever
My sword will drink the blood of an unbeliever
My sword will drink the blood of an unbeliever

[Chorus: Shanghai the Messenger (Killah Priest)]

Where do we go from here, after the storm is clear? {2X}
(Where do we go from here, after that storm is clear?
Like nights over Tibet)

[Killah Priest]

My home is where the psycho reigns
Spending long nights and cold days
Inside a fibre cake
Is it the curse of a bible plague
Welcome to the cyber age
The air's burning like a microwave
The holy land seems miles away
I pour out some Aliz beneath the skies because the clouds are grey

Jackals prowl at graves of the older slaves
Reptiles are raised from out the cave they invade
The dirt under my nails got a story to tell
I wrestle with angels like Michael L, spending nights in Jail,
Beneath the Hell's dungeon, where the drunkest tongue kiss
We all hunted and unwanted
Forgotten city, where the air stays hot and misty
I see crack fiends with rotten titties
Twist the top off a whisky, each block is risky
That's why my shot empty, 'til the cops come and get me
I stay in green camouflage, I seen cameras on Mars
Already start scanning our cars, world famine at large
They got us trapped like Shadrach in Meshach and Abednego
I'm looking for the City of Gold
I pity the soul that take humans
And start branding them like food cans
It's like the six points of a hexagram
Resembles the sex of man, worn by children in Bethlehem
I drop the Tec out my hand, drop to the earth
Caressed the sand, yes I understand now
I heard a voice say, 'Come hither'
I walk while others slither, lead me to my father's river

[Chorus to the fade]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Where do we go?
Beneath the red moon
Where do we go from here?
After the storm is clear
Where the land is desolate
We live amongst it
Less affectionate
Travel at the end of the road
Looking for the gold
It's like that
Truth, honesty, love, peace and happiness