

Killah Priest, Salvation

IT'S WARRRRRR

(Hook)

We are one, we move as a unit, this is our mic, we are one!
(Who is your general private?)
Killah Priest We fight the ungodly
With the righteous sword of justice
And we will follow him all the days of our life
We are one, we move as a unit, this is our mic, we are one!

The plot was to stop the Nazarene break up his black regime
Smash his dreams from being the greatest that rap has seen
They laugh while scheming on ways to stop him having cream
That's blasphemy to not mention his name in magazines
Luckily the young warrior had mad esteem
He kept writing, back in his lab he hit his pad extreme
And in the midst of all the chaos he took half his team
Called 'em Black Market and Maccabeez
While the serpent use the worldly things to attract his queen
Broke his heart she played the part Mary Magdalene
Hissing his words that the other side of the grass was green
But I ain't trying to hold you baby go ahead flap your wings
Gun in the waist of his baggy jeans stayed strapped
Yankee cap above his durag lean
Police that pass flash sirens outside his projects
Where the dealers push crack to fiends
There he did some soul searching now he's back redeemed
Look at his album cover stained glass of the King
Wallpapers of gangsters hang up
Next to King Solomon Amen Ra and King Tut
Beneath that incense burns frank incense the fragrance of the prince
Priests the saint the angels fight in his defense light the hemp
It's bright take a glimpse at the crouching statues
Within the tall fence of his castle

(Hook)

I called on Michael, Gabriel and Uriel to pull me from Hell
A jury of twelve await my burial they said they want my great material
My vision blurry can't tell I hear the bells near the church steeple
Where Rafael awaits his fate break the curse of evil
I'm holding rosemary beads it's scary roll the hairy weed
Inside the blackberry leaves
Its cold but what worries me will my crew leave when they bury me come hurry see
The Brotherhood climbing a hillside at the fall of darkness
The night arches over the projects
As they speak of the legacy of Priest the artist
They share words of his hardship
And he sung his psalms to a harpist
His garment was blood soaked
Around his crown he wore halo of blunt smoke
Below his navel his guns poked
So may this Offering give your thoughts wings?
May it fly high start soaring pass the corpse of kings
Beyond the cloud scraping mountains
Travel the way of the falcon
To a tucked away enchanted Island
You land see the ruins of his old palace
The wide stone steps that leads to his throne
You see his face made of hard stone
He just sit there and zone
My eyes are open but they're empty as the painted eyes on a doll
Walk inside the fog sit beside my catalogue
See his face? It aged to something strange come in range

Upon his sculpture grows weed vines with small rosebuds
So show love to the Priest revelations and this is my salvations
This is my salvation
(Chant)

(Hook)
'King of Mysteries, who wast and art
Before the elements, before the ages
King eternal, comely in aspect
who reigns forever, grant me three things:
Keenness to discern your will
Wisdom to understand it
Courage to follow where it leads.'

"Salvation isn't just about being saved from Hell after you die.
It's also about being saved from yourself while you're still alive."