

# Killah Priest, The North Story

[Killah Priest]

Desert Storm type nights above, \_\_\_ state of mind I'm drifting  
Tripping, I'm tied up  
Blindfolded Vietnam culture close in with blowing torches  
Above us the portraits of the Last Supper  
I'm coughing up blood, Priest where's 'The Offering'?  
A voice of the madame heard through the soft wind  
Chased by the hateful words of the town's people  
Deep within the walls of a brown cathedral  
I look up blood in my eyes, veins showing through my skull  
The flickering light bulb  
I'm straining as my eyes bulge  
This is my last reaction for peace as the assassins let their nines release  
I hop out my chair running in slow motion  
Hail of bullets sailing like a boat floating  
I'm going out nowhere

[Break]

A North Story, it's a quiet murder

[Killah Priest]

I fell, release my last revelation  
Spoke of corruption and mass devastation to the world's nation  
Let go of my masters, I of that brother Priest speak of offerings  
Tides I bring  
Nines they ring, knives I swing  
The skies turn black, the streets flood with blood  
Statues crack, the rain fell from above  
In the shape of heroin needles, hailing down crack viles  
Blunt smoke so thick it's hard to see through  
Then all the real niggas who died open their eyes  
And all the real Hip Hoppers crawl out their graves  
Come meet the witch doctor, lightning strikes the cave  
Through my bullet holes I bleed scrolls  
Written by the lost souls on the crossroads  
Look at the heavens talk to the crones  
My thoughts are scary, talk to skeletons inside of mortuaries  
I preach peace at the Devil's feet before I'm buried  
I hope the Lord is ready, my sword is steady, my auras heavy

[Break]

Let the monks in the monasteries bring it in  
I have a story to tell

[Killah Priest]

Well this is it, gravity keeps grabbing me  
I'm losing sanity, I'm gradually tryna get up  
But I can't, look ahead, I see bright lamps  
And the ground underneath seems quite damp  
I sink in, I begin swimming towards this image  
I venture off into different dimensions  
My cosmic body begins the twisting  
And stretching all further into the essence  
This is not for the thug, this is not for the streets  
This only for the thug and the streets that think deep  
Priest I quantum leap, woolly hair and bronze feet  
Cosmic, Gothic lights, through air pockets beyond heights  
Star collapse black holes, I flap with the wings of a bat  
Tail of a tadpole, rest with the pharaohs and wake with the King David  
Seen naked entering into a green spaceship  
I'm like the comets Christ, garments white  
The smoke hand lift the tool in, and the smoke seeps in  
Priest beginning, Priest ending, Offering