

Prominent, Emancipation

(A. Korac, P. Castelo, D. Raflund)

Produced by Alex K for Royalty Production

Guitar by R. Furlong

Verse 1

We're all slaves from the cradle to the grave
From the wound of you moms to the day you pass away,
I don't give a fuck what you say, we're all locked down in
chains, Submission, man, that's the word of the day,
We're all slaves to need of being praised, Appreciated,
emancipated or going against the grain, It's all the same
what ever its cocaine, or just being vain, Smoking weed,
seeking enlightenment or simply just trying to maintain,
Man, the thing is slavery can work on many levels,
And it's not a question about you facing your fears,
It's more realizing that we all have vices, Good or bad? I
don't know I'm not trying to be righteous, Whatever it takes
for you to get through your crisis, It's all good with me, who
the fuck I'm to say I don't like it, I'm just thinking out loud,
my thoughts poured out on paper, Line after line the quill
cut like a razor, I'm ducking the slugs of temptation,
working the trenches trying to avoid self-deception,
a slave to my own reflections, confessing that Coloss
himself is fiending for most of these things he just
mentioned

Chorus

Emancipation ' will not set you free
Maybe for the moment but take it from me
Self starvation ' is not the key
I tried all those things but I still feel incomplete
It's easier to judge than to try to understand
It's hard to be a righteous man

Verse 2

We're all slaves from the cradle to the grave,
take your pick; power trips, religion or fame,
the thing is, from start to finish, man, we all sinners
we're all wearing shackles, there's plenty of examples,
food or tobacco, or zipping the Chapoli chateau
drinking firewater or just trying to stay sober, coffein, the
dream of cream, paranoia, even a pure thing such as love
can destroy you, all I'm saying is that a vice is a vice,
good or bad its part of your life, take coloss for instance I'm
doing too much drinking, drunk or sober I'm still fucked up,
same difference, I sleep too much, think about sex too much
probably confess too much, so let me capture the essence of
this whole song in this last line. I probably smoked a whole
pack when I conceived this rhyme

Chorus