

The Roots, Make My

Tryin to control the fits of panic
Unwritten and unraveled, it's the dead man's pedantic
Whatever, see it's really just a matter of semantics
When everybody's fresh out of collateral to damage
And, my splayin got me praying like a mantis
I begin to vanish, feel the pull of the blank canvas
I'm contemplatin, that special dedication
to whoever it concern, my letter of resignation
Fadin, back to black, my dark coronation
The heat of the day, the long robe of muerte
That soul's in the atmosphere like airplay
If there's a Heaven I can't find a Stairway

They told me that the ends, won't justify the means
They told me at the end, don't justify the dreams
that I've had since a child, maybe I'll throw in the towel
Make my (make my) make my (make my) hardship from the world