

Blue Scholars

"Burnt Offering"

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(I don't know what to write... Oh well - Yo)

I offer nothing but the uncertain promise
That I'll honestly pursue the crooked path of the
conscious
Not just another body in the battle for the soul
Never sold self for it's weight in platinum and gold but
Man we're getting grown
Wisdom got us thinking in the interest of our children
even if they ain't been given their flesh
Their bones
Their homes or their names yet
I'm aiming for the change in my pocket for the payback
The change augmented by the government to nothing
The change of a whirlwind unraveling the coming of
that next shit
I can't wait for when it comes, shit
It better be worth the shit that I paid most my life with
It's nice when it rains sometime
Cleansing minds in my habitat
Imagine that I'm digging to find
What was hidden by the myth of a god up in the sky
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme

So I
Give thanks to the most, the least that I can do
I wear this skin to find the me inside of you
When I dream that I'm dreaming I feel most alive
Sacrifice nights
Write to survive

Proper hand gestures conjure ancestors
Drinking from the bottle that was meant
For the message that was sent from the tired and the
true
I give thanks to the most, the least that I can do

Way back I used to call upon the Father often
I fought the devil last night and almost lost
Now I'm drinking bottled water
Flushing out the toxins
Vomiting and coughing feeling closer to the coffin

Than I ever had
Every morning that I arrive
Is a night that I survive
Just to be alive - sipping chai
Listening to my favorite DJ
Communicate the music, what my rhymes would say
If they were written
With a needle
To the groove
Of a paper
Stylus to papyrus, record to the player
It's more than just therapy or excessive energy
I undo the mechanism meant to imprison me
Spiritually
The view from up is not enough
I dwell below to find the god that I rebuff
Redesigned, redefined what it meant to be divine
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme

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Our Father
My art is Heaven, hallowed be
The drums beating me and my tongue into submission
I can hardly speak breathing this indelible high
From an endless supply of Godspeed, and I need
A brand new prayer to read
Seems the old ones grew tons of mold cuz they're
narrow as hell
Sometimes they be thinking that this heavens for sale
Worse than that, they still think God is a male
But
Moms used to hang up pictures of white Jesus
Fist clutching rosary beads, over the years
I began to question this Father Almighty
Made in His image but don't look nothing like me
But we be the children of the most high
Ghosts of the colonized lost in the time
Redesign, redefine what it meant to be divine
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme

