

## Eliza Doolittle

### "From Mole Hills"

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Basic blocks to breath topple under bare bleeding feet  
Wince at stabbing pain in left lobe as mighty sword's  
Unsheathed  
Source of all life lies in East, the source of all life  
Lies in East.  
Feel the rumble of them bombed trains, third railed  
From beneath  
I walk with tattered scrolls on these I'll lonely  
Streets  
Babble last true tongue, could give a fuck where you  
From  
Travel torn path, swung as pendulum  
Now my thread of life's come undone  
Remember back when Uzi's weighed a ton?  
Now ever kid's got one.  
Dipped in platinum bathed in aggression  
Succumb to last temptation  
Lost all my patience  
Peace to last bastion:  
Afrika... Zulu nation.  
Lyrics laced with oils from inner works of mental  
Reservoir  
The world in I'll discord  
Pray to ancient ancestors  
Pray to ancient ancestors.

Remember days of cardboard, fat lace, and krylon?  
Microphones and twelves, tools we all relied on  
Niggas dropped a verse, the thought was one to die on  
I remember hip hop, that's my Mt. Zion.

Bygones be bygones so many souls wore thin  
My world lies in famine, I wander with kinsmen  
Through dismal slums of ignorance  
Wash my hands in pool of absolution  
Keep warm with torn blanket of revolution  
Quite useless shut one's eyes once realized  
You glide through this darkness  
Embark upon this, solom crusade to save the only gift  
Our God gave  
The curse is manmade, designed to turn blessed to

Slaves

Forgave the weak minded two weeks into journey  
Again travel untraveled road on scrapped knee  
Broke bread with those bums who taught speech  
In attempt to reach nirvana

Ye of poor karma,

None calmer in old age, young sage turn page on  
brittle

Text

There's no time left

What must I stress?

Demons colorless, infest our own earth

Immersed in tainted dirt

Could never quite quench my own thirst for ancient

Drums

There lies a language in the noise and the hum

Prepare for martyrdom, prepare for martyrdom

I speak that ancient tongue

There lies a language in (the noise and the hum)

Remember days of cardboard, fat lace, and krylon?

Microphones and twelves, tools we all relied on

Niggas dropped a verse, the thought was one to die on

I remember hip hop, that's my Mt. Zion.

Lost equilibrium, wish I fell to '85

Verbal vagabond blessed for being blind

Etched my paradigm in Sanskrit at age nine

So why these kids swear to God I'm unrefined?

Still swig from sacred liquid language

Poor as fuck but seem to manage

Non average urban savage

You living lavish when this world is pure survival

Best you hide in the corners of your mind for sitting

Idle

Breathing air is vital,

You pray to false idols

No feelings in recitals when you only search for titles

Feel so suicidal, but couldn't give you joy.

Four elements of this only for the B-boys (B-girls)

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