

Immortal Technique "Sign of the Times"

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Intro: Native American chants]

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]

Imagine the Word of God without religious groupies

Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hooptie

Persecuted single mother in a modern manger

You'd crucify him again like a fucking stranger

Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies

Imagine being locked up since juvie

Imagine changing your life and still going out like

Tookie

Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me

Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life

Like them kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite

For most of the world that's what it's like

Imagine if the woman you suppose to love for the rest of your life

Is set to marry someone else at the end of the night

They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind

And fight the hardest when you start from behind

So I dreamed the impossible all the time

Fuck a Masonic design "Americas future is mine

Repeat that to yourself cause if culture's a crime

Them numbers tatted on your arm aren't too far behind

They can only conquer you after they've murdered your mind

So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times

I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine

Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime

And fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet

Who predicated European supremacist logic

Because the pilgrims and Conquistador columns

Killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin

I guess the fortune-tellers skipped an antichrist or two

Brother, give this to the OG's doing life with you

And pray for the problems with the Pope psychology

So the Vatican will offer an apology

For destroying the people's liberation theology
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons
But had the opposite effect: incarcerating religion
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous
Is obvious if you read the Northwoods documents
Forget the compliments for what I recorded
And live for revolution instead of always dying for it
Remember a bullet can never stop me
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie, watch
me
Even if I'm shot in the chakra I will prosper
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter
Telling the Persians, "Dig up Zoroaster"
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura
Mazda
Fish out the Philistine Dagon from the shores of Gaza
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza
This is my message to the older gods
I'll sacrifice you all to the Revolution like the Romanovs
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel
The blood clot system tried to kill me like sickle-cell
But I survived and I'm alive to fight another day
Cocooned in a coma, I can still hear my mother pray
Sister crying out to god, "Please let my brother stay!"
Walking towards the light but something's pulling me
the other way

[Outro: Cornel West]
Immortal Technique
Rise up young brother
It is not your time to die...

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