

Killah Priest

"Gate Way"

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[Killah Priest] There's a season for everything A time for every occupation of the heaven A time for givin' birth A time for dyin' A time for for plannin' A time for uprooted that which was planted A time for killin' A time for healin' A time for knockin' down A time for buildin' A time for tears A time for laughter A time for mournin' A time for dancin' A time for throwin' stones away A time for gatherin' them up A time for embracin' A time to refrain from embracin' A time for searchin' A time for losin' A time for keepin' A time for throwin' away A time for tearin' A time for sewin' A time for keepin' silent A time for speakin' A time for lovin' A time for hatin' A time for war A time for peace So what does a man gain for the efforts that he makes? I contemplate the task 'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away' Thy horse is a spirit waitin' me near they graves A ghost rider leaps out on the saddle of it Then the horse begins runnin' Upward beyond an orange summit That same horse saddled in my cousin and billions of dozens Before their bones begin crumblin' To their grave from the mother's stomach Well, my nephew he wrote one To that bowl sun, his mother followed him Way up into the outer realms Where the clouds are crowded wit men At night the goons are prowlin' for gems There's place for grandparents A far advanced planet Where dreams go, where Kings and Queens souls Where everything seems slow Tupac moves in that dark, Biggie is seein' at our city It's misty; Jam Master Jay is in that haze Big L as well, he dwells wit Big Pun in that Kingdom And J. Dillinger and the millions of souls Many more will have to go, reason why? I don't know You try to stay focus, watchin' for that day approaches You got the coverage of the Lord's judgment The blood rinse off your soft body Then placed in the arms of your mommy She placed you in a potty Fast forward, you in a staircase in your lobby Watchin' fiends goin' out on apartment 5-D Well I know this crackhead name Brother Lord Always watchin' him huggin' the floor Many get high and many souls have to fly The Bible says we all have to die You look for reasons, I don't know why This is where the ghetto spirits carve tonight No owls in flight, no sound

in sight As we float like a cloud thru the dark light
Barkin' of buncha old worn out dogs nobody wants
Hounds from hell, the starvin' night haunts The flesh is
unveiled, pure spirit unbothered by gravity A body
weight to a Godly place Then drift into the internal
night As they take the eternal flight They see your
majesty, the Gatekeeper The great weepers, the
grave's deeper And the night is frostbit So long back to
the darkness That's enough, your majesty, that's
enough Shhhhh... You're sworn into secrecy, say no
more But Father... No one must know about the hidden
door Close the door and move out the way Close the
door

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