

Killah Priest

"Salvation"

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IT'S WAAARRRRRRR!!!

[Chorus]

We are one, we rule as a unit (Man up)
This is my life, we are one (Ready for war)
(Who is your General Private?) Killah Priest!
We fight the ungodly with the right to sort Justice
And we will follow him all the days of our life
We are one, we rule as a unit
This is our life, we are one

[Killah Priest]

The plot was to stop the Nazarene, break-up his black regime
Smash his dream from being the greatest that rap has seen
They laugh on scheming on ways to stop him on having CREAM
That's blasphemy!, to not mention his name in magazines
Luckily the young warrior had madd esteem
He kept writing, back in his lab he hears his pad extreme
In the mist of all the chaos, he took half his team
Call 'em Black Market and Maccabeez (This is my life)
While the serpent used the worldly things
To attract his queen, broke his heart she played the part Mary Magdalene
Hiss in his words "That the others side of the grass is green"
But I ain't tryna to hold you baby, go head flap ya wings
Gun in the waist of his baggy jeans
Stay strapped, Yankee cap above his du-rag lean
Police that pass flash sirens
Outside his project, where the dealers push crack to fiends
Then he did soul searching now he's back redeemed
Look at his album cover - Stained Glass of the King
Wallpapers of gangsters hang-up, next to King Solomon
Amen-Ra and King Tut beneath that incense burns

frankincense
The fragrance of the Prince
Priest to Saints the Angels fight in his defence
Like the hemp it's bright take a glimpse at the
crouching statues
Within a tall fence of his Castle

[Chorus]

We are one, we rule as a unit (Salvation)
This is my life, we are one (My Salvation)
(Who is your General Private?) Killah Priest!
We fight the ungodly (Salvation, My Salvation)
We are one, we rule as a unit
This is my life, we are one (WAR'S OVER HERE!!)
(Who is your General Private?) Killah Priest!
We fight the ungodly

[Killah Priest]

I called on Michael, Gabriel, and Uriel to pull me from
hell
A jury of 12 will weigh my burial
They said they want my great material
My vision blurry can't tell
I hear the bells near the Church steeple
Where Rafael waits, his fate breaks the curse of evil
I'm holding Rosemary beads, it's scary
Roll the hairy weed inside the blackberry leaves
It's cold, but what worries me -
Will my crew leaves when they bury me?
Come Heresy, the brotherhood climbing the hillside
At the falling of darkness, the night arches over the
projects
As they speak of the legacy of Priest the artist
They share words of his hardship
And he sung his psalms to a harpist
His garment was blood soaked
Around his crown he wore halo of blunt smoke
Below his navel his guns poke
So may this Offering give your thought wings
May it fly high and start soaring, pass the corpse of
Kings
Beyond the cloud scrape of Mountains
Travel the way of the Falcon, to it tucked away
enchanted Island
You land, see the ruins of his old palace
The wide stone steps that leads to his throne
You see his face made of hardstone, he just sit there
and zone
My eyes are open but they empty as the painted eyes
on a doll
Walk inside the fog, sit beside my catalogue

See his face, his age, to something strange
Come in range, upon the sculpture grows weed vines a
small rosebuds
So show love to the Priest (Salvation) Revelation
(My Salvation) And this is my Salvation

['Byzantium' by Stephen R. Lawhead]
'King of Mysteries, who wast and art,
Before the elements, before the ages,
King eternal, comely in aspect,
who reigns for ever, grant me three things:
Keeness to discern your will,
Wisdom to understand it,
Courage to follow where it leads.'

WAR SCENE

[Pastor Bob, The Sopranos]
"Salvation isn't just about being saved from Hell after
you die.
It's also about being saved from yourself while you're
still alive."

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