

Killah Priest

"The Coming"

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[Killah Priest] Pyramid forms, Kufis and dashikis Books of loose leafs, appear in the tide beach It's weird, but I'm here, amongst 12 Monks for months Waitin' on me to write, and the pages they stay blank For days I think, days turn into years, to engrave my ink No words, no sounds is heard Just observe wit the patience of a decade that God has served Thoughts came slow like a plant when it grows My brain is the soil, my mind is the hose It can't hold, sweat drips off my chin Onto a damp robe, and the flame and lamp goes The example of a Prophet, a genius, a new Jesus All of us whisper; "What will he leave us?" Tension breaks, the look on my face goes From curious to serious My arms drop, then my palms jab, the greatest lesson The answers to age's questions To keep the ancestors and atheist guessin' They look inside my book, and the words say... "Love thy neighbor as I thy would love thyself" It's Priest, peace, much prosperity and health

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