

Killah Priest ''Trapped''

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[Killah Priest] To laugh, to cry, to have lived once and have died A thousand times inside of gallons of wine To have rose from the dead with a rose on ya head With dirt you smirk, wiping off ya shirt To fallen asleep to warring under sheets To having lifemares with real people trying holding you beneath It's right here, To you needing the Priest Preacher pastor or prophet or pistol Prayer words catapult above the candle light As the stem fizzles above the sharing wombs They sharing rooms to separated when they were in the tombs Do the Stars talk to each other above us? Or are they just exploding? We need a God to hug us The paranormal, Psychic Evaluation Small alphabets on the valiums I'm taking Lost souls run to that black mountain escaping The Dark Lord Sith on the spitten rhymes To the world could adapt, I feel trapped, I feel trapped... The flesh shell can excel Only inhale and exhale to death impales The zombie of darkness losing conscience - Tunnelvision He's lungs slow, he listens to angels your body angled and stiffened Shell hatched, cosmic seed is risen to Godly prison Don't get it right we back to the feeble position Then is the fetus submission, thugs & Christians From baldheaded and wet to spanking to a blanked To a name it, to train it, to game it, to sustain it To anguish the famous the nameless To water drawing up to raining It's the figure eight till we get it straight The S shape to connect to the opposite way The number 8 double ciphers What's troubling the writer? Fears Illusion, prepared you in confusion What's my conclusion or what's the solution? Real music! Take the heartbeat and loop it! Autotune all the moons put the pro-tools Put the mic to the sun, sing vocals See the world can adapt, no escaping, I feel trapped...

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