

## **Latraverse Plume**

### **"Sinz of Men"**

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

This be the sinz of man. The sinz of men and women.  
The tree of life. The tree of good and evil.

[Shabazz the Disciple]

My mind sometimes be haunted by my memories  
Visions in my head have shown me digging up my  
enemies  
I hate to go to sleep because of the dread that's in my  
head  
At times I find myself running from shadows of the  
dead  
They're trying to pull me under and bury me alive  
I wake up thinking it's over and thinking I've survived  
They've pulled me back to sleep and separated my  
soul  
from my body and put my bloody flesh in a hole  
Ah, shit gets worse, now the curse caves my faith in  
I rose from beneath the surface of Earth as Satan  
Inflicting people with war, drugs, diseases  
Jumped up, fell back to sleep, ressurected, ah Jesus  
Healing the same mother fuckers I've just inflicted  
Spreading righteousness through word of god, my  
mind is twisted  
A holy war in the mental, I'm sort of brain dead  
Spirits have got me under pressure and they're fucking  
up my head

[Killah Priest]

As I die slowly, I could feel my soul leave  
My heart pumps part to my lungs, so I could breathe  
I take my last breath, I gasp cuz I'm ?peth?  
I felt the needle which held the ?neeval?  
From another dimension, they had me flinching, with  
no attention  
Was paid by nurses, what's worse is  
I felt the stiches as the door locks  
Retreated for witches and warlocks  
and devils and demons, with shovels they was  
scheming  
I woke up when I was taken up by this dream and

Then I was brough to the courts of another world  
Damn, my beloved Sheryl, couldn't put shit and  
uncover the pearls  
Instead of a jewel, I've discovered a germ  
That burned and turned my sperm into worms  
Ah, filthy-ass maggots, with matches  
Oh, my God, I was thanking God it was the savage  
Yeah, that day I saw Nat Turner  
and I saw Christ, he was stalking around with a black  
burner

[Shabazz the Disciple]

Another time my mind dwelled on the spell  
I heard cries from the dead souls burning in hell  
Visions of their flesh drowning in the flood  
While under hallucinations, I've seen heads soaked in  
blood  
I snapped back to reality and dashed for my bible  
Opened it up in hurried confusion, reaching for survival  
But all of a sudden, I'm overpowered by that curse  
The songs that I've read have made my visions worse  
Seen a therapist, told him spirits tried to bury me  
Spilt what's on my mind, When I was done, he needed  
therapy  
He recommended a baptism, a sacrifice  
My soul rose to heaven, but was cast back down by  
Christ  
In forms of thunder, rain and heavy winds  
Not even the blood of Christ could cleanse the sins of  
men

[Killah Priest]

Huh, yeah, huh, oh

That was a state of confusion that we lived in  
I converted to over a thousand religions  
A permanent member to 6 million churches  
I'm still trying to repent from these curses  
Me and the Holy Wizard, we went and slept in the  
graveyard  
Remember that? We stayed up all night and played  
cards  
Now, I sit in the pit of cobras  
I'm writing rhymes in the stance of yoga  
Oh, my God, I played drums with the bones of  
Mohammad  
In three years, I grew a beard and roamed with a  
garment  
Yeah, what was that you said is evil?  
Ha ha ha ha, yeah, I was thinking the same thing  
Yeah, my choice is bleeding and he's stinking

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