

## **Blu** **"Amnesia"**

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I used to have Peace, serenity, teaching divinity  
Break bread, sipping the blood, eating with enemies  
Blind, pearl on my mind thinking we fittin' to be  
This, that, and the third Boy did I learn, tables turn  
Billy holiday burned down to play when my nerves  
drowned my folks away Swerving in the locomotive,  
far from my hopes and motives Back to boasting  
at shows to get a standing O From all the fans  
I know on some of that sapphire rapid fire  
soul stuff I used to hit 'em off with  
But now I'm some ol' "pay the toll" for the way  
I played the role Cautious when I lace a flow,  
cause, pose? think I'm painting codes  
Patience grown thin, home sick and haven't  
been home since Fuck a rapper, I'm an actor  
in a film called: "Leave me the fuck alone until  
I find a real job" Busting chrome grills off  
at these soft hearted breakbeats bouncing  
with 808's and gray ink Blue heart, red skies,  
true art died in the heart of my mind  
Kept trying to fulfill this, blank scribbled  
realness, even if it kills this Poet inside  
Used to speak sweet with sympathy Tease to  
mimic me, sunshine every line you ever sent  
to me Heaven sent, heavenly scent that later  
crippled me, shit Simple men don't learn,  
where was your empathy? Couldn't see the  
fork in the road Kept straight forward,  
straight towards a humble abode we both hate  
more Now that I fumbled and folded that  
open letter said "dead men walking don't  
dream" You taped yours, and you told me  
I could rent it Thought it was invented for  
my viewing pleasure Human error, the  
apprentice turned teacher, preacher turned  
God Couldn't reach ya, just a façade,  
the main feature Modified for blogs,  
podcast the past, hi-definition, she  
laughed Pass the message, now I'm guessing  
that the jokes on me Cause I'm the only  
one threatened The wretched by the windows  
sketching Pencil? the mural of the method,  
don't sweat it, techniques turning,  
burning incense Listening to Billy burn my  
intent, definitive days that turn my nights  
to fiction Frictionless, just a pen tryna  
pimp this stress, 'cause I couldn't keep  
a lid on my life Na~ve as the dry leaves  
on the ground, looking past the tree to the  
blue sky asking: Why me?

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