Avant Garde Soul "Rage Of Emotion"

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Like a ship that crashes against a wave, Or like a wind that strikes a wall, Tempers flaring, uncertainty is daring, A life I cannot call.

There are not enough hours in the day, To suit a heart' s delight, Sometimes when 24 may seem like 12, Still, this freaking life just ain' t right.

I' ve been dismayed before and that' s no joke, l' ve seen things come and go, People are crazy, the business is hazy, Advice for those who don' t know.

Endurance is real – without it you' ll fall, But temperance is definitely key, Sometimes silence is good, but who knows you would, Yet, blowin knowledge in the mic is me.

For the truth I speak, no freaking need to tease, A mortal mind has simple needs, Heaven high above is my true love, And tying a knot of hate I simply cannot feel.

I have several real goals to him in which I give, Before I lose all self control, For as long as I live my desire and my will, If I get them for heaven only knows.

For people are people and intelligence is high, How much of it will you sow and reap, Remember prayers and admissions only bless your soul, How much will you really keep?

(CHORUS)

Searching for love in all the wrong places, Lonely and despair I have found, I still canâ \in ^M t seem to find this love I seek, I still canâ \in ^M t wait till I land on solid ground. In regards to my travels or where I may someday go, There is no better place to be found, A spirit of pride, success, and joy, Cannot compare to what you' II find in the mound.

Searching for love in all the wrong places, I can tell you what I found, The moment you know when graduation shows, Is to have that $\hat{a} \in G$ olden Flava when you $\hat{a} \in G$ recoming out the mound $\hat{a} \in G$.

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