

Dalek "From Mole Hills"

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Basic blocks to breath topple under bare bleeding feet
Wince at stabbing pain in left lobe as mighty sword's
Unsheathed
Source of all life lies in East, the source of all life
Lies in East.
Feel the rumble of them bombed trains, third railed
From beneath
I walk with tattered scrolls on these I'll lonely
Streets
Babble last true tongue, could give a fuck where you
From
Travel torn path, swung as pendulum
Now my thread of life's come undone
Remember back when Uzi's weighed a ton?
Now ever kid's got one.
Dipped in platinum bathed in aggression
Succumb to last temptation
Lost all my patience
Peace to last bastion:
Afrika... Zulu nation.
Lyrics laced with oils from inner works of mental
Reservoir
The world in I'll discord
Pray to ancient ancestors
Pray to ancient ancestors.

Remember days of cardboard, fat lace, and krylon?
Microphones and twelves, tools we all relied on
Niggas dropped a verse, the thought was one to die on
I remember hip hop, that's my Mt. Zion.

Bygones be bygones so many souls wore thin
My world lies in famine, I wander with kinsmen
Through dismal slums of ignorance
Wash my hands in pool of absolution
Keep warm with torn blanket of revolution
Quite useless shut one's eyes once realized
You glide through this darkness
Embark upon this, solom crusade to save the only gift
Our God gave
The curse is manmade, designed to turn blessed to
Slaves

Forgave the weak minded two weeks into journey
Again travel untraveled road on scrapped knee
Broke bread with those bums who taught speech
In attempt to reach nirvana
Ye of poor karma,
None calmer in old age, young sage turn page on
brittle

Text

There's no time left
What must I stress?
Demons colorless, infest our own earth
Immersed in tainted dirt
Could never quite quench my own thirst for ancient
Drums
There lies a language in the noise and the hum
Prepare for martyrdom, prepare for martyrdom
I speak that ancient tongue
There lies a language in (the noise and the hum)

Remember days of cardboard, fat lace, and krylon?
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Niggas dropped a verse, the thought was one to die on
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Lost equilibrium, wish I fell to '85
Verbal vagabond blessed for being blind
Etched my paradigm in Sanskrit at age nine
So why these kids swear to God I'm unrefined?
Still swig from sacred liquid language
Poor as fuck but seem to manage
Non average urban savage
You living lavish when this world is pure survival
Best you hide in the corners of your mind for sitting
Idle
Breathing air is vital,
You pray to false idols
No feelings in recitals when you only search for titles
Feel so suicidal, but couldn't give you joy.
Four elements of this only for the B-boys (B-girls)

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