

## Bless 1

### "My Existence"

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#### Verse 1:

Underneath the ebony skin and muscle tissue  
Lies the inner core of my being, no eyes seeing  
Made to withstand intense pressure without scheming  
Blast holes in demons and send them to hell  
screaming  
Not the first of my kind been this way since the  
beginning of time  
Designed holy - need to get realigned  
Fifth of wine make my eyes turn glossy  
Grandfather shaking his head thinking to himself that  
he lost me  
Will them squandered years cost me, or will I learn  
from them  
New days approaching fast, can't run from them  
Sticking with my girl all these years  
She quoting movies saying, "All we got is all these  
years!"  
It's hard to show affection when you're used to  
refraining  
From displaying emotions, my shell's slowly decaying  
I felt a breeze blow through me like eagle wings  
Spit fire no amplifier listen the needle sings  
The globe responded as soon as I released  
Echoing the words I never unleashed  
Tossed another plate on the bar, increased my  
endurance  
It's easy now to raise the weight off my sternum

#### Chorus:

What's the meaning of my existence, the reason that I  
currently stand  
Breathe air, still walking this land?  
Could it be that my existence serves a purpose greater  
than I?  
Maybe I'm just digging too deep for why  
What's the meaning of my existence, the reason that I  
currently stand  
Breathe air, still walking this land?

Could it be that my existence serves a purpose greater  
than I?

Maybe I'm just digging too deep for why, for why, but  
why?

Verse 2:

Coveting wealth, sometimes grabs the best of me  
European sedans trimmed in lacquered mahogany  
Dreams of travel, snapping pictures for the memories  
Side effects when working from nine to five in misery  
Mechanical behavior, the clock slides forward  
Punching out and then we run fast towards  
Relaxation, but only if the job ain't important  
Otherwise we'd rather stay because our work is  
rewarding  
I refuse to make this journey a prison with the dollar as  
a warden  
Holding keys to doors not open  
Unequipped with all the answers, but I'm not done  
learning  
A deep thirst got my insides burning

Chorus

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