Desdamona "What I Might Say"

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I might say what I might say I might turn away Word warrior princess Don't feel like fighting today

Sometimes I wish I could be selfish but I don't live only for myself It's something that makes you become selfless When people tell you how they're affected by the message

There is no anonymity when the light is shining brightly I cannot hide

The spirit finds me

I cannot hide

The spirit finds me

Broken bones and stitches

Vocal tones and wishes

Invisible scars that cannot be traced to any one incident

My pressure pushes dents into the pavement Deep pressed, meshed with the caress of the funk

And the fresh, fresh, fresh

Transcending, bending syllables past the breaking point

A dope disciple of the funk

So high that I am the joint

Past the point of turning back

I move ahead from where I'm at

Controversial reversal of the typical status quo

It ain't where I'm from but more where I'm about to go

Rhythm intrinsic absorb the discord

Let it roll right through me

It's the new me

Everytime I speak forever changing

They can't keep up with me

Speak to reach through the blessed flesh

At my peak I greet omnipotent ancestors of the fresh

Seek and teach in remembrance of the rest

Peace beseech all thee to meet me at the crest

The same I am unlike the rest, the rest

Through my lips, my lips

My heart my chest, my chest My love, I do express, express This is a gift, a gift beyond comprehension Humbled I am that it was placed in my hand

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