

Sunstorm

"No Love Without Hate"

Visit "[No Love Without Hate](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus (x2): Hell Razah]

It ain't no love without hate

It ain't no peace without war

Ain't no madness without the sadness

So tell me where's the love peace and happiness?

[Prodigal Sunn]

17 days of confusion jostled in the wounds of evil

My lively technicality wins a race based on reality

See day and night is still a revolutionary war

Corruption Franklin Av bullets war thru your staff

I'm a side of a nation, risin without frustration

I'm caged in the belly of the beast, mind's trapped in
prison

A daily penitentiary, witness and tragedy

Sankes take after the murder rates and heart aches

Death stalks, bodies collide with the sidewalk

The young are triffel, true and lovin like a psycho

Visions of Heaven and Hell seen thru te eyes of 4th

Disciple

[Hell Razah]

My arrival to this planet, I was entitled to be physically
stranded

Mentally free now, this be the sound, I travel

Unravel, you babble, my head is the castle

Mind is the King, swords be the words

When I swing, attack you, like a guillotine that's
trapped you

Pass thru the Heavenly atmosphere, where I stare

Those who fear the truth interfere with lies

Our black nation must rise, worldwide like the 3rd eye

I be the law breaker, life or death maker, Haven Razah

Traitor, eliminator, wicked disintegrator, lyrical earth
quaker

Absorb me, shinin light is mandatory

I've got knowledge of my self, explanatory

Of course we be the Sunz of Man, deeper than quick
sand

Expand like gases on our masses of our land

[Chorus (x2)]

[Killah Priest]

As the world turns, I starve and burn, the pure child
Livin out of now, took a vow, became wise as an owl
Sent to guide the crowd, so let me go

and run this never-endin marathon from out babylon
But in disgrace, I'm movin at a slow pace
Gazin at the worldly things like a showcase
A trife names, like a dice game, can't roll an ace
I stack dice, my first sacrifice was the corrupt life
Since birth my old Earth erupted twice
Now she's up nights, while I'm downtown in Crown
Heights
with the clowns that puff pipes, kids scuffed up in
fights
Amongst thieves like Christ, Killah Priest, the black
judite

[60 Sec. Assassin]

First thought is the shit be whole apocalypse
Swordsmanship, the gift, unidentified flyin objects
Foggy like mist and trip 6 mounds in 5 sips
Radiatin to represent, takin over the world's testaments
The revolutionist, brainstorm, evolutionist
You've been comin off the punitive wars
Time to break laws, break off cubics like rubics
Then separate thru Chaka Khan movements with strikes
of a buddhist
Snatch this life, I save it, produce it
Quick swift to lose it, if you don't lose it, you lose it
dime
Difficult bread, inner serpents, superintendants like
juddhists
Behold the 60 Sec. talk, a/k/a the Assassinator
Hold the vital smoke and that's all

[Chorus (x3)]

Visit [Sunstorm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.