

Lojique

"Eastern Sky"

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Chorus:

I keep my eyes to the eastern sky
Those with the mark of the beast burn, die
Open the Book and we can each learn why
I keep my eyes to the, I keep my eyes to the

Verse 1:

(Othello)

Given the chance to meditate on life's purposes
Worthless is as worthless does, a fuzzy image of love
Turned promiscuous, when people suffer from lack of
knowledge
And death kills, pills swallowed smoothly in the
Form of ignorance, vision blurry motives might as well
not even exist
Plagued with sin, no system of defense
Not immune to blows dealt swift battered bruised
Cut and scarred for life, I lose
Turn to temporary supplements to fill the void
Cool and my gang celebrate before we're destroyed
Now I'm running into walls and hitting like Pink Floyd
'Cause I played the role of idiot no-brainer decoy

(repeat Chorus)

Verse 2:

(Page One)

Lord, restore my life back, like sight that you gave to
the blind
I must have a higher calling than to be a slave to the
grind
Living for weekends, die for vacations, and kill for cash
bonuses
But still only a single emergency away from
homelessness
Why is my number one preoccupation
The temple's preservation instead of its inhabitation?
Dying of dehydration, but don't know what I thirst for

Starving for revelation, but don't know what to search
for
What do I go to church for? 'Cause everyone goes?
Worshipping God, telling Him things He already
knows?
Who am I? A thousand years to me is like a day to Him
What could I even say to Him, that would be so
profound
It would earn me another jewel in my crown?
But to say that I hate myself, or hesitate to affiliate
myself
With the Most High would insinuate that with Him I
equate myself
Or even elevate myself, blasphemy
As for me, I'm submitting to the higher wil
'Cause when the trumpet sounds it won't be no fire drill
Worked all of my life to acquire skill
There's very few humans I can truly say I admire still

(repeat Chorus)

Verse 3:

(Othello)

Sometimes I feel as if I'm casting my pearls before
swine
To be devoured and left behind in a pile of feces
Only for me to retrieve and clean, disinfect and set
aside
Then placed back into my bag of tricks with my
countenance
Being slightly diminished, who's even listening to me
as I'm ministering
Probably only a small percentage
I might as well just finish because I spend more time
defending then uplifting
In the council of sinners and left-winged religious
elders
The sweet smelling fragrance of myrrh was never
meant to irritate or burn
Cause a rash of massive outbreaks all over my body
And give me more reason to turn away
If I was stupid, yo I would do it, but I know better to
press on through it

(repeat Chorus)

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