

Paradox

- part 1 -

Call me a weird one, but when I'm feeling sad,
it's like suddenly be alive, it also drives me mad.
It didn't happened yet, and I wonder, I do try to figure,
why am I still here, even I did push the trigger.

Cause now it really seems like, my life has a purpose.
But fuck that, it just makes me nervous.
It makes me responsible for the words to be said.
After I'm dead, I might be remembered for that.

I do have something to say, some fucked up shit,
about my fucked up head, this is some fucked up hit,
some fucked up story, about some fucked up people,
about my fucked up life, about some fucked up evil!

About those little people, living by the adults rules.
Any time they see fit, they treat us like some fools.
The one with a candy, was my best friend.
I wasn't smart enough to see I'm controlled by them.

There were so many moments I felt betrayed.
But did like nothing happened, because I got paid.
By presents on Christmas, the name day, the birthday.
If I keep my head down, I'll be OK!

Now I'm grown up, I finally see why people kneeling,
deaf to their feelings, while their soul is screaming.
Everybody wants to be happy, those who end up dreaming,
don't have the guts to be what they feeling!

Be straight, don't let fear to blind your mind.
Have faith, peace is the one you find.
Don't give up on it, because it ain't for free.
Be happy, that's a purpose of your destiny!

- part 1 -

Paradox

- part 2 -

"I kick the shit out of you you little fuck, do as I say!"

I obeyed, cause, I was afraid.

When you scared of something, you learn to lie.

When I lied, I even cried like I was afraid to die.

"Be a good Christian", that's what my father said.

Beating her, throwing a chair at her, my mother bled.

I should do what he says but I see what he does.

For me as a kid, that was some fucked up paradox!

I'm not a kid any more, no candy, no dad,

still fear and money try hard to make me deaf.

Despite that I do what my guts says, so I rap -

about my views, about my life and my father's death.

I admit I'm scared, I keep worrying about my future,
my impact is unknown, getting setbacks on this venture,
learning the truth about me, bad stuff I don't like to see,
but I rap about it now, so I can learn from me.

Democracy matters, those "nice" people said,

wars got started, countries got destroyed, thousands bled.

Shit I'm lost, I'm not a wizard from Oz.

I'm an adult now and this is some fucked up paradox!

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- part 2 -

Paradox

- part 3 -

Should I talk about it, share my feelings and feel right?
Should I hope things will change if I pray every night?
Should I keep quiet, pretend everything is all right?
Should I be like some, calling this a normal life?

Ask yourself, how much backbone you got left.
Ask yourself, how much it takes to make you deaf.
Ask yourself, how much it takes to make you lie.
I guess not much, when you live just to survive!

Regular people, telling me all about this wrong and right,
sucking to be liked, hurting feel might!
Eating shit, talking shit, getting depressed, trying to deny it,
even calling it peace, just because they keep quiet.

Those are trying to blame me, for telling them things straight.
It's the reason they might hate me, but I have faith.
I don't give up on it, for my own backbone sake,
you see I've learned my lesson, I'm not afraid to be...

...straight, don't let fear to blind your mind.
Have faith, peace is the one you find.
Don't give up on it, because it ain't for free.
Be happy, that's a purpose of your destiny!

- part 3 -