

## American History // The Land We Are

Carrying caskets carefully,  
I swear one day this darkness will be the death of me.  
I saw my brotha get shot, never will his soul be free,  
captured in the concrete, contorted, split sacrilegiously;  
Wooden home bought with wealth built disingenuously.  
But that's just another verse, same shit just told lyrically,  
syllables mouthing historical crimes they paint as fallacy.  
Blackfoot, Navajo, Cherokee,  
Uprooted them from places where settlers thought they weren't meant to be.  
They stole that shit thoughtlessly, fully aware of the hatred this was bound to breed,  
situated camps, tore the culture, wrote the formula used to supersede,  
to take and strangle profit from humanity.  
Take shit, twist it in ways it wasn't meant to be,  
A corporate beast who speaks in lyrics stolen,  
they condemned souls, planted them in wrongfully gotten soil,  
rooted and grown, chopped down and carved,  
polished, painted, and washed, constructed and sold,  
transformed into the weight I now carry so heavily.  
Man, I wish there was some other fuckin' sight I was supposed to see.

I spent my life growin' within this country,  
cultural memories of violence spread nothin' but misery,  
pain sproutin' just as intended—  
there's some shit in my heart that still hasn't mended.  
Like what am I supposed to say, to the mother that lost her son that day?  
Do I tell her to pray, whisper to the son of God for Anthony's way to the pearly gates?  
Try to convince the Lord that gangs were where he was meant to be,  
shooting his life away like the dice he used to play?  
Or the heroin he thought was a solution to his morbid fate?  
Instead, I think I need to speak more clearly,  
carve history into my philosophy, intermingle it with spirituality,  
educate the minds of people used industrially.  
Maybe then we can amend a history they so disgustingly  
corrupted with this narrative of colonization that has spread so infectiously  
that now we got a White House holdin' a roof over the heads of fuckin' Nazis.

So now all I ask is of you is to stand besides me,  
Step off the mound of bodies they used to construct this country.

Begin to tend to the roots, understand how we're the ground they build upon,  
the plain of love and artistic ability they fraud,  
the source of sweet scented community, yet somehow they have us fighting inward  
blowin' wind through the grass, pressin' it hard, keepin' us restricted to only a prayer to God,  
when in actuality, what we allow is all that's permitted to be.  
A ruler can't rule three hundred million pairs of feet,  
so stomp the ground so hard that the earth raises and with heaven it meets.  
Scream at the top of your lungs, bellow out that jazzy symphony.  
Handle the saxophone like the gun of Al Copone, let out the roar of the Panthers,  
blast bullets like hi-hats, steady tempo, keepin' rhythm  
with our hands of God, they'll never know what hit'em.  
When we uproot what they dug, together we'll sing our revolution,  
with each and every hand we can carry this coffin,  
makin' it weigh less than the pain they caused to craft it.  
I may blame myself, but that won't stop me from blastin' off the gasket  
and laying a fire so bright, it smolders history,  
leaves us with nothin' but the memory,  
of the warm hug of pure humanity.