

15) ruined for life...

INTRO (spoken word)

i find that time and time again, if my life isn't right with Him,
it's cuz i try to hide inside the confines of a lion's den.
denying i'm the finest gem, a diamond that can shine through sin,
a blinding fire when light is dim, fighting against the tide of men.
it might have been my buying in to the lie that i depend,
on store bought fortunes as the poor sought God through pious hymns.
i just provide the pen, the Almighty does the writing.
stumbling through the high weeds, i'm humbled He'd even invite me,
to recline and eat at life's feast, striding by people on side streets,
seeking heat from steam grates, but unable to find sleep.
i need change more than these blessed who beg for it,
and it's freely available, because that's the glory of what the Lord did.
but i ignore the story, since i don't trust He knows best,
extending a closed fist, groping for focus in my own mess.
broken motives left me feeling hopeless without dependencies,
so God, please help me, for with you i can do anything.

Verse 1

if i could scope a peek at my eulogy, i hope it'd read, "he used to be,
a dope-head freak who grew to speak to these teens truthfully,
and taught each youth to believe that God could even move through me.
the love he gave was duty free, it touched the page so beautifully.
it was enough to see a few achieve, so if it just reached two or three,
then their ears clearly steered him through the ambiguity.
we chewed the piece of fruit with eve, but he rose above his flawed nature,
saw through the grief to unity and chose to jot his thoughts on paper.
always game to drop his anchor, stop the day and talk to neighbors,
walked away when called to anger, would do a favor for friend or stranger.
confident with common sense, but modest in his accomplishments,
tried to fight for right despite the nonsense of consequence,
or the promise of a compliment, honest and competent,
a man who can stand under the banner this song presents.
conquered his selfishness, lived stronger than the jealous kid,
hating the pops who forgot to raise him when everyone else's did.
gave helping hands to relatives, fellowshipped with like minds.
biding time until he arrived to build with skill and tight rhymes.
took rage out on white lines, each page let his light shine,
a patron of the night blind, exposing a faith they might find."

HOOK

so this is a glimpse into the paradox of matthew,
a human who shared my thoughts for the minutes i passed through.
i filled an album full of words, but saved the final last few,
to urge all who heard, answer truly if someone asks you.
what would you like for them to say when you're gone?
what would you change if you could right your wrongs?
what would you pick if they played just one song?
what would you leave as your final so long?

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i'm not looking to live forever through these songs,
as long as i touch one, i'll gladly move along.