

Cataclysms

In my dreams, I've seen unimaginable events/
Crooked beliefs and traditions that are deeply entrenched/
Population decline intertwines with the rise in crime, the grit and
grime, and ultimately the end of time/ We're still at the end of the
line/

From being push to the back of the bus/ To leaders of the free
world, but still not completely free/ We're almost at the cusp/
Ghetto youth searching for their guardian angel/ Their anger boils
and overflows, 'til they're choked up and strangled/
Revolutionary thoughts are suppressed, because certain character
egos must be stoked and caressed/

Only in my dreams have I seen such cataclysmic events/

Our confused government hastens to ease the tensions of those
across seas and oceans/ While neglected are those that are
right here. Those that are closest/ Leaders are void of all integrity
because of the actions done on a whim/ See, sometimes it's easier to
fight for principles than to actually live up to them/

Only in my dreams have I seen such cataclysmic events/

Upon ships are bundles of mind-altering substances, from Colum-
bians and Peruvians/ Which lead to neighborhoods becoming war
zones, but that was all part of their foregone theories and conclu-
sions/

Young ones sitting on stoops, while older one's sit watching from
atop roofs/ Keeping a lookout for those in authoritative attire, while
hand-to-hand distribution transpires/

Only in my dreams have I seen such unimaginable cataclysmic events/

—Dawud Wilson