

The Jazz

Lyricalremedy

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Konnection

Rebirth

Giving Grace

Godly

Grateful

What Once Was

Understanding

Listen

Return Again

Same O'l Song..

Konnection

Our Luv built on the
Foundations of his melody
And my rhythmic whine,
Pulling us together in the
Ropes of divine..
Our treasures of Luv that we
Individually hold, intertwines in
The mist of him and I..

Rebirth

Children are the reset in humanity
Giving a chance to feel and
Love again, to laugh and be
Silly again, to play again,
To relax again, to be honest
Once More.

Giving Grace

It is true that when some things in life are
Expected, we take for granted their
Goodness..
Our awoken mornings become an expectation,
Our consumption of convenience becomes
A privilege..
We take for granted our love ones
Love..
We take for granted our success and
Existence..
And the more and more we are exposed to
The very things that keeps us whole
The more their
Essence become
Invisible..

Godly

I do not need to seek the pyramids
Because the pyramids are within me..
The land I wear as my Garment
And the Sky is my home..

Grateful

Love is his touch that I can feel when he isn't present..

His kiss that I feel when I think of him..

His comfort that warms me..

His words that fills me..

And our memories that strengthen me..

I am Grateful for his love.

What Once Was

*His inner child weeps for Freedom,
For Peace, for Joy,
To be..
Lost and trapped in his own shadows
A corner is where he is forgotten..
A heart tarnished and child suffrage from what
He's become..*

Understanding

It is easy to place blame
And point the finger,
But tug of war is only
Fun until someone loses..

Listen

*He tells me ascend my daughter,
My son..
For you are the child of the Almighty,
The Creator of All things..
Here, there are no limitations, here
Dreams do come true, If you believe and
Trust in me
Like I believe and
Trust in you..*

Return Again

*When we do not love
Ourselves, it is
Impossible to love..
Because self is the
Embodiment of nature within the
Clouds,
And once departed from its
Home, the fields of the land
Gloom..*

Same O'I Song..

*Broken spirits and lost souls..
Broken families and teary eyes
With no one to wipe them..
Babies cry and unpresent parents creates
The same dark pattern..
My people are mentally chained, generation after
Generation. So blinded by the multimedia, they
Lose sight of themselves and become numb to their
Surroundings.. Indoctrinating the mind with poison and
False beliefs.
A generation of people believing in them, but not
HE.
The sheeps being lead to destruction and illusion..
When will they awake and realize it ain't about the
Clothes, location, or the car you ride, but what you feed
Your soul and mind.
Our true freedom is within not external..
Anything outside of us is deceptive and artificial.
And until we understand that life is beyond what see,
The same o'l song will continue to
Repeat.*