Unforgivable Youth (feat. Jason Evigan)

Lupe Fiasco

This world, my heart, my soul
Things that I don't know
The icicles they grow
They never let me go
Scars are left as proof
But tears they soak on through
Things I've done
My young
My unforgivable youth
With land on the horizon and passion in their eyes and
What they think are islands are much more in their size and
Bountiful and plentiful and resource to provide them
Supplies slim, morale once so heavily inside them
Now steadily declining
Return is not an option as necessity denies them
With this they choose to dive in
Now along the shore and so aware of their arriving
Are the children of this land prepared to share in their surviving
A pageantry of feathers stands his majesty with treasure
Not the material things of kings that could never last forever
But secrets of the spirit world and how to live in harmony together
Unbeknownst to him his head would be the first that they would sever
And stuck up on a pike up along the beach
Kept up as a warning to the rest to turn away from their beliefs
And so began it here. And for five hundred years
Torture, terror, fear 'til they nearly disappear
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My unforgivable youthWays and means from the trade of human beings
A slave labor force provides wealth to the machine
And helps the new regime establish and expand
Using manifest destiny to siphon off the land
From native caretakers who can barely understand
How can land be owned by another man?
Warns, "One can not steal what was given as a gift;
Is the sky owned by birds and the rivers owned by fish?"

But the lesson went unheeded, for the sake of what's not needed
You kill but do not eat it
The excessive and elitists don't repair it when they leave it
The forests's were cleared, the factories were built
And all mistakes will be repeated
By your future generations doomed to pay for your mistreatments
Foolishness and flaws, greed and needs and disagreement
And then you rush to have the most, from the day you left your boats
You'll starve but never die in a world of hungry ghostsThis world, my heart, my soul
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My unforgivable youthAs archaeologists dig in the deserts of the east
A pit a hundred meters wide and a hundred meters deep
They discover ancient cars on even older streets
And a city well preserved and most likely at its peak
A culture so advanced, and by condition of the teeth
They can tell that they were civil, not barbaric in the least
A society at peace. With liberty and justice for all
Neatly carved in what seems to be a wall
They would doubt that there was any starvation at all
That they pretty much had the poverty problem all solved
From the sheer amount of paper, most likely used for trade
Everything's so organized. They had to be well behaved
Assumed they had clean energy, little to no enemies
Very honest leaders with overwhelming sympathies
Religions kinda complex. Kinda hard to figure out
But this must be the temple
This White HouseThis world, my heart, my soul
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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