

Enlightenment Earned

You can't unmake a made mind, and made men ain't made, I've felt bleedless cuts immune to all pain.

Force fed frustration witnessed the code wane finding it hard to grasp the fact that I'm still sane.

When raindrops sent the blood of my brothas down storm drains, I abandoned the humble beginnings in which I first came.

How can I recognize the light that I've never seen, see I know firsthand that the devil has pretty wings.

My whetted third eye recognized all of his schemes, solidifying the fact that I'm more than a human being.

Peace
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Sovereign King Allah
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