

## Covenant

This is a covenant  
For all my cousins and brothers and sisters lovin' it  
I wanna see some hip-hop heads in government  
I swear to God; *we* should be runnin' it, instead of this  
Fundamentalist son of a bitch; twisted Neo-Cons  
Holdin' a fleet of bombs worse than Vietnam  
I wanna be like John Lennon singin' freedom songs  
Come on, people, *respond* if you're feelin' me; reach for the ceilin'  
Increase your ability to rebel against  
The tyranny of military intelligence  
Pre-emptive strike isn't a synonym for self-defense  
Go tell it to the skeletons who live in a prison of limited vision  
This is, and it isn't, a metaphor  
I wanna see some freestyle battles instead of war  
I wanna feel like real peace is what we're headed for  
Instead of a settled score  
Let's invent a better agenda than this endless vendetta

When the gold rush is over the covenant's comin'  
To get some hopes up, and get some parties crackin' wide open  
Like some coconuts, and get some crowds goin' nuts  
If you know what I'm goin' on about then let me know it!

This is a catalyst  
For this tragedy of common extravagance  
This is critical mass, and when it collapses  
We'll be livin' as savages, after the cataclysm  
When this planet isn't inhabitable we'll reminisce  
About a state of existence that isn't primitive  
Like day and night, when the light cycle is limited  
This is definitive, but it isn't inevitable  
If we get committed to better alternatives  
The trick is learnin' to live with impermanence  
We better get this jet ready for some turbulence  
But whose concern is this? When the engine is burnin'  
Then everyone begins turnin' to survivalists  
But any vital statistics I try to list  
Get dismissed as pessimistic; it's idleness  
That's why defiance is justifiable  
This fight is final so I define this alliance as tribal

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This is a battle cry  
I'm tryin' to rally the gadflies to ask why  
Society has to be stratified; that's right  
We're like the Last Samurai attackin' a line of cannons  
Tryin' to find some kind of advantage or leverage  
And the watchword is cock-sure irreverence  
So we're lookin' to hip-hop for deliverance  
'Cause the cycle never ends; it just goes right to the beginning again  
After extinction level events are introduced  
Like a riot with a few quiet interludes.  
When the fight has been moved to your living-rooms  
Then what'cha gonna do? This revolution isn't a coup  
It's a mood you gotta get into when the trial ends  
Mahatma Ghandi style with non-violence  
But it's a wildin'-out song now, 'cause silence  
Would leave us environmentally like the last Polynesians survivin'  
On Easter Island, so keep freestylin'

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This is a testament  
To the infinite potential of citizens  
To get together and begin settlin' differences  
Instead of splittin' like The Commitments; Lauryn hit it when she said, "Hypocrites  
Always wanna play innocent;" it's no excuse  
These evasive clichés are over-used  
It's been makin' me crazy enough to blow a fuse  
But the grass is growin' roots, and after this moment of massive  
Over-graspin' is over, we'll know what to do to moderate  
And all this faith in technology is not the way  
We've gotta change the way we operate and stop the waste  
'Cause it's not safe, and often the race to the bottom is automated  
When the way to the top is difficult  
Hate it or not, your response is pivotal  
You could stay sedated and watch and say it's pitiful  
Or get involved with it and build critical skills  
And get your representatives ready for this political will

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