



Show Notes for TPoL001

LEMME INTRODUCE MYSELF

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This week's scripture memory:

"The thief only comes to steal, kill, and destroy. I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly," John 10:10 (WEB) [*or memorize it in whichever translation you prefer*].

Next week's reading:

- 1) John 17:3
- 2) John 3:36
- 3) Matthew 19:29

Listen to my other music! (available on all digital music services)

- **Response** by Thani and UFO Funk Band ([Spotify](#), [Apple](#), [Bandcamp](#), [Soundcloud](#))
- **An Apple a_Ay...** by Thani ([Spotify](#), [Apple](#), [Bandcamp](#), [Soundcloud](#))
- **kirakira** (feat. Thani) by unduller ([Spotify](#), [Apple](#), [Bandcamp](#), [Soundcloud](#))
- **indigo light** (feat. Annie AbuHamad) by unduller ([Spotify](#), [Apple](#), [Bandcamp](#), [Soundcloud](#))

Hear His Voice

write the story of a crippled cricket
and hear his voice

suffocated cries of silent grief
up through the night, pleading for sleep
ground still wet with the chartreuse ink
of memories from dreams only dreamt
and of tears the freshest
he couldn't stomach being dressed in
'round his friends
but in desperation dared
to share them with the stars
'cause God's watching

write the story of a reddening leaf
and hear his voice

angered critiques of others' mistakes
fending off the boos of the crowd
ghosts from a misremembered past
agonized by their certain forsaking
implores his brothers to stay, saying,
"enjoy the vine, my beloved!"
but come the heat of high sun
and he gives in to despair
the first to fall away
nothing in his veins

write the story of a blundering butler
and hear his voice

deeply confused; wearily bruised
he falls; forming faults in his lungs
found the fun of forfeiting food
now favors fantasies on his tongue
ones of huddling in his Master's covering
sharing His inmost, he knows,
is both expensive and free:
priceless and costly.
only a minute of pain
is the price of life

The Price of Life by Thani

[Verse 1: Thani]

Been thinkin' 'bout the time Death and I first met
Arrested in the last breath of the corpse on my left
Daniel peaced before the baton fell
12 years of life had nuthin' to offer
to help me cope with a soul's departure
At the time, jus' glad I ain't know him
I ain't envy his friends sacked by a halo
Then eyes close (woah)

Woke up in a sea of sad faces
His photo in the cove of an open black case
Never heard his sax play so low
Sheen o' da keys mirrored da twinkle on each cheek near me
Mouthpiece ain't squeaking
See now I'm fearin' one of these things ain't like the others
House quiet ('cause the pipes obstructed)
Decade later (plumber still ain't comin')
Thinkin' all this water's gonna one day flood up
Been naggin' my landlord 'bout that
Lookin' back, you could say his death gave me life
Took an axe to the barren faith inside
A flame inspired by this shook aback brain of mine
Now hear the choir

[Verse 2]

Out of place with this suit pristine and some dirty beats
On da mic stupid dumpin' all this filth out my mouth

I ain't have no bib

Hands so skittish, no kiddin'

"Am I foolish?"

But I'm Van Gogh with the band flowin'
from my blue lips

Seem like errybody's my new biggest fan, yo

Seem like errybody's future (future)

in my hand so, Thanos

I pass God a prayer,

then start huntin' stardust in the air

This gift in my grip, it exists to declare

that my Bruh upstairs up-and-comin' beware

"Melodies for Lebanese" to share this inheritance

It's perilous (my skill)

This ain't arrogance (I will)

tear and barrel through this world

with my flair and two scripture

Out-of-context, if I'm honest

But it seemin' like He blessin' every project

that I launch, yeah

If I put my heart there, like a marvel

All I want accomplished, I assemble

My potential's monumental

I'll invent some kinda trend

with just my pencil and a pestle

I won't rest 'til erryone sees my genius

I mean, I mean my Jesus

In the meantime, peep these lyrics

Yes, really "fresh from the Spirit"

Hindsight 'splains why I had the gall to sit on top the planet

Truth be told, I really had it all and took it all for granted

Always assumed that havin' friends, yeah, was a given

To live different God'd have to kill my standard

[Verse 3]

Another year would prove to me
He's a capable assassin
The butchered text chain of a desperate conversationalist
stared back and a lil' sickness, sadness, n' sorrow
united to slay my misconceptions
My mind's detained by her older sister of the same name
Was the same game I'm always playin'
Guess I was lonely, 'cause I blew it
God said, "if it ain't broke: break it"
'Stead of verbalizing, I prescribed some
Visual codeine to revive my heart
I am sorry, but my entire body
is writhin', I gotta find a doct-

[Verse 4]

But forget all that, studio day is here
Must've been overreactin', opportunity's knockin', 'migo
Came back strong on the outer, trauma on the inner
Dis da pinnacle o' hypocritical cripple
Gilded capsule catchin' every syllable
gamblin' wit the wool
guised in epiphany
goin' off on enemies
Keen eyes all around me
like synchronized choreography
Needles' pirouettin' to the best in Denton
Brass peekin' through the glass
so clean sound
Each bounce of the spacebar
my labors fadin' in the space
amidst the wall o' albums of the greats
and changin' the face of CHH
But release day came; ain't nobody say my name
Release day came; stacks on stacks of wasted grace
Release day came and I'm back in the locker room
My favorite truth is the kind I don't gotta prove
My debut has made me out to be a martyr who
worked himself to death jus' to harvest some rotten fruit

[Verse 5]

J'pensais que j'pourrais être un pont pour aider le monde
Et ce soir chuis debout sur le rail prêt à renoncer
"Why do I keep writing songs?" (ain't nobody listening)
« Sept mètres peuvent mettre fin à ma peine quotidienne »
J'ai l'vertige, donc mon objectif se déplace plutôt vers la route
Aucune voiture ne passe ; le pianissimo m'effarouche
Les murmures de Dieu pullulent au vent
mais autant en emporte le vent, franchement
Alors, l'homme est du bois dont on fait les bûchers
Donc, cet homme des bois connaîtra l'orchestre d'escorte
« Oh la faim, emporte-moi au repos ! »
Peut-être les arbres de la forêt rendrez mon âme penaude
Une louve est sortie de ma tombe prochaine
M'a donné un petit coup d'coude à l'abdomen
Par l'éclat de sa fourrure, elle m'a conduit à la maison
J'voulais qu'elle parle, mais pas un mot
(mais pas un mot)

[Verse 6]

As the day breaks
feelin' safe wrapped in blankets
Prayin', jus' prayin'
to change summin'
Been slavin' over full-scale exposure
Remainin' stone cold under fire
No wonder steam comes out my ears
I know we've all been tatted with the ink of great failure
But I've been wonderin' if this cardboard is God's will
'cause home is where my art is
But if home is where my heart is
I can put my feet up anywhere
'cause He is everywhere

[Verse 7]

24 years closer to freedom from this tether
When I write my last line, I'll remember
'bout the afterword of my biography
and what happened to me isn't as important
as what I think

Daniel taught me that clocks can stop
Minute hand snags; the gavel drops

Also taught my first flaw:

I'm heartless; tear ducts faulty
distraught with the nonchalance

That's when I learned 'bout eternal purpose

The open-mic night taught me that I'm divinely stocked

With a taste aboundin' for arranging sounds
and my talents got power; hours wicked

That's when I learned to cash in on what I'm gifted

That fateful message taught me to be myself
and loneliness, it ain't good!

I'd talk funny to charm honies

Stop everything; get wedlocked at twenty

That's when I learned I'm not healthy

(not healthy, not healthy)

But Panhandle taught me that nuthin' is for certain

Thousands of dollars and thousands of hours

but thousands don't know my poems

That's when I learned I don't need a legacy

if God recalls my songs

The wolfess taught me I'd been stripped of nearly everything

I don't have control over anything

'cept how I'm spendin' the minutes God's given

That's when I learned the time today is all we have, innit?

That night on the porch taught me to be quiet and listen

Life is hard, but there's always hope in Him

Life's so hard, but there's always sum' we stand to lose in a fight

That's when I learned the price of life

(Death to my dreams)

(Death to my dreams)

(Here's to the death of my dreams)

(Death to my dreams)

Verse 5 translation

ORIGINAL FRENCH	ENGLISH TRANSLATION
J'pensais que j'pourrais être un pont pour aider le monde	I thought I could be a bridge to the help the world
Et ce soir chuis debout sur le rail prêt à renoncer	and tonight, I'm standing on the rail ready to give up
“Why do I keep writing songs?” (ain't nobody listening)	--
« Sept mètres peuvent mettre fin à ma peine quotidienne »	“Seven meters can end my daily pain”
J'ai l'vertige, donc mon objectif se déplace plutôt vers la route	I'm dizzy, so my objective moves toward the road
Aucune voiture ne passe ; le pianissimo m'effarouche	No cars pass; the pianissimo scares me
Les murmures de Dieu pullulent au vent	God's whispers abound in the wind
mais autant en emporte le vent, franchement	but frankly it's gone with the wind
Alors, l'homme est du bois dont on fait les bûchers	man is the wood from which stakes are made
Donc, cet homme des bois connaîtra l'orchestre d'escorte	So, this man of the wood will know the escort orchestra
« Oh la faim, emporte-moi au repos ! »	“Oh, hunger, take me to rest!”
Peut-être les arbres de la forêt rendrez mon âme penaude	Maybe the trees of the forest will return my sheepish soul
Une louve est sortie de ma tombe prochaine	A wolfess exited from my future grave
M'a donné un petit coup d'coude à l'abdomen	gave me a nudge in my abdomen
Par l'éclat de sa fourrure, elle m'a conduit à la maison	by the shine of her fur, she led me home
J'voulais qu'elle parle, mais pas un mot	I wanted her to speak, but not a word
(mais pas un mot)	(but not a word)