

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY

THROUGH THE PAIN CAN YOU SEE SELF-INFLICTION,
THROUGH THE RAIN CAN YOU SEE SELF-ADDICTION,
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR
OWN DEMISE, STRUGGLING THROUGH LIFE ITSELF AS
ITS OWN SELF-PRESCRIPTION, THINKING THAT YOU'LL
FIND YOUR NEXT HIGH, IS THESE THOSE FEELINGS IM
POURING OUT OF MYSELF THE NEXT ME, OR IS IT S
-SOMEONE OR SOMETHING THAT'S HARD TO SEE, MAKE
IT HARD TO BECOME THE ANIMAL IN AN ~~OR~~ CAGE
{HARD} TO SET FREE, ON THE OUTSIDE I MIGHT BE
AS SOLID AS A BOOK, BUT ON THE INSIDE IM ONE
OF MANY DEVILS, IN THE FORM OF AN CROOK,
BLACK AS MY THOUGHTS MAY BE, WHO IS REA
-LLY INNOCENT IN A WORLD WHERE AM BLACK
MAN CANT REST HIS FEET, CAUSE WHEN IM DEAD
{GONE, HOW CAN I RIGHT MY WRONGS, WILL I
HEAR SORROW {GRIEF, OR DISASTER IN THE STREETS,
EITHER WAY I FEEL I HAVE COME TO LATE, TO
SEE THE WORLD FOR WHAT IT TRULY IS, A
TRUE HELL ON EARTH, I GUESS I SHOULDVE
STAYED ON TOP OF THE CASE.

AM