

# Prison is

Prison is a place where innocent men develop the mind of the guilty,  
Victims become prey from the fear in their eyes amongst the heartless,  
Trapped in the mist of my past thoughts were happiness no longer exist

Tears released in the shadows of pain and hope is a feeling of freedom,  
Visions of family moments knowing life goes on without me,  
Anger is the center of attention from the lack of family love

From boy to man to becoming criminal to convict,  
Sentence to spend life in the can,  
The weak mind finds romance from another man,  
The strong mind remains faithful to his hand

Prison is where gun shots ring off from the tower above,  
Who ever remains standing will be shot!  
Somebody head got busted open!  
good old fashion sock and lock smash'n

Expecting a visit today from the Angel of death!  
My name wasn't called so maybe tomorrow,  
There's no such thing as bad news,  
When everyday is a moment of blues

By, Charles E. Jackson Bay  
# [REDACTED]