

Casket or them Chains

I think alot and ask myself,
Like, 'who's really here?,'
All them times I needed you
but you wasnt there,
It just really opened my eyes
and made my vision clear,
Thinkin' back through the years,
the ground crack from heavy tears,
Dammit I wish you was here
'cause these days just aint the same,
I know they pointin' there fingers
like it's you to blame,
But when you playin' with fire
you get caught in flames,
Casket or them Chains
man it happens when
you play the game.

- Suliva S. Hung