



Search



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the harder the stuff the deeper the hole, the mess gets worse the older we grow , like a car from tarseal to gravel, i sit in silence and watch your life unravel, warnings not heeded , speechs made in vain, its more than one who feels your pain , sitting here head bowed in silence ,fighting to overcome to the potential for violence , as far as answers go its not the best , but not all sollutions turn out the best, you gave up on mary and choose the devil, from there the odds stacked ,nowhere near level , a lesson learnt is one not forgotten, unless you have fried your brain and its all rotten, seek out your real mates put down the pipe , open your present the gift that is life,helps there if you want it never be scared to ask but now my brotha i must turn my back, and leave you alone to walk in the dark



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