Little People

The Procussions

(Mr J Medeiros)
Envision the prison of age
where the apparent disposition
is that of a parrot commissioned to live in a cage
who hits the parents when decisions are made
to not listen and they got their fist in opposition to fair play
must be in your submission to rage
you became a victim the same way
the system done gave way
inflicting the same pain
your convicted and cant blame
recondition your brain till your convinced you can change
understandably wishin family tradition wont land you in a position
where you feelin the rain
lonely without a home, cus now your childs grown
wearing a milestone like its the only tie you own
crying when your alone
hoping that God forgives you, wondering if your kids do
no one should have to live through
the violence that you been through
the fight that's still within you
its time to make things right and free the child that lives in you.(Hook)
hear me...see me...
do you even know i'm still breathing
i listen to the sounds of a TV.
the only thing that really wants to reach me
daddy listen...mommy please...
there must be a better way to raise me
i'm yelling till my ears can't hear me
into a silence that kills me(Stro)
there billy stands in twenty below gripping his coat
that froze two hours ago
dramatic i know, but cold ain't it, seven year olds waiting
takes another look at a picture that lost time painted
we say put it away i can't look at it
the truth stings a little when you look at it
we're creating a mold of bad habits
when the teacher got eleven year olds that blast at 'em
and the world tunes in just then

listening to every word daddy should have heard at age ten
then daddy wonders where it all began
he could call you a father, but couldn't really ever call you a friend
you worked hard to provide a home for good living
and you figured, that's all that you really had to give 'em
now, if you don't know much know this
all work, no play, far cry, near miss(Hook)(Rez)
it was once said that the
grass will weather and the flower will fall down
and every man must pass when his number gets called
but when a child takes his life that type of logic don't work out
a flower never chose to pluck its own pedals out
and through out of the tears it gets so clear
that the son i held dear i lost somewhere
between my work passion and a child size casket
it's hard to grasp when these dreams keep flashing his
cold foot hanging from a stainless steel table and
a white sheet stain with a mothers pain a grief
and every day i wake to face this feeling of pain
so i milk the scapegoat to easy this feeling of blame thinking
what kind of man am i? what kind of mother were you?
what kind of life did we subject our child to?
wishing i would have listened i would have probably seen clues
praying for salvation that his soul could sure use(Hook)

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