# Adolescence Repressed

## Remembering Never

Sometimes murder seems so close.
Did you think if I let it slide I am not the same person?
Year to year I never grew up right.
Childhood bliss, hardened heart.
I am not the same.
Day to day burdens of repetitive violence.
You are the king of the block.
Who am I?
Don't let me see you alone.
Don't blink, I am damned if you blink.
Walk with others or walk with the devil.
I swear you will pay for your sins.
Good things happen to those who wait.
I have waited long enough.
Die for everything you have done.
You lived by the gun.
I hope you die by one.
I have a conscience or I would do it myself.
I have a conscience or I would do it myself.
I am never the same.

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