

# My Testimony

Arne Weinberg

With no hopes and my will to live  
Barely a care in this world to me  
I found a way, kidnapped and confined  
Within a system designed  
To destroy the innocent child that I use to be  
It stripped me mentally naked  
Embarrassing my mommas first born  
Did I deserve that kind of fate?  
Was all that was happening to me  
Really written in the powerful  
And almighty book of life?  
I don't think so my tears would  
Soak the pages that I write upon  
If I couldn't close the windows  
To my soul and stand strong  
In the midst of these storms

Maybe my story is in some way  
Or another familiar with yours  
Is that why this ain't even a song  
But yet you still, you wanna here this once more  
I play this every time I wanna reflect from  
Which I've come from, to help me see  
Where it is I'm trying to go and even though  
Grandma and our sisters left me some time ago  
I still go by and sit on the front porch  
As if I don't even know but I'm getting better  
My mom, my two sisters, Ebony and Tanya  
Destiny, man, I got Mikey and Shocker now  
My homeboyz and those  
That love me regardless  
Diary of a sinner, another entry  
I guess I'll finish this tomorrow

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