

Pity The Plight

Plan B

Intro

Picture the face of your fellows
Too long a bed with no sleep
With their complex romantic attachments
All look on their sorrows and weep
They dont get a moments reflection
Theres always a crowd in their eye
Pity the plight of young fellows
Regard all their worries and cry
Their crusty young mothers were lazy perhaps
Leaving it up to the school
Where the moral perspective is hazy perhaps
And the climate; oppressively cool
Give me some acre of cellos
Pitched at some distant regret
Pity the fate of young fellows
And their anxious attempts to forget Verse 1
These are the tears of a thug like murky water
Crying tears as clear as mud for his fathers daughter
His half-sister; he felt obliged to support her
Since her mum was poor and his dad died even poorer
Separated until she was 8 years old
He knew as soon as he saw her
That he adored her, so hes baying for blood with a borer
And an automatic weapon; Smith & Weston
Thatd split a fucking hole in your chest then hes been looking to corner
The perpetrators responsible for a killing
Now hes finally got em where he wants em
Blood will start spilling
The atmosphere in the air tonight is chilling
The blanket of stars above their heads in the sky feels like a ceiling
Slowly crushing down on em as the terror starts progressing
That leaves the youngest of the two open to his suggestion
Only 13 years old; pubescent adolescent
About to learn a very harsh and depressing lesson Verse 2
These are the tears of a wanna-be thug
Crying tears as thick as blood cause his elder set him up
To take the fall and now hes stuck with no way of getting out
Cause even if there was a way hed still want to vent this anger out

Without a doubt these streets are rife with corruption
Young minds get corrupt even so easily fucked that only leads to destruction in the end
False assumptions that people have your back makes you believe their your friends
All though some represent; no one can be trusted
One double O per-cent cause some thugs will go to lengths
To get revenge
Even if it means manipulating youths to carry skens and do the dirty work for them
The kind of work for men
That route the dark is past
Not impressionable young children that never had a chance
Growing up in his manors most are doomed from the start
Cause the minds of their peers are as ill as their hearts

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