

December 21st

Souls In Chains

(Intro)

Im sorry,

To anyone this may involve,

To anyone this may hurt,

Im sorry,

I didnt mean for things to turn out like this,

It just happened,

Im sorry.(Verse1)(jD)

If I remember correct was December 21st, 1999 melatonin cortisol conversed, Just a snot nose kid, 8 at the time,

Maybe four foot five blond hair to my eyes, Woke up Aladdin sheets on a pissed stained mattress, Younger brother in the top bunk still asleep backwards, Blood stains on the walls dawn beatin through my window, Cant belive memories of something so simple, Layin still heard a scream, Eyes open up, Slowly shut, In my dreams, Lonely us, Pupils connected with the cucifix now, Hanging from a hook on my ceiling its Lucifer now, Clutch my sides bend my knees and cover myself with blankets, Heard another scream momma took a swing at poppas facial, Fighting in thee other room I pray for silence mind is feeble, Blind but not deaf intertwined with the roots

of all evil.(Hook)

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

My momma she was going to shcool to become a doctor, she'd always suffer from depression, panic attacks, anxiety and what not I mean she was sick. I remember back, I was about 10 she chased my dad into the street with a shovel swung and hit him in the face. Right in front of me, I was 10 years old, 10.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.(Verse2)(jD)

Im scarred I hear my momma crying daddas yellin' wish to God endure these fights are seldom, Restriction of the tear glands I can hardly help it, 7:13 not a second past, Watch my life stop, Count my seconds back, Resort to acrimony screams the Devils at large now, Ask my self the very question am I Satan's or Gods child, Pick my head up surface the covers, 3 feet above me in a peaceful sleep my little baby brother, Fall a thousand feet back down nothings certain, eyes interpret, Starin up, walls brushed the yellows of urine, Watery eyes blurry and burnin, Medulla infested with serpants that flourish, A ray of Eden truth in the trees hidden but slippin' through the blinds and the white curtains, Perception, Loud fast foot steps in the next room, Paniced, Cant sit still listen for next moves, Felt a crash against the wall knocked books off shelves, Shattered the mirror glass fell to the

floor lost sight of myself.(Hook)

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

I remember alot of nights my parents would get loud and either my mom or the niehbors would call the cops. These stupid pricks would come into my house, arrest my dad, question me and my brother. And at school the next day Id have to front with these rich private school kids like we live the same lifestyles, and that went on for

nine years, nine.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

Now for the first days, Safety left of course, Whats the hurry, One love remaining, Waiting on one love, Have you got it, Have you got it in you.

(jD)(Spoken)

The truth is we never really had much never had anything just enough to get us by, and we were happy that way.

That is, until the medication stopped working.(Verse3)(jD)

Hear momma screamin for police I know no help is comin, Cut the phone cords last night so no help can ever touch us, Sick of hindin' in the closets under beds down the street, Sick of cryin' through the nights cause my dadda has to leave, sick of school the next day rich kids bitchin' about they perfect lives, lived most of my days in poverty no purpose or drive, Humiliation, They use to laugh at what Im from, Layin here beneath these blankets, contimplatin madness my familys become, Almost 8:00 o'clock seconds slow as screaming stops, Open my eyes quiet not a care not a thought, Brother wakes up tears fall from my eyes, My body is still I cant move cant escape from the screams in my mind.(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

My father use to beat me, hit me with what ever he could get his hands on. So I learned to runaway alot. I never really gave a shit what people saw when they looked at me, I had to grow up quick just me and my brother that all there was, I feel for any kids who been through shit like us, Anyone who see's and paints a sky green and fields blue ought to be sterilized, Fuck them

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.

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