

The Stress of This Place

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That's what you see when you look at my face
I look tired and at the same time excited
Afraid of the bad dreams so when sleep comes I fight it
So I wake up exhausted with yesterday's fears
But I can't show weakness in here so I make sure to hide my tears
I hold tight to my faith but it's getting hard
Constantly praying to the Parole board as if it were my God
I feel as if I have gone blind within my own mind
Please can anyone credit me a stick, a pill, or a line
Because I have to leave here somehow
TPM or PED? Hell No! I Mean Right Now!
I don't even know how much time I have left
But will I be free before there is another family death
Seems like the bad moments never stop
There's a block on my phone and I can't afford to use a flop
And I think the mail man must have quit
Unless they're calling my name and I just don't hear it
But she told me she'll patiently wait
Then why am I so angry, depressed, anxious, and full of hate
Am I a paranoid MCH 5 with suicidal tendencies
Because it seems like I am surrounded by nothing but the enemy
I feel as if my whole life has gone to waste.....
Or is it just the stress of this place*

The Wordist - WAM

