

The Stress of This Place" Pt. 3

*Stress got my blood pressure high
And the sick call lady says that I could stroke out and die
Can't exercise because I ain't seen the yard in days
And at chow call there's a special diet on my trays
Ain't nothing on the Kiosks Healthy
It's either too sugary or way too salty
But I pray that I don't get too sick
A box full of bubble packs and going to finger stick?
I hope my body doesn't go through some traumatic event
Because I know I won't receive the proper treatment
Tell me how come the doctors don't speak good English
Then how am I supposed to comprehend my diagnosis
Every quarter they draw my blood to run a test
And until I get the results my nerves are a mess
Hoping that I don't receive any bad news
But at this point of my incarceration what more can I loose
It's probably just another one of my paranoid reactions I suppose
But will I die on this place? Only fate knows
Could I be assuming the worst in haste.....
Or could it just be the Stress of This Place?*

*The Wordcut
Wan*

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