

SLAVE PLANTATION PRISON D.C.

I AM THE FORGOTTEN LOCKED AWAY IN A PLANTATION
PRISON BOX

PUNISHMENT FROM THE HUMAN MINDS OF MEN
THEM WANTING ME TO BE WHO I'M NOT

I AM THE SINS OF MY FATHERS

A CHILD OF THE LOST

TO HEAR MY VOICE NO ONE BOTHERS

PUT AWAY IN A PEN, SILENCED AT ALL COSTS

I HEAR CURSES FROM THE MOUTHS OF MEN

AS THEY MAKE MONEY FROM MISTAKE

THEIR POCKETS GETS FAT AS THEY SIT BACK

AND GRIN

STIRRING UP TORMENT AND PAIN FOR ME

AS MUCH AS THEY CAN MAKE

THROUGH THEIR SOULLESS EYES

THEY CAN ONLY SEE MY FACE

AS THEY SIT DURING TRIALS

TO DECIDE MY RIGHTFUL PLACE

NOW I SIT IN A PLANTATION SLAVE BOX

I AM WHO I AM AGAIN

I WANT BE WHO I AM NOT

I AM THE FORGOTTEN SOUL SLAVE

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