

Here I go again

Here I go again in side the cage like  
a animal I cant say I didnt or dont  
desere it cause I brought it on myself  
The crazy part of it all is I'm so use  
to these places and I shouldnt I'm not  
a animal at all but here we go again

which is beginning to be a number  
I dont like. I'm laying on the floor  
cause I dont like top bunks at all.  
I seem to love living like a slum  
lord, some people cant let this time the  
go on to their heads and stay there  
longer than they should. It begins  
to become a problem when you cant



tell reality from the illusion in your  
head one of turned on to a ~~animal~~ <sup>dog or lion</sup>  
he growled over his fry didn't want to  
eat it but didn't want for sure then  
either - I watched it all.

I like to tell people when you're alone  
with your thoughts you can beat yourself  
up or harm your feeling so you lock up  
and become a victim of your own  
Imagination. I been there done that and  
all I can say is here we go again  
later that night

can't sleep my mind never makes  
pit stop and its still a race but  
the game is playing with my mind  
I think about every thing from



life to death. The corona virus is killing  
people by the 100s and I'm trap in  
this cage. some guy are talking about  
the little mouse that lives in here.  
I'm laying on the floor I should be  
scared but I dont fear animals as  
much as I (do like) people

under stand how I said do like  
not hate to hate some body as es Just  
as much as love does in my opinion.  
I dont know maybe its my ~~stop~~ point  
of view. I dont claim to be right because  
my greatest thought make me a predator  
I think that how you spell that were  
let me look. Its spelled preator but I  
dont prey on people.