

## Tale From The Tomb

Burned by the fire, soaked by the rain

I've heard grown men cry out in pain

Some are beaten, some stabbed or raped

God! What goes on behind prison walls and gates

I close my eyes, praying the scene will change

When I open them, everything remains the same

Stop It! The madness of the "Revolving Door"

Does Texas have the money to build anymore?

Unimaginable events are told to those on the outside

Told in letters and visitation, making love ones cry

There is an end to this "Living Hell"

Lives no longer lived in prison cells

One thing remains on their mind



Those left behind to finish their time

I wish this place on no one, not even my enemy

Some cure here a short time, some an eternity

Relying on radios, commissary, and mail

To keep their spirits up in this "Living Hell"

So thousands sit day after day

Surviving the fire, staying out of the rain

Hoping and Praying to be set free again

