

Lost

lost not misplaced...
Disgraced, as a Father excuses of a minimum... Criminal, lifestyle got me caught up and sinking... Thinking, as I fall into a pit of despair... There, nothing to hold on too... Clue, far to many days gone by... Cry, after cry unheard of... Love, that hurts is a hard hand to win with... Gift, from the Creator feels they have been taken for-granted... Slanted, the slope one must climb... Time is of the essence... Presence may be in prison however it still needs to be felt... Dealt, a rough hand to ease all the sorrow... Tomorrow you always get another chance to erase... Face what's lost not misplaced...

Raymond Colvin