

P. R. D.
Prisoners Rights Only

Presents:

THE FIX
By: Raymond 'Triu' Watson

Falsified documents has surfaced,
not written of my own hand.

I've been tried, judged and hung by
a jury, without rebuttal. On my
tongue a cat paw. Silence has taken me,
why have you forsaken me?

Take this cup from me, for I can not
bear. My executioners surrounds me. There's
a bounty on the hunter.

Devastated, the fix is in, what a tragedy.
Sacrifices have to be made for humanity.

Hear me now! Before the ghost leaveth me.
These walls are closing in, suffocating me.

"Your will has been done"
my breath of life is gone..

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