

My Window

Bang

It shows it's scene without a choice
It's looking eye is but a voice
Reflecting sights that cause a time
When helpless man begins to find
The changing force of sinful ways
The chilling thoughts of lonely days
Now I sit with shaved hair
My body's strapped, I fear this chair
All right now... Fates a yell in times ever now
One lives his life in quest of hope
Seeing Speaking tells a tale
Of how to live to each his own
I scream, but ears have lost my sound
I cannot breathe, I'm gagged and bound
A crime of hate I have to bear... A fear of death
This electric chair
The twisting winds of death unfold
My body slumps... I'm damp and cold
Place my mind with nurtured needs
Upon the lawn of fertile seeds
Let me speak with lips sewn shut
Of things I've done in mortal state
I cannot scream so no one hears me
They dare not look they show their fears
My windows there the scenes the same.
I'm not here they've lost my name