

Columbine

K.A.A.N.

Aaaahh aaauh aaauh

This the story of Ronald
The loneliest kid you'll ever meet
You'll probably never meet him cause you've never seen him the streets
Ronald stays in the house been pretty depressed since his dad passed
And left him in the darkness of his room with insecurities
But would often consume a pith of poisonous fumes
Proceeding with an epiphany to beat his mother senselessly
Ronald stuck in the middle
The struggle to pull him off of his mother receive pain and drop it off at the altar
She finally realize that she was stuck in the cycle
An optimist weighing options of taking her own life
Or dealing with all the problems
She wanted to raise Ronald realizing that domestic violence probably changed Ronald
Its monday afternoon 3pm to be exact
Was exiting the bus where he was bullied by his peers
Entering the house and walking right into his fears
Seeing blood drip from the top to the bottom stair
With a glare he see's his mother and releases a screech
He saw her vain split in half with a blade by her feet
Couldn't believe the scene that his eyes were forced to receive
Drops to his knees "God please let this all be a dream"
But it wasn't and paramedics start arriving to the residence
His father already riffing bout the cost of the funeral
And now he's in the living room belligerent as usual
Ronald's a punching bag for his dad who's leaving bruises
The victim and victimize of relationship is abusive
Ronald's only 13 with a deprivation of dreams
His father's an alcoholic who's more concerned with his liquor
Than he is his own seed "Go get me a beer nigga"
His father was complicated he didn't believe in limits
A man of little conviction who struggling with addiction
And now become well condition from drinking with repetition
On a downwards spiral he loads a clip of his rifle
Saying a prayer like he's searching for forgiveness
Its a futile attempt the lord refuses to forgive him
For that lifetime of sinning now you praying for appendance
All that alcohol dependency was physically depended
Then he says the hail mary kiss the crucifixion pence
Puts the barrel to his chin like this is the end friend
Now Ronald's left all alone in a system of foster homes
Full of pedophilic predators molested on the regular
Teachers don't understand why he hardly ever speaks
And his grades are getting worse as he academically plummets
Developed a speech impedance of pain he's impervious
Its from his foster mother who's sneaking under his covers
Ronald doesn't understand cause he has yet to reach puberty
Confused by perverted love he receives on a regular
He tries to fight the feeling but she always get the best of him
This bitch has taken his soul and now there ain't nothing left of him
Solitude in his room as he sits in the darkest corner
He's medicated his pain with strains of marijuana
Refuse to talk to a pastor he don't believe in religion
He says "if God resides then my mother would still be living"

Instead she left me in hell the agony of this prison
No one understood that was his defensive mechanism:
Not knowing that he wanted to push this pain that he was given
The direction of a person that's living without a purpose
He made it up in his mind that these motherfuckers deserve it
And in a world where his child was abused and left deserted
He started to study killers such as John Wayne Gacy
And those kids from Columbine he saw em as masterminds
Perfected the blueprint and with the rifle Ronald's accurate
The same barrel his father used is now his muse
He loads the clip then cocks it as he throws in the duffel
Smelling death teen spirit and in a whole lot of trouble
He's bumping Marilyn Manson you could probably feel the trouble
Ronald never talks to God conversations with the devil
Like "please give me the strength to kill all of these motherfuckers "
As he's walking into school with a fucking mac 11
He's done with the disrespect so he's aiming it at ya neck
Popping plenty of rounds and laying his peers down
As the blood starts to puddle the children begin to huddle
Running and dodging the bullets Ronald's finger on the trigger
If he see's you then he pulls it his classmates are his target
Gun is hotter than august from automatic magazines he's releasing this a mas
sacre
Genocide of his generation and generally speaking he's giving generous porti
ons of bullets that come and they seek and they singe
Cleansing him of his sins I'm guessing this is the end
Cause Ronald saved the very last shot for himself
So he places the barrel inside the center of his chest
Close his eyes take a breath and the rest you can attest to
Story of pain and agony written by yours truly
This a treacherous allegory
Hope you never confuse don't lose it