

THE OLD ME PART 1 of 2

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The old me

deserves to get
life in prison

The new me

got grace
when Christ was risen

The old me

had a heart that was
full of corruption

Which

often exploded
with violent eruptions

My old heart

was hard as nails
Cold as ice

Condemned

to burn in hell
it ruined my life

My thoughts were ugly

indulged in the flesh

Made

parts of me ugly
and spoiled the rest

I was

often incapable
of feeling my vibe

Consumed

by evil
it was killing me inside

I

burned with jealousy
while married to Envy

She

fuel the flames
that smoldered within me

In the

World of the dead
is where I called my home

Where

the blind led the blind
the dead bury their own

Yeah

the old me deserves to burn
eternally on Stones

But

the new me got grace
when Christ went home.