

Hell Cell

I twiddle my thumbs until they become numb.

As I sit still and my mind runs

There is no escape from justice that has me under the gun.

I wear a cross on my chest like God son.

Crucified by punishment I did wrong but didn't deserve this!
When will the day of judgement come?

Or has it begun? I am many days old the years of my life a story told my eyes lids ticks second like a clock.

While my vision hold still the motion of life.

The bars open and close but not the blocks.

My mind is the key to keep me free.

The freedom to live heavenly days within hell cell pain

ANTONIO DOWDY

