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## Chosen One

Justice must be blind, because it doesn't see me,  
 Am I already dead or still alive? awake me, I must be dreaming.  
 Redemption begins at cost, near the front door of restitutions plot,  
 If revenge is still against your laws, then execute me not.  
 Keeping me alive just to kill me, demented concept to play me with,  
 Sodium penathol to free me, Potassium Chloride to stay me with.

What true conspiracy, label me follower of Christ, my other cheek, bruised,  
 Thrice refused and falsely accused, by the guards, abused,  
 Forced to pro-per status, the effacacious design to lose.  
 Made guilty by way of kangarooed selection of my so-called peers,  
 Sentenced to death and to a witness of all those so-called tears.

Pancurium bromide, that spear in my side,  
 So what's next? do I roll my stoned heart away?  
 How perfect is the makevellian style three days? Well, anyway.  
 So, still, I rise, go forth and spread this good news,  
 abolish the death penalty now, before it's you they chase.

Special circumstances, specially created, especially for you,  
 the New Chosen Ones, the next generation of our Inner City Youth.  
 From the prison yards @ gelyotha, to the streets of life,  
 occupy that very connection, to create our own paradise.

Be in control of your own choices, steer away from death row,  
 And now that you know, what we all now know,  
 when we get to the future, you can't say that you don't.

by: XYZST



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