

5-11-07

Peace of mind

By Letter & Jaws © 2013

I'm afraid that when I die, I will not be missed,
when I'm laying there peacefully, will anyone give me a kiss?
will people see me in my suit, and kiss me on the forehead?
will they laugh at me and say to each other, "I'm so glad he's dead"
when they come to church, will they hold hands and pay respects?
Or will they see a criminal in a coffin, born at the usual suspect?
cremate me and throw my ashes across the sea,
don't put me in the ground, where maggots feast for eternity
when I finally take my last step and close my eyes,
where will my soul end up when I eventually die?
can't run from my deadline, everybody must go,
how did your life turn out? they say you reap what you sow.
I'm not perfect, tell me one person, that thinks they are,
sure we've come along ways, but the road ahead is still far.
when I'm dead and gone, hopefully my name will be great,
don't remember my prison number, and those barbwire gates.
remember me as an intelligent man, who has matured in common sense.
not inmate JONES CDC number T-92176.

At times I feel like leaving this earth, and be in peace,
no more heartaches and pains, no loving these streets.
Tomorrow's not promised to no one, the president must go too,
someone is higher than him, Obama only needs / suit.
cause when you die, and you leave all your friends behind,
you'll know what it is to have happiness and peace of mind.