

3-31-07

Gotta Be Bad Dreams

By DeVanEfourDays

my dreams scare me, till I'm waking up gasping for breath,
thinking of death wondering, how much time that I have left?
why the bad dreams? was it something that I done?
think of dying before my mom, think about leaving my son,
I couldn't see anything because, I thought I was blind,
but I did see all my family and friends that I left behind
Dreams suppose to be pleasant, dreams suppose to be fun,
why the nightmares? where enemies chase, and there's no where to run,
what about all the things I had, cause I worked hard like a slave,
what am I working for, if I can't take it all to the grave?
I guess when I die, then I guess I'll be free,
and all those flowers you bring to my grave, I won't see.
Is my time on earth done, I think I still got unfinished business,
why did God take me, before I had a chance, to ask for forgiveness?
Never know about tomorrow, so I give thanks now,
never know when I'll die, and I really don't know how,
why am I fighting to live, when death is knocking at my door?
and we always let him in, what's there to be thankful for?
heart rate increases as soon as I think, about the men I created,
think about the life I lived, and all the people that I hated.
As I sit back and ponder, why I wake up and scream?
why I wake up with blood on my hands? it's gotta be the bad dreams!