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I'm Not Pure

By DeVan Egan © 2013

Lord! I know I haven't been doing what I should be,
I could feel your wrath, in the mirror, I don't like what I see,
Everytime I sleep I wake up, with sweat all on my face,
having nightmares of being taken to an unknown place,
is this why, because I don't pray when I should?
is it a way to punish me, when I haven't been good?
I think of my mother, and her being broke,
I think of the heart attack she had, just because she smoke,
I think of my father, and how I wish we won the lotto,
only memory I have of him, is seeing him holding a liquor bottle,
my nightmares hunt me down, and I'm in sight of the sniper,
scares me to death, sleeping with a babies diaper
I think of my son, and him not being happy,
seeing somebody else, and not me and calling him daddy,
I'm getting worse, my nerves jump and twitch,
where was the discipline when I was young? where was the switch?
I know I can't argue with you, because you're way too strong,
but Lord this road that I'm on, is way too long,
you have all the power if its your will please set me free,
for you will get all the glory, when my son finally see me,
my parents are old and need me, my sisters are on their own,
Lord I don't want to be here, until my son gets grown.
I'm tired of prison life, this really aint for me,
tired of cell mates, lockdowns, white, pink, and blue sheets.
Deep down I know you hear me, you'll help me I'm sure,
but something tells me I need to change, because I'm not pure.