

THE WALLS, MY FRIEND AND ME*

My worse enemy
turns out to be
my trusted friend,
talking to the walls.

High class prison fence
human rights on display
crime and business underway.

Spring days are falling
from April to May,
important passing days
over the years they all
become the same.

There is no Christmas
or birthdays, 365 days
without sundays or holidays.

Decades of dying loved ones,
releasing the emotions which
bleed out on papers.
The silent pain is raising
memories of the youth.

The comparison of Justice,
the Gulag and the business
between oppression and
job security.
The physical death or
dying by age, they both
are the same.

While I was talking to my
friendly walls, social
species is being experimented
on by two different Gulag's.

Job security, concrete souls,
through the bars,
I see America, sucked the
breath out of me.

Torture and physiological
punishment are human rights
violations, unbearable cold
cell doors, suffocating chains
waiting for my death.

Socialists and Democrats have their
own Gulags, one finishes life
faster and terrorizes the public,
while the other one publishes the
terrible crimes. increases the
prison population to creates
jobs without conscience.

HYPOCRITES,
Corrupted governments
mutating in functions
and arrogance are the
ingredients of modern
GULAGS.

Gang culture reflects
multiple nations,
gangsters in power are
running the country,
while we are seeing freedom
through the flying birds
and talking to the walls.

The Walls, My Friend and Me.

