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Rock and A Hard Place

By ~~War~~ E Jones

Im tired of running, and being an enemy,
running from the law, there aint no justice for me.
Living a life full of ruckus, a life full of chaos,
Feeling like Gilligan, on an island Im lost.
Trapped by my inner emotions and negative thoughts,
defeated by my demons in this battle where I fought,
Time to think about what Ive done in the streets,
nothing I have is pleasant, cant even find my peace.
The peace I once had, can never be maintained,
gives me migraines, too skinny to take the pain,
Toss and turn in my sleep, cause Im stuck in this shit.
body feeling drained, my thoughts turn to quick.
Still being stereotyped, label me cause Im black,
butterflies in my stomach, caused by my anxiety attacks,
Too stressed out and I cant never relax,
too busy writing down my thoughts, covering up my tracks.
so why am I running? How far can I run?
what's chasing me? who am I running from?
Demons always gets the best, inner peace is tackled,
Jot is blind sided, cant leave none of these people battled.
so Im running and running, with a frown on my face,
running for no reason, stuck between a rock and a hard place.