

* * * Restles Pen * * *

You think my pen could scream?
It cuts real deep as in a warrior's sheath.
But could it cut through "Justice"?
They act like they lost the "Key" to this pit!
They own swords cut thru the bells of liberty.

Think my pen could scream loud?
My "Pen" scribbled the man-made laws,
Like a Judaic scribe under the Mosaic Law.
Though this pen writes till dawn;
They do not want to hear my true thoughts.
I am in awe, with open jaws!

Think my pen could scream, prophesy?
As Isaiah did, on Mount Zion high.
The judge sent me to the pen to die;
Even though I told him I drank and got high.
I search for one to hear my cry.
No-one hears. No, not even in the deep blue sky!

Think my pen could wail?
I've been telling my tale well;
And they still rejected my jail-bail.
Though my pen got wind in its sail,
I remain chained in this jail-cell, for what I can't tell.
To them: My pen and I can sing all the way to Hell!

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