

The Jungle

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Wild and untamed minds run rampant
No structure to guide and tamper'em
Marshy land ready to suck'em down
Bogged down in quicksand, underground
Sounds so distorting and unnerving
It's all a part of the time they are serving
Adapting and conforming to the environment
No wonder minds are twisted and bent
Bent on chaos, destruction and confusion
A tornado of thoughts, the mind loosing
It's grip on reality, slipping in the fog
So thick with delusions, lies and all
No escaping the vines of temptation
Lust and greed are of relation
Together they flow through this empty place
Fighting hard to keep them going through paces
Taking away any sanity that might thrive
This jungle called prison is taking young lives