

THAT SOUND!

I STAND HERE, STARING THROUGH THESE BARS THAT HAVE BECOME THE DEFINITION OF MY LIFE,

GAZING THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE STARS, WHICH I'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN, THEIR BRILLIANT BRIGHT LIGHT,

AND I NOTICE, ONCE AGAIN, THE HOLLOWNESS INSIDE ME, COLD AS ICE AND DULL AS A STONE.

THAT ECHO IN THE HOLE THAT'S BEEN DUG BY THOSE I THOUGHT LOVED ME, BUT HAVE LEFT ME HERE ALONE.

I GRIP THESE BARS, 'CAUSE I CAN HEAR COMING, AS THE STEEL BITES INTO MY HANDS.

THAT SOUND, THAT GOD AWFUL SOUND, THE CHORUS AND FEET OF SATAN'S MARCHING BANDS.

JUST LIKE EVERYDAY, I CLOSE MY EYES AND TAKE MY BREATHS,
1... 2... 3....

BUT MY TEETH BECOME BARRED AND MY LUNGS BEGIN TO SEETHE, AND THE PAIN MOUNTS INSIDE OF ME.

SPLINTERS IN MY EYES, THE FIRE IN MY CHEST AND THE COLD HANDS THAT TEAR AT MY SOUL.

THEN THE RECKLESS TRAIN RIPS OUT OF MY CHESTS AND RAGE SCREAMS OUT OF CONTROL.

AND THEN I GET WEAK AND FALL TO THE FLOOR, BITTEN... BY ITS COLD.

SHAKING... CONFUSED...

LYING THERE LIKE A CHILD OR FETUS CURLED.

WANTING TO FEEL WARMTH,

NO!

BEGGING GOD FOR AN END... TO THIS WICKED, LONELY

WORLD.

AND SO I PRAY....

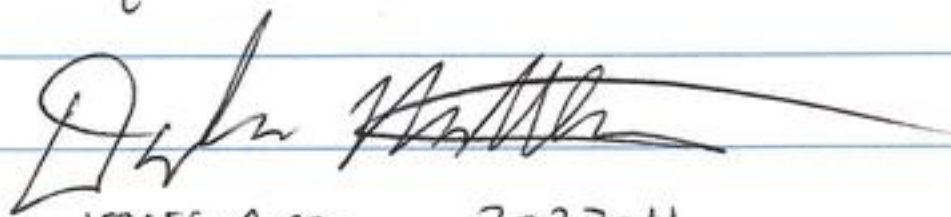
LORD, I ASK OF YOU, BEFORE I WAKE,
THIS FROST BITTEN LIFE, PLEASE DO TAKE.

IF I SHALL DIE, FOR I PRAY SO,

DAMN MY BODY AND, PLEASE, EXTINGUISH MY SOUL.

FOR MY SPIRIT CAN BEAR NO MORE PAIN,

AND NEVER CAN FORGET "THAT SOUND" OF HELL'S TRAIN!



10:56 P.M. 2-27-11

DEATH ROW - F.S.P.

WHEN I WROTE THIS, I WAS OF THE MIND THAT I'D
BE MY LAST.... BUT I GUESS YOU COULD SAY IT WAS
THE BEGINNING OF ME LEARNING HOW TO TRANSFER
MY EMOTIONS, THE PAINFUL ONES, TO PAPER.
UNTIL NEXT TIME!

YOURS TRULY,

DOUG