

WHAT IS PAIN

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PAIN IS KNOWING, THE WORLD, MAY NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU,
AND SOMEHOW YOU CAN'T GET OUT THE MUD,
NO MATTER HOW YOU PLAN TO.

PAIN IS WAKING UP INSIDE A CELL,
KNOWING THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL DIE,
NO WAY TO EXPRESS YOUR PAIN, BEHIND THESE WALLS
MEN DON'T CRY.

PAIN IS THE FEAR WHEN YOUR FATHER DIES,
YOU'LL FOREVER BE ALONE,
INCANDESCENT FLOODLIGHTS PIERCE MY CELL,
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT HOME.

PAIN IS WHEN IT HITS YOU, THERE WILL BE NO
KIDS, NO WIFE,
AND FOR THIS GANGSTA SHIT, I THREW AWAY MY
LIFE.

PAIN IS WHEN YOU WANT TO SHOW YOU CHANGED,
YET THEY ONLY SEE YOUR PAST,
BECAUSE THE SCARS THAT I CREATED, ARE THE
MEMORIES THAT LAST.

PAIN IS THE MOMENT WHEN, I CAN NO LONGER
EXPRESS MY PAIN
AND AS I LAY INSIDE MY CASKET, THEY SAY I
LIVED IN VAIN.

Love,
Kijon