

## VICTIM'S MOTHER

My sweet boy, you're finally home.  
Forever in my heart and soul.  
I am forever stained with memories you've granted me.  
I feel like I am drowning in the remorseless .  
Like swallowing a pill, the aftertaste is so bitter.  
Such an odd feeling that the last time truly was the last.  
I wish I could dig up the skeleton that bounded your bones together six feet beneath the dirt and remove the scars of whiplash.  
You were taken away from the light far too soon.  
Even the stars don't seem to shine so bright anymore.  
I'll scream goodbye to you, for the hundredth time until my lungs collapse.  
My sweet boy,  
We are forever in debt to the awakening you have given us.  
I will love you until the last flower blooms.  
Though out of touch, you will eternally remain special in my chest.

## GUILTY PERSON ON DEATH ROW

"Come with your arms raised high."  
Stop asking me questions, mama, I hate to see you cry.  
I never thought that a thousand bodies piled up would be enough.  
For every inch of sanity or every foot of lust.  
Does anything matter if you're already dead?  
My apologies don't mean anything as your body remains with lead in your head.  
I brought you my bullets, you brought me your love.  
What's the fun in this game if it's all in lust?  
The vacancy in your eyes is running out of places to hide,  
The blood on my hands seems to only come in tides.  
Like the petals of these roses,  
There's a dozen reasons in this gun.  
She says, "you ain't no son of mine."  
For what I have done, they have to find a place for just me and my mind.  
A blasphemous soul rotting within the busted veins of poison.  
That is all I am.

## ACCUSED ON DEATH ROW

I was always told I was full of light and capable of everything and more.  
Little did I know the taste of "freedom" came with lacerations on my skin  
as I was burned out like an open candle flame.  
I'm suffocating in my own genius, at least I like to think I am.  
There are ghosts in these walls and they're climbing into my head through my ears.  
Swing from the slipknot or take the razor to to the rosary,  
The remains of my suffering soul will never evaporate.  
I feel the knife is cutting slow, limb by limb.  
I'll bleed soon as you touch me, my skin is so thin.  
I am hung up to dry as salvation drips out of my pores,  
I know the excursion to the coroners will be lasting.  
I am not the man who you made me out to be.  
There is not an ounce of shame in my blood.  
Believe me.