

# In Jail

- part 1 -

everyday I'm sittin in my cell  
waiting for my trip to hell  
in a world full of yells I'm stranded in jail  
got no chance for bail I'm stranded on Death Row  
and everybody knows  
that a coffin is still the only way to get out  
I'll never see the sun never see some fleecy clouds  
I'll never witness no sunset and no sunrise  
in a place without time wiping tears out of my eyes  
thinking 'bout my life I realize I failed  
I receive no mail 'cause there ain't nuttin left to tell  
I'm just a young male who's life was taken by mistake  
wrong place wrong time that was my mistake  
I take a look at the wall and visualize  
how many men sat here staring death into his eyes  
puking of fear pleading God to hear  
justice was betrayed and no one saw it clear  
tears streaming down my face it helps to cry  
I ain't afraid to die  
but I'm afraid I die  
before my loved ones know I'm not guilty  
I'm innocent  
dear God please don't let me die in this pen

- part 2 -

I'm still sitting in this cell where the walls have ears  
try to come to grips that my dying day is near

I try to not waste time I try to think it's all good  
but it ain't all good

I read books do sit-ups prison is a cliché  
you can't imagine being trapped all day

I pray cause God is the only one  
listening to me I tell him what I did wrong  
in my life but I never committed no crime  
nonetheless I'm here

and I'm the next in line

it ain't fair I didn't do it I swear

I could never rape this little girl with blonde hair  
but there's no one believing in what I say

there's no one believing me so I pray

God when I die please tell my wife  
that I love her more than my life

I always strived to be a good man here

they just took my chance now I see it crystal clear

I will never see her again I can't break the chain  
the picture in my hands is everything that remains

- part 3 -

I'm rottin in this cell that's how hell must be  
I can see the devil sittin in front of me  
laughing at me and I'm too weak to withstand  
so I fold my hands

today's the day I can hear myself say  
my last meal will be some kind of steak and puree  
I can feel the fear making its way

up to my brain I don't know if I'm still sane  
but I think that's how it feels when death comes  
it's dark outside just rain and no sun

if there's some kind of God he's about to cry  
he has to witness one of his children dying

by the hands of men "you shall not murder"  
they don't give a fuck - I ain't no murderer  
one last time I cry

think of my wife

of the kids I dreamed of maybe in my next life  
there's a knock on my door

'it's time' I hear 'em say

I get up breathe in that will be my last way  
the shackles rattle I force myself to smile

you can't imagine the fear walking the Green Mile

I step in this room there's some people behind glass  
witness me dying trying to fight the gas

I look into their eyes they seem dead and cold  
they don't give a fuck that I'll never be old

I try to hold my breath but the instinct wins

I inhale the gas "God forgive me for my sins"

my vision's blurred but there's no pain nothing I feel

I smile and think about how happy my life could be