

Poetry Series

Freedom of Speech

- poems -

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Freedom of Speech()

Can I Play With Madness...

Can I play with madness....

Locked up, and knocked up,

Beaten down,

A slave to the clock,

Feeling like I'm 6ft underground,

Am I too blind to see?

What is happening to me?

The workload gets on top.

I scream, and tell it to stop,

My god! I have to break free! ! !

The management, just enforce these laws,

That bug the f*** out of me,

These screams in my mind,

A hollow grave they will find,

With no support from the top,

Will this madness ever stop! ! !

We all know what's best,

But no-one listens, so f*** the rest,

I try to lead, to grab these tattered reins,

But no-one listens,
So everything is the same,
I don't need a key to unlock this door,
I'm gonna break down these walls,
And smash out of this mad place,
For "Can I Play with madness"? ?
Not for long, at this rate...

Freedom of Speech

Crime And Punishment

Crime and punishment...

You're doing the crime,

But can't afford the time,

The alarm bells ring,

The sounds echo in your ears,

Get the f*** out,

You take the hostage,

But she just screams and shouts,

"Get the f**k down"! ! !

The hot steel in your hands,

No one will ever understand,

Every bullet a question,

That no one will ever answer,

So you ask for a car,

Something to get you away far,

As it's all going wrong,

The voice on the phone,

He's your best friend,

You have done nothing wrong,

You're just in your hour of need,
And society will now pay,
Its all f***ed up,
I want my money,
And im on my way,
But, not today son,
The FBI are in your way,
So let's shoot it out,
And tell the world what it's all about,
The camera, and the crew, mean nothing to you,
F*** it,
I'll walk the hostage out! !
Hear the crowd, scream and shout,
As I will be on prime time TV,
Maybe my mum will somehow be proud of me? ?
But here comes the bad weather,
A hail of bullets takes me down,
Into the ground, I fall, and frown,
I once was a king,
But now I've lost my crown,
As I fall to the floor,

My life is now, no more,
As the sirens sound,
And I'm going 6ft underground,
Was it the choices I made in life?
Or the child that I was,
Who lived inside a movie?
That somehow, was, once was....
Somehow forgotten....
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Forgiveness....

I hold my head in my hands,

And I can't seem to understand,

What you did to me,

And why it hurts me so,

Drip...

For what did I do? ?

You know that...Deep down I love you? ? ?

Drip...

For when I am with you,

I fly... I fly so high,

As you give me wings,

The wings that I need,

To reach, and touch the sky...

For when I am with you,

I feel so god damn alive! ! !

Drip, Drip...

But without you,

I fall...

The darkness...

It surrounds me,

Black death reins,

In the end...

I welcome it,

With outstretched arms,

Screaming your name,

I clutch it to my breast,

I say your name... as I cut again,

Drip, drip, drip...

I see you, as I slowly slip away...

I see your mouth... slowly say my name,

I hold my hand up,

And trace it, slowly down your imaginary face,

Your tears, each drop,

Kills me,

Over and over again,

Freedom of Speech

I Look At You

To my 2nd chef, with love lol...

I look at you,

And I hate you,

So...

Our secrets, you will keep,

As I drive this knife, well in deep,

For what happened to you?

This bridge between us I tried to keep,

But you burnt it,

A thousand times over,

As we have no common ground! !

So, fall to the floor and drown,

In your own blood red carpet,

You seem to wear as a crown,

Your diabolical taste,

The music that you lay waste,

You run the kitchen like a zoo,

Expect every animal to bow down to you,

Your word of command means nothing,

To those that are the dammed,
As we long for the release,
But your monotone voice keeps the peace,
However its only a matter of time,
Before one of us takes you down,
Freedom of Speech

Over And Over...

Over and over again....

I hold my head in my hands,

And I can't seem to understand,

What you did to me,

And why it hurts me so,

Drip...

For what did I do? ?

You know that...Deep down I love you? ? ?

Drip...

For when I am with you,

I fly... I fly so high,

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I see your face, as I slowly slip away...

And see your mouth... slowly say my name,

I hold my hand up,

And trace it, slowly down your imaginary face,

Your tears, each drop,

They kill me,

Over and over again,

Freedom of Speech

The Evil That Men Do...

The Evil that men do... Part 1

It's coming to a town near you,
For we, the men, are out to get you,
Twisted beliefs,
Living on a razors edge,
A want of the erotic,
A need so hungry, we cannot seem to fill,
Mans primary instinct,
Is still intact, after so many years,
Society tried to abolish,
The laws they try to contain,
This world we live in, is so full of pain,
Brought about by mainly men,
The act of war...
Pushing the buttons, that your son will die for...
Sent into battle, by the faceless,
He will never be the same,
We read about the war,
But never take the time,

To comprehend,
That death is a manifest that many men, dread to see,
Driven to the end, pushed to the limit,
The screams inside a mans mind, can never be heard,
Walking into that darkness, like a small child,
Clutching his favourite toy, looking around,
His wide, staring eyes,
Once was blue,
Now forever, will remain black,
After tasting the death, cast down from above,
Thrown back into society, once the job is done,
And you expect him to be the same? ?
After living the life, Of the insane...
For god help you....
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