

Rapture, The "A Tribute"

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Locked in verses, Locked in so many Curses
Chained to guilt and shame, fear I'm to blame
Death waiting at the door, you just had to answer the
door
Word indescribable, feelings inerasable
Black or white, brothers are dying
And I'm left here sitting and crying.
Not on the outside you see, only inside me
One at a time, once were all fine
Warm hearts getting what they don't deserve,
all they tried to do is just serve
Blood dripping down their face, these images I can't
erase.
From another country to another death,
Gasping in horror right before their last breath
Oppression and control, getting the best of me, taking
the toll
Blood is spilling out of the veins, while death is holding
onto the reins
Bullets are the cause, making us think and pause.

There were once four little boys, now there are three.
This errant government and these deaths are getting
the best of me.
Shaken and disturbed, violently perturbed.
Let it not be true, let it not be you.
Dying of a death so violent, dying of a death so trident
Lord of heaven above, you with your o so powerful love
Take care of those that have died
They lived their life and tried

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