

Alysha

"Killing Season"

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[Chorus]

[Verse One]

Death is becoming a way of life
It's a killing season and the sun shines bright
The air you're breathin' is getting hot
I guess you better stop
It's the summertime and young bodies begin to drop
From pops of glocks
Blood drips and bodies rot
Caught in the crossfire look for cover
You hit a baby but the bullet was meant for another
Goodbye sister, father, brother, mother
It's okay mom cuz your baby didn't suffer
Your baby didn't suffer, your baby didn't suffer
Darkness is closing in
Another 3 year old soul checks out with no sin
It's a shame when you think of what might have been
Life wasn't like this way back when
When I was a kid I used to stroll down the street
Like the world was my place to play and at my feet
But now for my child this time has long passed
It's a new season and the role has been cast

[Chorus] 2x

[Verse Two]

It's hot as hell and he's sick of this shit
His blood is boiling and his head is ready to split
Cuz he's a un-natural born killa
Made from everything un-natural
A blood spilla
Now, you can see him and his victim
On the news at 5 o'clock
Exploited by the networks
"Hey kid, you hit the top"
From pops of glocks blood drips and bodies rot
From pops of glocks blood drips and bodies rot
From pops of glocks blood drips and bodies rot
The bodies rot, the bodies rot
I gather gray matter

Makes an ugly mess
On the concrete the same as the bullet to the chest
Stress to the brain and they took their best shot
Homicide for pride the baby died, stop
Back to the fetal position
A bullet in the brain creates this condition
Curled up into a little small ball
I cry like a baby for a child so small

[Chorus] 2x

[Verse Three]

Death to a 3 year old nino brings forever sleep
This we live with and this we keep
Hidden away, but this is the land of the free and home
of the brave
And someone has to pay
So put a little face to that name
Look into his eyes and pray for the rain
Here him laugh, hear him cry
Hear him calling in your suenos asking you why?
A child's reflection in his own blood
Shots are loud but small bodies make a small thud
Bullets realizing their full potential to do damage
Sizing, paralyzing, leaving mothers left to manage
A paraplegic how surrealistic is the music coming from
An ice cream truck that's too quick
For the little feet of a 3 year old soul
It makes me sick
I'm watching the life flow out of a child's body slowly
Now will you please save a stray bullet for me
Cuz if life is living to see
The death of our children then I don't wish to be
Human

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