

La Dispute "King Park"

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Another shooting on the southeast side.
This a drive-by, mid-day,
Outside of the bus stop, by Fuller and Franklin. Or near
there.
Not far from the park. About a block from where the
other shooting was last
Month.
Or was it last week?

Shots were fired from an SUV heading northbound,
Eastown,
The target a rival but they didn't hit the target this time.
They hit a kid we think had nothing to do with it.

And I travel backwards through time and space and I
disintegrate, become
Invisible.
I want to see it where I couldn't when it happened.
I want to see it all first hand this time.
I want to know what it felt like.

So I float behind police lines, reconstruct the scene in
fragments of
Memories.
I want to know what his mother looked like up close, I
want to see her
Leaning over his body.
So I float there, transcend time. I want to capture it
accurately.
I want to know what the color of the blood was spilling
out from the tarp
Onto the concrete.
I want to write it all down so I can always remember.
If you could see it up close how could you ever forget
how senseless death,
How precious life.
I want to be there when the bullet hit.

And the crowd poured out as the shots drowned into
siren sounds, out of
There houses now

And over front yards, all the way up to the place where
the police tape ran
To mark the crime
Scene. Everybody trying to catch a glimpse of what was
happening,
Of what was going on between the ambulance and all
the cop cars.
Everybody gossiping, "Whose kid got hit? Where'd it hit
him? And who
Could've fired it?"
Everybody wondering, "How did it happen again? And
is he dead? These
Children. Our kids."
Everybody wondering how far they were from where
the victims lived.

And I visit them, their houses. Inside my dream I visit
them.
My spirit, soaring high and high up over King Park,
leaves the crime scene,
Travels further back
Till far before the shooting, through their windows, to
their living rooms.
I see them younger this time, playing games and doing
homework.
All these marks of youth soon transformed coldly into
stone for fights and
Stupid feuds.
For ruins wrapped in gold. And cruelly I recall why I
have come: To find a
Reason. But
There cannot be a reason, not for death, not like this.
Not like this.

Three days later they made funeral plans. The family.
Three days later a mother had to bury her son.

Not far away the shooter holed up in a hotel near to the
highway with a
Friend and the gun.
That same gun. He'd fled immediately but was
identified by witnesses, his
Picture on TV.
Only 20 years old, they called him "Grandpa." He was
older than the others
By a year,
Maybe two.

And he was safe for awhile until somebody saw him
there and notified the
Authorities

Who surrounded the hotel, first arresting an
accomplice while attempting to
Flee,
Then chasing him up the staircase to the floor where
he'd stayed. He closed
The door hard
Behind him, locked himself in the room.

They could've kicked in the door but knew the gun was
still with him,
One he'd already used and so they feared what he'd
do.
I floated up through the window of a room to the West.
I hovered out to the hallway, tried to listen in.
I heard them trying to reason, get him to open the
door.
His uncle begging and pleading, half-collapsed to the
floor.
He preached of hope and forgiveness,
Said, "There is always a chance to rectify what you've
taken, make your
Peace in the world."
I thought to slip through the door, I could've entered
the room,
I felt the burden of murder, it shook the earth to the
core.
Felt like the world was collapsing. Then we heard him
speak,
"Can I still get into heaven if I kill myself?
Can I still get into heaven if I kill myself?
Can I ever be forgiven cuz I killed that kid?
It was an accident I swear it wasn't meant for him!
And if I turn it on me, if I even it out, can I still get in or
will they
Send me to hell?
Can I still get into heaven if I kill myself?"
I left the hotel behind, don't want to know how it ends.

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