

War Of Words "A Tale Of Friendship"

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Institution, conception, born with strikes against him.
Could he make it on his own? Was it his destiny to die
alone?

A mental infection, or just clever deception.
In the end he fooled himself
he schooled himself with ideas we can't condone.

Spent years in squares returning blank stares with cold
glares.

Only hate for those who hated us or those who didn't
care.

But the hate intensifies, it's redirected by the lies
of low rent propaganda and instigators in disguise.

Disguised as friends with contrary trends
and this one's where the story ends.

No matter how we try to wash these lies,
they're engraved in brains like ink in flesh.

So what happened to this charming one?

Who had some good inside.

Spent a lifetime as a lump of clay that never dried.

Never dried or dried too late, now full of misdirected
hate.

The controlled mold of a weak mind, solidified at the
wrong time.

Do you just need someone to blame? Is this your way to
vent?

Or were you dragged down by the heavy chain of
miserable events?

No one spoke.....was it a joke?

Laugh it up! HA HA! The joke's on us

Cos someone took it serious, and no one said we've
had enough.

Laugh it up! It's ours, you encouraged this sick trend.

You're no more than entertainment cos you're certainly
no friend

Race and nation, it's just an inflation,
of your fear and your anger, of your alienation
protection of what? It was built on immigration and
frustration

well it should have been your first realization.
So what's that you've chosen? Is it sub-cult or sub-human?
Cos your violent decisions cost you more than this religion.
Surrounding yourself with ignorance.
A life alone is eternal, if you live in the past.
Reasons.... running out fast, and we've all come in last
so take that screw and drive it right up your ass...

Another lesson never learned.
Now your hate has been returned.
And you'll be buried in the ashes of the bridges that you've burned.
With your muscle and your pride.
All strength is null and void.
Cos your mind belongs to anyone who thinks you're worth the time.

I don't.... anymore. And to think, after all this time:
rindge, two years served, harvard, copley, central square, the rice house, hangerhouse, allston violence, rindge towers, somerville ave., fayette, providene, the fenway, school st.... we'd built nothing, nothing more powerful than hate. Old men in suits, the remains of an unstable organization, men in suits with young recruits. Dirty work for the strong in body weak in mind. And it's ironic, sad really, that the life you pursue ends with your worst fear, an adult alone and angry at the world...

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