

## Plan B "Pity The Plight"

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### Intro

Picture the face of your fellows  
Too long a bed with no sleep  
With their complex romantic attachments  
All look on their sorrows and weep  
They don't get a moment's reflection  
There's always a crowd in their eye  
Pity the plight of young fellows  
Regard all their worries and cry  
Their crusty young mothers were lazy perhaps  
Leaving it up to the school  
Where the moral perspective is hazy perhaps  
And the climate; oppressively cool  
Give me some acre of cellos  
Pitched at some distant regret  
Pity the fate of young fellows  
And their anxious attempts to forget

### Verse 1

These are the tears of a thug like murky water  
Crying tears as clear as mud for his father's  
daughter  
His half-sister; he felt obliged to support her  
Since her mum was poor and his dad died even poorer  
Separated until she was 8 years old  
He knew as soon as he saw her  
That he adored her, so he's baying for blood with a  
borer  
And an automatic weapon; Smith & Weston  
That'd split a fucking hole in your chest then  
he's been looking to corner  
The perpetrators responsible for a killing  
Now he's finally got 'em where he wants 'em  
Blood will start spilling  
The atmosphere in the air tonight is chilling  
The blanket of stars above their heads in the sky feels  
like a ceiling  
Slowly crushing down on 'em as the terror starts  
progressing  
That leaves the youngest of the two open to his  
suggestion  
Only 13 years old; pubescent adolescent

About to learn a very harsh and depressing lesson

Verse 2

These are the tears of a wanna-be thug  
Crying tears as thick as blood cause his elder set him  
up  
To take the fall and now heâ€™s stuck with no way of  
getting out  
Cause even if there was a way heâ€™d still want to  
vent this anger out  
Without a doubt these streets are rife with corruption  
Young minds get corrupt even so easily fucked that  
only leads to destruction in the end  
False assumptions that people have your back makes  
you believe their your friends  
All though some represent; no one can be trusted  
One double O per-cent cause some thugs will go to  
lengths  
To get revenge  
Even if it means manipulating youths to carry skens  
and do the dirty work for them  
The kind of work for men  
That route the dark is past  
Not impressionable young children that never had a  
chance  
Growing up in his manorâ€™s most are doomed from  
the start  
Cause the minds of their peers are as ill as their hearts

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