

## The ProcuSSIONS "Little People"

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Envision a prison of age  
where the apparent disposition is out of apparent  
commission to live in a cage  
To its a appearance where decisions are made  
to not listen, and they got their fist in opposition to fair  
play  
must be in your soliction of rage  
you became a victim the same way  
the system that gave way  
inflictin the same pain  
you convicted and cant blame  
recondition your brain till you convince you cant  
change  
understand and be wishin  
family tradition wont end you in a position where you  
feel in the rein  
lonely without a home, cause now your childs lone  
wearin a milestone like its " ? "  
cryin we all alone  
hopin that god forgives you  
wonderin if you get too  
no one should have to live through  
the violence that you been through  
the fight thats still within you  
its time to make things right and free the child that  
lives within you  
\*Chorus\*  
Hear me  
See me  
do you even know im still breathing?  
I listen to the sounds of the tv  
the only thing that really wants to reach me  
Daddy listen  
Mommy please  
there must be a better way to raise me  
i yell untill my ears cant heare me  
into a silence that kills me  
There billy stands at twenty below  
grippin his coat that froze two hours ago  
" ? "  
7 year olds waitin  
takes another look at a picture that lost time painted

put it away  
i cant look at it  
the truth stings a little when u look at it  
we creatin a mold of bad habits  
when the teacher got eleven year olds that blast at em  
and the world tunes in just then  
listenin to every word that he shoulda heard at age ten  
that he wonders where it all began  
he could call you a father  
but couldnt really ever call you a friend  
you work hard to provide a home for good livin  
and you figured thats all you really had to give em now  
if you dont know much know this  
all work no play  
"?" no miss

\*Chorus\*

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do you even know im still breathing?  
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the only thing that really wants to reach me  
Daddy listen  
Mommy please  
there must be a better way to raise me  
i yell untill my ears cant heare me  
into a silence that kills  
it was once said that the grass with wither and the  
flowers will fall down  
and every man must pass when his number gets called  
but when a child takes his life that type of logic dont  
work out  
a flower never told to pluck its own petals out  
and throughout all the tears  
it gets so clear  
that the son i held dear  
i lost somewhere  
between my work passion and a childs size casket  
its hard to grasp when these dreams keep flashin  
his cold foot hanging from a stainless steel table  
and a white sheet stained with a mothers pain and  
grief  
and every day i wipe the faces filling the pain  
so another scape goat thats just filling the blame  
what kind of man am i?  
what kind of mother were you?  
what kind of life did we subject a child too?  
wishin i woulda listened  
couldve probably seen whose prayin for salvation that  
a soul could sure use

\*Chorus\*

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